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大学生读书计划



郁达夫小说选



Selected Stories by Yu Dafu

English-Chinese • Gems of Chinese Literature • *Modern*

英汉对照 • 中国文学宝库 • 现代文学系列

郁达夫 著

Yu Dafu



中国文学出版社

Chinese Literature Press

外语教学与研究出版社

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目　　录
CONTENTS

大学生读书计划 …………………………… 编　者(Ⅰ)
——中国文学宝库出版呼吁

Nights of Spring Fever …………………………… (2)

春风沉醉的晚上 …………………………… (3)

A Humble Sacrifice …………………………… (36)

薄　奠 …………………………… (37)

Smoke Shadows …………………………… (66)

烟　影 …………………………… (67)

Arbutus Cocktails …………………………… (94)

杨梅烧酒 …………………………… (95)

Flight …………………………… (112)

出　奔 …………………………… (113)

Late-Flowering Cassia …………………………… (180)

迟桂花 …………………………… (181)

The Fatalist …………………………… (256)

唯命论者 …………………………… (257)

Private Classes and a Modern School
— Part 3 of my autobiography …………………………… (278)

书塾与学堂
——自传之三 …………………………… (279)



大学生读书计划

——中国文学宝库出版呼吁

在即将开机印刷这第一批50本名为中国文学宝库的英汉对照读本时，我们的心情竟然忧多于喜。因为我们只能以保守的5000册印数，去面对全国400万在校大学生。

虽然我们并非市场经济的局外者，若仅为印数（销售量）计，大可奋起而去生产诸如TOFEL应试指南，或者英语四六级模拟试题集一类的教辅图书，但我们还是决定宁可冒着债台高筑的风险，也有责任对大学生同胞发出一声亲切的呼唤：请亲近我们的中国文学。

身为向世界译介中国文学和向国内出版外语读物的，具有双重责任的出版社，我们得知目前大学生往往仅注重外语的学习而偏废了母语的提高，以及忽视了中国文学的阅读，放弃了人文知识的训练。有统计表明，某理工院校57%的同学不曾读过《红楼梦》等四大名著，以致校园内外流行着"样子像研究生，说话像大学生，作文像中学生，写字像小学生"的幽默。还有一副这样的对联，说大学生的文章是"无错不成文，病句错句破残句，句句不堪入目；有误方为篇，别字错字自造字，字字触目惊心"，横批"斯文扫地"。作为未来社会中坚和整个社会发展关键力量的大学生，这种"文弃"现象的流行，势必导致一场人文精神危机的爆发。对照以科学与人文精神追求为主题的五四新文化运动，八十年的历程告诉我们，以上提醒绝非危言耸听。

我们已经迈入知识经济时代，在追求科学知识的同时，创新精神已成为关键；而创新的源泉其实有赖于多学科多领域知识的交融，依靠的是新型的复合型人才，所以，文学对于新一代

的大学生来说绝非装点，而是沟通自然科学与人文科学的桥梁，使我们在汲取知识的同时更能获得智慧，于创造物质的同时还进一步丰富和完善着精神；无怪乎爱因斯坦认为自己受影响最大的竟是陀思妥耶夫斯基。由此证明，一个真正的科学家应该拥有丰富的文学和文化知识以及完整的人格。十年前，七十五位诺贝尔奖得主聚会巴黎，当时他们所发表的宣言开篇就是，“如果人类要在21世纪生存下去，必须回首2500年去吸收孔子的智慧。”确实，十年的时间让我们有目共睹，现代经济科技的飞速发展何尝不是一柄双刃的剑？只有文化的力量才能抵消随之而来的负面后果。可见，知识的获取与技能的训练对于大学生来说固然重要，但文化与修养却尤需关切。正因为大学生代表着社会先知先觉的知识力量，置身当前的文化现实，就应有一分责任感与使命感，力求对知识技能以外许多带有根本性质的精神追求形成明确的意识，从而具备一种对生命意义进行探索与追问的精神，一种以人文精神为背景的生存勇气和人格力量。那么，能够引导我们探索前行的一盏明灯，不就是闪烁着理想光芒的不朽的文学名著吗？

一个人乃至一个民族，从其对文学的亲疏态度，可以衡量出其文化素质的程度。文学应是从人类文化中升华出的理想的结晶，她“使人的心灵变得高尚，使人的勇气、荣誉感、希望、尊严、同情心、怜悯心和牺牲精神复活起来”（威廉·福克纳）；无疑，只有文学才能从更高的层次上提升人的文化素质和整体素质，充实人的内心世界，焕发人的精神风貌，带给人们真善美。而亲近文学，特别是热爱祖国灿烂的文学以及文化，正是当代中国大学生加强文化修养，弘扬人文精神的有力脚步。

“越是民族的，就越是世界的”，中国文学属于中国，也属于世界。和平是人类的共同愿望，交流与共享则是新世纪的潮流。

中国当代大学生的血液里流动着数千年的文化积淀，没有理由在让世界了解中国大学生聪明才智的同时，却无缘分享我们的骄傲——中国大学生不但能够读懂英语的莎士比亚，而且能让世界感动于中国文学的伟大。

这是我们作为出版者的理想。我们原有一个世纪礼物的构想，是同大学生一起做一个“读书计划”。这一次将中国文学的最新荟萃配设高水平的英语译文，是其中推荐给新世纪大学生的第一批读物。盼望着您——我们无数知音中的5000名先来者，给我们鼓励，也给我们意见和批评。

编者

一九九九年五月三十日

只有文学才能从更高的层次上提升人的文化素质和整体素质，充实人的内心世界，焕发人的精神风貌，带给人们真善美。而亲近文学，特别是热爱祖国灿烂的文学以及文化，正是当代中国大学生加强文化修养，弘扬人文精神的有力脚步。

Nights of Spring Fever

1

For six months I lived without a job in Shanghai and, because I was unemployed, changed my lodgings three times. At first I lived in a pigeon-hole on Bubbling Well Road, a prison without guards where the sun never shone. With the exception of a few ferocious gangsterlike tailors, the inmates of this unguarded prison were mostly pitiable unknown scholars. That was why I named the place Yellow Grub Street. After a month or so in this Grub Street, the rent suddenly went up and I, with a few battered books, was forced to move into a small hotel I knew somewhere near the race-course. Here too I met with certain kinds of pressures until I had to move again. This time I found and moved into a tiny room in the slums opposite Rixinli on Dent Road at the north end of the Garden Bridge.

The houses on this side of Dent Road stood no higher than twenty feet. The loft I lived in was extremely small and low. If, standing upright, I had wished to stretch my arms and yawn, my hands would have gone through the dusty grey roof.

Coming in from the lane through the front door, one entered first the landlord's room. Here, edging one's way through heaps of rags, old tins and bottles and other junk, one came to a rickety

春风沉醉的晚上

一

在沪上闲居了半年,因为失业的结果,我的寓所迁移了三处。最初我住在静安寺路南的一间同鸟笼似的永也没有太阳晒着的自由的监房里。这些自由的监房的住民,除了几个同强盗小窃一样的凶恶裁缝之外,都是些可怜的无名文士,我当时所以送了那地方一个 Yellow Grub Street 的称号。

在这 Grub Street 里住了一个月,房租忽涨了价,我就不得不拖了几本破书,搬上跑马厅附近一家相识的栈房里去。后来在这栈房里又受了种种逼迫,不得不搬了,我便在外白渡桥北岸的邓脱路中间,日新里对面的贫民窟里,寻了一间小小的房间,迁移了过去。

邓脱路的这几排房子,从地上量到屋顶,只有一丈几尺高。我住的楼上的那间房间,更是矮小得不堪。若站在楼板上升一升懒腰,两只手就要把灰黑的屋顶穿通的。从前面的衖里踱进了那房子的门,便是房主的住房。在破布洋铁罐玻璃瓶旧铁器堆满的中间,侧着身子走进两步,就有一张中间有几根横档跌落的梯子靠

ladder leaning against the wall. This was the only way one could get up to the dark opening — two square feet — which led to the second storey. This storey was really only a small, dark loft, but it was partitioned into two tiny rooms. I had the one where the trap-door was; the other one was let to a woman who worked in the N Cigarette Co. As she had to go through my "room," to get to hers, my monthly rent was a few dimes cheaper.

Our landlord was an oldish man, in his fifties, with a bent back. There was a dark oily gleam in his sallow face. His eyes were unequal in size, and his cheekbones were sharp and protruding. The lines on his forehead and face were filled with coal dust which seemed indelible despite his daily morning wash. He got up between eight and nine every day and after a fit of coughing left the house with a carrying pole and two bamboo baskets. Usually, he returned at three or four in the afternoon with the same baskets empty. Occasionally he came back with a load, the same kind of stuff as he had all over his room: rags, broken bottles and miscellaneous pieces of junk. On these days he would usually buy himself a few ounces of wine, and, sitting on the edge of the bed, would drink by himself and keep cursing incomprehensibly.

I met my neighbour on the other side of the partition on the afternoon I moved in. At about five o'clock, when the fast-falling spring dusk had already descended, I had lit a candle and begun to arrange the books I had brought with me from the hotel, setting them up into two stacks, one big and one small. On the bigger stack I placed two 24-inch picture frames. I had sold all the furniture I ever possessed, so my arrangement of books and picture

墙摆在那里。用了这张梯子往上面的黑黝黝的一个二尺宽的洞里一接,即能走上楼去。黑沉沉的这层楼上,本来只有猫额那样大,房主人却把它隔成了两间小房,外面一间是一个N烟公司的女工住在那里,我所租的是梯子口头的那间小房,因为外间的住者要从我的房里出入,所以我的每月的房租要比外间的便宜几角小洋。

我的房主,是一个五十来岁的弯腰老人。他的脸上的青黄色里,映射着一层暗黑的油光。两只眼睛是一只大一只小,颧骨很高,额上颊上的几条皱纹里满砌着煤灰,好像每天早晨洗也洗不掉的样子。他每日于八九点钟的时候起来,咳嗽一阵,便挑了一双竹篮出去,到午后的三四点钟总仍旧是挑了一双空篮回来的,有时挑了满担回来的时候,他的竹篮里便是那些破布破铁器玻璃瓶之类。像这样的晚上,他必要去买些酒来喝喝,一个人坐在床沿上瞎骂出许多不可捉摸的话来。

我与间壁的同寓者的第一次相遇,是在搬来的那天午后。春天的急景已经快晚了的五点钟的时候,我点了一枝蜡烛,在那里安放几本刚从栈房里搬过来的破书。先把它们叠成了两方堆,一堆小些,一堆大些,然后把两个二尺长的装画的画架覆在大一点的那堆书上。因为我的器具都卖完了,这一堆书和画架白天要当写字

frames had to serve as a desk during the day and a bed at night. I then sat myself down on the smaller stack of books, facing the "desk," and lit a cigarette. As I sat staring at the candle and smoking I heard a slight noise under the trapdoor, behind my back. I looked round but could only see the shadow of my own head. But my ears told me plainly that someone was coming up. I stared intently into the darkness and then saw a pale white oval face and the upper part of a slim woman's figure emerge before my eyes. I knew immediately that she was my housemate on the other side of the partition. When I first came to get a room, the old landlord told me that besides himself there was a woman worker who lived in this house and had one of the rooms. I had taken the room without a moment's hesitation because first of all I liked the low rent and secondly, I was glad there was no real housewife and children in the house. As my neighbour came up into my room, I stood up and bowed politely. "Good evening," I said. "I moved in today. I hope we'll get along all right."

She made no answer but her big dark eyes looked at me searchingly. Then she went to her door, unlocked it and went in. That was all I saw at my first encounter with her, but for some reason I felt that she was a defenceless young thing. Her pointed nose, her oval but ashen face and her small slim figure all seemed to indicate that she was a desolate and pitiful soul. However, at that time, I myself had enough worries of my own to spare much pity for someone who at least was not yet out of work, and I turned back to sit motionless on the smaller stack of books, staring at the candlelight.

台，晚上可当床睡的。摆好了画架的板，我就朝着了这张由书叠成的桌子，坐在小一点的那堆书上吸烟，我的背系朝着梯子的接口的。我一边吸烟，一边在那里呆看放在桌上的蜡烛火，忽而听见梯子口上起了响动。回头一看，我只见了一个自家的扩大的投射影子，此外什么也辨不出来，但我的听觉分明告诉我说："有人上来了。"我向暗中凝视了几秒钟，一个圆形灰白的面貌，半截纤细的女人的身体，方才映到我的眼帘上来。一见了她的容貌我就知道她是我的间壁的同居者了。因为我来找房子的时候，那房主的老人便告诉我说，这屋里除了他一个人外，楼上只住着一个女工。我一则喜欢房价的便宜，二则喜欢这屋里没有别的女人小孩，所以立刻就租定了的。等她走上了梯子，我才站起来对她点了点头说：

"对不起，我是今朝才搬来的，以后要请你照应。"

她听了我这话，也并不回答，放了一双漆黑的大眼，对我深深的看了一眼，就走上她的门口去开了锁，进房去了。我与她不过这样的见了一面，不晓是什么原因，我只觉得她是一个可怜的女子。她的高高的鼻梁，灰白长圆的面貌，清瘦不高的身体，好像都是表明她是可怜的特征，但是当时正为了生活问题在那里操心的我，也无暇去怜惜这还未曾失业的女工，过了几分钟我又动也不动的坐在那一小堆书上看蜡烛光了。

A week had gone by since my move into the slums. Every day when my neighbour went to work — she went before seven in the morning and returned after six — she would find me sitting dully on my stack of books watching the candle flame or the oil lamp. Perhaps her curiosity was stirred by my constantly keeping to myself in a sullen manner. Finally, one day when she came up the ladder after work and I stood up as usual to let her pass, she stopped and looked directly at me.

"What is it you are always reading so hard every day?" she asked in a faltering, timid voice. She spoke a soft pure Suzhou dialect but the feeling this charming tongue produced in me is impossible to describe so I'll just translate her words into ordinary speech.

What she said made me quite red in the face. The fact was that though I placed a number of foreign books before me, as I sat woodenly thus day in and day out, my mind was actually in complete confusion and I wasn't reading a single word. Sometimes I let my imagination fill the space between the lines with strange shapes and forms; at other times I merely glanced at the illustrations and my fancy promptly conjured up fantastic images from them. Actually, at that time, I was suffering from insomnia and malnutrition and was not in a normal state at all. Furthermore, since my only possession in the world, the padded gown on my back, was too shabby for words, I hadn't been able to go out in the daytime, and in my dark little room which let in no daylight whatever, I had to use a candle or the oil lamp all the time, so that my eyes, and legs too, were weak from disuse.

在这贫民窟里过了一个多礼拜，她每天早晨七点钟去上工和午后六点多钟下工回来，总只见我呆呆的对着了蜡烛或油灯坐在那堆书上。大约她的好奇心被我那痴不痴呆不呆的态度挑动了罢。有一天她下了工走上楼来的时候，我依旧和第一天一样的站起来让她过去。她走到了我的身边忽而停住了脚。看了我一眼，吞吞吐吐好像怕什么似的问我说：

"你天天在这里看的是什么书？"

（她操的是柔和的苏州音，听了这一种声音以后的感觉，是怎么也写不出来的，所以我只能把她的言语译成普通的白话。）

我听了她的话，反而脸上涨红了。因为我天天呆坐在那里，面前虽则有几本外国书摊着，其实我的脑筋昏乱得很，就是一行一句也看不进去。有时候我只用了想象在书的上一行与下一行中间的空白里，填些奇异的模型进去。有时候我只把书里边的插画翻开来看看，就了那些插画演绎些不近人情的幻想出来。我那时候的身体因为失眠与营养不良的结果，实际上已经成了病的状态了。况且又因为我的唯一的财产的一件棉袍子已经破得不堪，白天不能走出外面去散步和房里全没有光线进来，不论白天晚上，都要点着油灯或蜡烛的缘故，非但我的全部健康不如常人，就是我的眼睛和脚力，也局部的非常萎缩了。在这样状态下的我，听了她这

"I wasn't really reading," I said confusedly. "But you see, if I just sat there woodenly without doing anything, it would have looked so silly. That is why I have these books open in front of me."

She gave me a quizzical look and went back to her room, still wearing a puzzled expression.

It would be untrue to say that I had completely neglected the idea of a job or that I had done nothing whatsoever. There were moments when I felt somewhat clearer in my mind and altogether I had translated a few short English and French poems and several German short stories of around 4,000 words each since I had been there. The results of my efforts I had posted off to some new publishing firms. I always did the posting in the dark of night, when no one else was stirring. I felt that I had no hope of getting a real job, and that the only thing I could do was to try and make use of my dried-up brains. If I were lucky and my translations met with the approval of the publishers and were used, it would bring in a few dollars.

2

Living anywhere in the dreary foreign concessions in Shanghai one hardly noticed the passing of the days or the changing of the seasons, and in the Dent Road slums I only noticed that my shabby padded gown felt heavier and heavier day by day and realized one day that spring must have grown quite old, as the saying goes.

But I, with my lean purse, was in no position to go anywhere.

一问，如何能够不红起脸来呢？所以我只是含含糊糊的回答说：

“我并不在看书，不过什么也不做呆坐在这里，样子一定不好看，所以把这几本书摊放着的。”

她听了这话，又深深的看了一眼，作了一种不了解的形容，依旧的走到她的房里去了。

那几天里，若说我完全什么事情也不去找什么事情也不曾干，却是假的。有时候，我的脑筋稍微清新一点，也曾译过几首英法的小诗，和几篇不满四千字的德国的短篇小说，于晚上大家睡熟的时候，不声不响的出去投邮，寄投给各新开的书局，因为当时我的各方面就职的希望，早已经完全断绝了，只有这一方面，还能靠了我的枯燥的脑筋，想想法子看。万一中了他们编辑先生的意，把我译的东西登了出来，也不难得着几块钱的酬报。所以我自迁移到邓脱路以后，当她第一次同我讲话时候，这样的译稿已经发出了三四次了。

二

在乱昏昏的上海租界里住着，四季的变迁和日子的过去是不容易觉得的。我搬到了邓脱路的贫民窟之后，只觉得身上穿在那里的那件破棉袍子一天一天的重了起来，热了起来，所以我心里想：

“大约春光也已老透了罢！”

但是囊中很羞涩的我，也不能上什么地方

All I could do was to sit fixedly by the lamp in my dark room day and night. One day — it must have been late afternoon, I suppose — I was sitting there as usual when my neighbour returned, carrying two small parcels. When I stood up to let her pass, she put one of them down on my desk, and said, "Here's a bit of raisinbread for you; eat it tomorrow. I've bought some bananas, too. Will you come into my room and eat them with me?"

I held the little parcel for her while she unlocked the door and led me into her room. We had been neighbours for a fortnight or so and it seemed she had come to trust me as an honest respectable man. The fear and suspicion on her face the first time I spoke to her were no longer there. Entering her room, I realized that it was not yet dark outside. Slanting rays of sunlight came in through a window which faced the south and I saw she had a bed made of two planks, a small black lacquer table against the wall, a wooden trunk and a round stool. She had no mosquito-net but there were two clean cotton quilts on the bed. A small tin case on the table probably held her toilet things; it was bespattered with grease. She picked up some odd pieces of clothing which were on the stool, put them on the bed and invited me to sit down. I felt a little embarrassed by the warm, hospitable fuss she made over me. "We are such close neighbours! Please don't stand on ceremony with me," I told her.

"I'm not standing on ceremony. But you always stand up when I come through to let me pass. I really feel very much obliged."

She undid the parcel as she spoke, offered me a banana and peeled one for herself. As we ate, she sat down on the bed and be-

去旅行一次,日夜只是在那暗室的灯光下呆坐。有一天大约是午后了,我也是这样的坐在那里,间壁的同住者忽而手里拿了两包用纸包好的物件走了上来,我站起来让她走的时候,她把手里的纸包放了一包在我的书桌上说:

"这一包是葡萄浆的面包,请你收藏着,明天好吃的。另外我还有一包香蕉买在这里,请你到我房里来一道吃罢!"

我替她拿住了纸包,她就开了门邀我进她的房里去,共住了这十几天,她好像已经信用我是一个忠厚的人的样子。我见她初见我的时候脸上流露出来的那一种疑惧的形容完全没有了。我进了她的房里,才知道天还未暗,因为她的房里有一扇朝南的窗,太阳返射的光线从这窗里投射进来,照见了小小的一间房,由二条板铺成的一张床,一张黑漆的半桌,一只板箱,和一条圆凳。床上虽则没有帐子,但堆着有二条洁净的青布被褥。半桌上有一只小洋铁箱摆在那里,大约是她的梳头器具,洋铁箱上已经有许多油污的点子了。她一边把堆在圆凳上的几件半旧的洋布棉袄,粗布裤等收在床上,一边就让我坐下。我看了她那殷勤待我的样子,心里倒不好意思起来,所以就对她说:

"我们本来住在一处,何必这样的客气。"

"我并不客气,但是你每天当我回来的时候,总站起来让我,我却觉得对不起得很。"

这样的说着,她就把一包香蕉打开来让我吃。她自家也拿了一只,在床上坐下,一边吃一边问我说:

gan to talk. "Why do you sit at home all the time instead of going out to get some work?"

"I want to get work, but though I've looked round I haven't been able to find a job."

"Haven't you got any friends?"

"I did have friends, but at a time like this they're not inclined to see me any more."

"Have you had any schooling?"

"Yes. I've had some years in a foreign school."

"Where is your family? Why don't you go home?"

By then, her questioning suddenly made me aware of what was really happening to me. In the last six months or so I had simply been fading away day by day and had practically forgotten such things even as "Who am I? What am I doing?" or "Am I sad or happy?" My mind was full of the difficulties I had been in during these months and I could only stare at her dully, unable to say a word. My expression must have made her think that I was a waif with no home. A look of sadness and loneliness was reflected on her face too. "You're like me, then!" she said with a sigh, and like me lapsed into silence. I saw that her eyes were getting a little moist so I tried to change the subject. "What do you do in the factory?"

"Cigarette wrapping."

"How many hours do you work?"

"We start at seven and finish at six, with an hour's break for food — ten hours a day. We're paid by the hour, and we've got to do the lot, or we're fined."

"你何以只住在家里,不出去找点事情做做?"

"我原是这样的想,但是找来找去总找不着事情。"

"你有朋友么?"

"朋友是有的,但是到了这样的时候,他们都不和我来往了。"

"你进过学堂么?"

"我在外国的学堂里曾经念过几年书。"

"你家在什么地方?何以不回家去?"

她问到了这里,我忽而感觉到我自己的现状了。因为自去年以来,我只是一日一日的萎靡下去,差不多把"我是什么人?""我现在所处的是怎么一种境遇?""我的心里还是悲还是喜?"这些观念都忘掉了。经她这一问,我重新把半年来困苦的情形一层一层的想了出来。所以听她的问话以后,我只是呆呆的看她,半晌说不出话来。她看了我这个样子,以为我也是一个无家可归的流浪人。脸上就立时起了一种孤寂的表情,微微的叹着说:

"唉!你也是同我一样的么?"

微微的叹了一声之后,她就不说话了。我看她的眼圈上有些潮红起来,所以就想了一个另外的问题问她说:

"你在工厂里做的是什么工作?"

"是包纸烟的。"

"一天作几个钟头工?"

"早晨七点钟起,晚上六点钟止,中午休息一个钟头,每天一共要作十个钟头的工。少作一点钟就要扣钱的。"

"What's the pay, then?"

"Nine dollars a month. Three dollars for ten days, that is — three cents an hour."

"How much do you pay for food?"

"Four dollars a month."

"If you don't lose any time in the month, then you're left with five dollars to take home, eh? Is that enough for rent and clothes?"

"Of course it's not enough! And the foreman there is so...." She shuddered. "I hate that factory. Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"I wish you wouldn't! If you must, please don't smoke my factory's cigarettes. I do hate it so, everything about it."

I saw how upset she was and did not know what to say. I finished my banana and looked round. It was getting dark in here too. I got up, made my thanks and went back to my own room.

Usually, because she was always exhausted from the day's work, she went to bed not long after her return; that night I could hear her puttering around in her room for a long time. She did not go to bed until after midnight. Ever since that evening, she always said a few words to me on her return, and I learnt all about her.

Her name was Chen Ermei, and her family came from Suzhou, though she herself grew up in one of the villages outside Shanghai. Her father had also worked in the cigarette factory, but he had died last autumn. When he was alive they had shared this same tiny room, and gone to work together every day. Now, she was all by herself. For the first month after her father's death she used to weep all the way to the factory and in the evenings come back with tears trickling

"扣多少钱?"

"每月九块钱,所以是三块钱十天,三分大洋一个钟头。"

"饭钱多少?"

"四块钱一月。"

"这样算起来,每月一个钟头也不休息,除了饭钱,可省下五块钱来。够你付房钱买衣服的么?"

"哪里够呢!并且那管理人要……啊啊!……我……我所以非常恨工厂的。你吃烟的么?"

"吃的。"

"我劝你顶好还是不吃。就吃也不要去吃我们工厂的烟。我真恨死它在这里。"

我看看她那一种切齿怨恨的样子,就不愿意再说下去。把手里捏着的半个吃剩的香蕉咬了几口,向四边一看,觉得她的房里也有些灰黑了,我站起来道了谢,就走回到了我自己的房里。她大约作工倦了的缘故,每天回来大概是马上就入睡的,只有这一晚上,她在房里好像是直到半夜还没有就寝。从这一回之后,她每天回来,总和我说几句话。我从她自家的口里听得,知道她姓陈,名叫二妹,是苏州东乡人,从小系在上海乡下长大的,她父亲是纸烟工厂的工人,但是去年秋天死了。她本来和她父亲同住在那间房里,每天同上工厂去的,现在却只剩了她一个人了。她父亲死后的一个多月,她早晨上工厂去也一路哭了去,晚上回来也一路哭了

down her cheeks. She was only seventeen, and had no sisters or brothers or any near kin. Our old landlord downstairs had taken full charge of the father's funeral and burial, for which task he had been entrusted with fifteen dollars by the father before his death.

"He is a good old man," she told me. "He has never had any bad intentions towards me, so I have been able to continue to work the way I did when father was living. But one of the foremen in the factory by the name of Li is wicked. He knows that my father is dead and he's been trying to get at me."

3

The weather seemed to have changed. During the past few days, the stuffy dim little room which was my lone world had become as close and hot as a damp steam oven. It was so oppressive that it made me dizzy and nauseated. At certain times of the year, particularly the season of late spring, my nerves usually drove me half crazy. I now began to go out for long walks by myself at night, when the streets were quiet. Strolling, solitary, under the narrow strip of dark blue sky I gazed at the stars and let my thoughts soar in fantasy. This was beneficial to my health. On such intoxicating spring nights, when I felt carried away, I often roamed round until it was nearly dawn before I returned to bed. After these exhausting strolls, I found I could sleep till noon the next day, sometimes even later, in fact, till it was nearly time for Ermei to return from work. After these hours of good sleep every day, I began to feel like a new person. Ordinarily, I could not make myself eat more

回来的。她今年十七岁，也无兄弟姊妹，也无近亲的亲戚。她父亲死后的葬殓等事，是他于未死之前把十五块钱交给楼下的老人，托这老人包办的。她说：

“楼下的老人倒是一个好人，对我从来没有起过坏心，所以我得同父亲在日一样的去作工，不过工厂的一个姓李的管理人却坏得很，知道我父亲死了，就天天的想戏弄我。”

她自家和她父亲的身世，我差不多全知道了，但她母亲是如何的一个人？死了呢还是活在哪里？假使还活着，住在什么地方？等等，她却从来还没有说及过。

三

天气好像变了。几日来我那独有的世界，黑暗的小房里的腐浊的空气，同蒸笼里的蒸气一样，蒸得人头昏欲晕，我每年在春夏之交要发的神经衰弱的重症，遇了这样的气候，就要使我变成半狂。所以我这几天来到了晚上，等马路上人静之后，也常常想出去散步去。一个人在马路上从狭隘的深蓝天空里看看群星，慢慢的向前行走，一边作些漫无涯涘的空想，倒是于我的身体很有利益。当这样的无可奈何，春风沉醉的晚上，我每要在各处乱走，走到天将明的时候才回家里。我这样的走倦了回去就睡，一睡直可睡到第二天的日中，有几次竟要睡到二妹下工回来的前后方才起来，睡眠一足，我的健康状态也渐渐的回复起来了。平时只能消化半磅

than half a pound of bread but since I began my midnight exercises, my appetite improved until I found myself eating nearly double. Though this was a severe blow to my budget, my brain, nourished by the increased rations, was able to concentrate much better. After those night wanderings and before I went to bed, I managed to write a couple of short stories in the style of Edgar Allan Poe. Reading them over, I thought they weren't so bad. After numerous corrections and recopying, I sent them out. I could not resist a slight hope about them, though I told myself that there had been no news whatever of the translations I sent out some time back. A few days after I had sent them I forget about them too.

As for my neighbour, Ermei, I now saw her only occasionally when she returned in the afternoon since I was usually sound asleep when she left her room in the morning. For some reason her attitude towards me had reverted to the old one of fear and suspicion. Sometimes she used to give me a searching look, her dark limpid eyes seeming to be half-reproaching and half-advising.

About three weeks had passed since I moved into the slums. One evening, when I had just lit the candle and was reading a novel I had got from a secondhand bookstore, Ermei rushed up the stairs and confronted me. "There's a postman downstairs, who wants you! He's got a letter for you to sign for."

The look of suspicion and fear on her face was more evident than ever. She seemed to be saying, "Ah, you've been found out." I was very much annoyed at this attitude of hers, and said sharply, "A letter? Who would write to me? It can't be mine."

My indignant reply seemed to make her feel triumphant, and she

面包的我的胃部,自从我的深夜游行的练习开始之后,进步得几乎能容纳面包一磅了。这事在经济上虽则是一大打击,但我的脑筋,受了这些滋养,似乎比从前稍能统一。我于游行回来之后,就睡之前,却做成了几篇 Allan Poe 式的短篇小说,自家看看,也不很坏。我改了几次,抄了几次,一一投邮寄出之后,心里虽然起了些微细的希望,但是想想前几回的译稿的绝无消息,过了几天,也便把它们忘了。

邻住者的二妹,这几天来,当她早晨出去上工的时候,我总在那里酣睡,只有午后下工回来的时候,有几次有见面的机会,但是不晓是什么原因,我觉得她对我的态度,又回到从前初见面的时候的疑惧状态去了。有时候她深深的看我一眼,她的黑晶晶,水汪汪的眼睛里,似乎是满含着责备我规劝我的意思。

我搬到这贫民窟里住后,约莫已经二十多天的样子,一天午后我正点上蜡烛,在那里看一本从旧书铺里买来的小说的时候,二妹却急急忙忙的走上楼来对我说:

"楼下有一个送信的在那里,要你拿了印子去拿信。"

她对我讲这话的时候,她的疑惧我的态度更表示得明显,她好像在那里说:"呵呵!你的事件是发觉了啊!"我对她这种态度,心里非常痛恨,所以就气急了一点,回答她说:

"我有什么信?不是我的!"

她听了我这气愤愤的回答,更好像是得了

said coldly, "Go and have a look yourself. You alone know what you have done."

As she spoke I heard the voice of the postman downstairs calling impatiently, "Registered letter!"

When I got the letter my heart began to thump. One of my translations of German short stories had been accepted by a magazine, and I had got a money order for five dollars. My purse was actually getting very empty and this five dollars meant that I would be able to pay the rent that was due at the end of the month and have some money left to keep me alive for several days. The need I had for this five dollars was greater than anyone could imagine.

The next afternoon I went to the post office and cashed the money order. A short time on the streets under bright sunlight and I was dripping with perspiration. I looked at the people round me, then looked down at myself and felt self-conscious. Trickles of sweat rained down my head and neck. When I had been roaming about at night, there had been no sun and the cool air of the spring nights as I strolled through deserted lanes in the small hours was not so incompatible with the shabby padded gown that was my only wear. But now it was mid-afternoon on a warm sunny spring day and I, like a fool, did not have the sense to realize it but had walked down the street still in the same old attire. Naturally I felt abashed when I compared myself with my fellow creatures on the street, who had adapted themselves to the changes of the season. At that moment I forgot all about the rent that was due in a few days and the fast-emptying contents of my purse and turned slowly towards the clothiers on Zha Road.

胜利似的，脸上忽涌出了一种冷笑说：

“你自家去看罢！你的事情，只有你自家知道的！”

同时我听见楼底下门口果真有一个邮差似的人在催着说：

“挂号信！”

我把信取来一看，心里就突突的跳了几跳，原来我前回寄去的一篇德文短篇的译稿，已经在某杂志上发表了，信中寄来的是五圆钱的一张汇票。我囊里正是将空的时候，有了这五圆钱，非但月底要预付的来月的房金可以无忧，并且付过房金以后，还可以维持几天食料，当时这五圆钱对我的效用的扩大，是谁也能推想得出来的。

第二天午后，我上邮局去取了钱，在太阳晒着的大街上走了一会，忽而觉得身上就淋出了许多汗来。我向我前后左右的行人一看，复向我自家的身上一看，就不知不觉的把头低俯了下去。我颈上头上的汗珠，更同盛雨似的，一颗一颗的钻出来了。因为当我在深夜游行的时候，天上并没有太阳，并且料峭的春寒，于东方微白的残夜，老在静寂的街巷中留着，所以我穿的那件破棉袍子，还觉得不十分与节季违异。如今到了阳和的春日晒着的这日中，我还不能自觉，依旧穿了这件夜游的敝袍，在大街上阔步，与前后左右的和节季同时进行的我的同类一比，我哪得不自惭形秽呢？我一时竟忘了几日后不得不付的房金，忘了囊中本来将尽的些微的积聚，便慢慢的走上了闸路的估衣铺去。

I, who had not been out in broad daylight for a fairly long time, now felt for a moment that I had entered paradise when I saw the busy traffic and rickshaws rushing down the street with beautifully clothed young men and women in them, the luxurious and dazzling windows of the silk shops and jewellers, and heard the buzz of human voices, footsteps, bells and horns. I forgot my own mean existence and felt like singing and skipping as merrily as my fellow men. Inadvertently, I began to hum a long-forgotten tune from some Beijing opera. But this momentary nirvana was quickly shattered by the sharp notes of a bell when I tried to cross the street and turn into Zha Road. I looked up and saw that a trolleybus was rushing towards me and the fat driver, leaning out, was glaring at me angrily. "Swine, have you no eyes? Serve you right if you get killed. Your life's worth no more than a yellow dog, anyway."

I pulled myself up as the trolleybus rumbled past in a cloud of dust. I did not know why, but I found myself bursting into peals of ironical laughter. All too soon I realized that passersby were staring at me in astonishment and I went off with a very red face.

I went into a number of clothiers, asked the prices of a couple of lined gowns and offered a price I could afford. No matter which shop I was in, all the attendants behaved as if they were trained by one master. Frowning down on me, one after the other they said mockingly, "You're not kidding, are you? If you can't afford to buy anything, don't bother us."

I went on from shop to shop until I got a tiny place a long way down the road. I had come to realize that it was impossible to get a lined gown for what I could afford to pay, so I bought a plain blue

好久不在天日之下行走的我,看看街上来往的汽车人力车,车中坐着的华美的少年男女,和马路两边的绸缎铺金银铺窗里的丰丽的陈设,听听四面的同蜂衙似的嘈杂的人声,脚步声,车铃声,一时倒也觉得是身到了大罗天上的样子。我忘记了我自家的存在,也想和我的同胞一样的欢歌欣舞起来,我的嘴里便不知不觉的唱起几句久忘了的京调来了。这一时的涅槃幻境,当我想横越过马路,转入闸路去的时候,忽而被一阵铃声惊破了。我抬起头来一看,我的面前正冲来了一乘无轨电车,车头上站着的那肥胖的机器手,伏出了半身,怒目的大声骂我说:

"猪头三!侬(你)艾(眼)睛勿散(生)咯!跌杀时,叫旺(黄)够(狗)来抵侬(你)命噢!"

我呆呆的站住了脚,目送那无轨电车尾后卷起了一道灰尘,向北过去之后,不知是从何处发出来的感情,忽而竟禁不住哈哈哈哈的笑了几声。等得四面的人注视我的时候,我才红了脸慢慢的走向了闸路里去。

我在几家估衣铺里,问了些夹衫的价钱,还了他们一个我所能出的数目,几个估衣铺的店员,好像是一个师父教出的样子,都摆下了脸面,嘲弄着说:

"侬(你)寻萨咯(什么)凯(开)心!马(买)勿起好勿要马(买)咯!"

一直问到五马路边上的一家小铺子里,我看看夹衫是怎么也买不成了,才买定了一件竹

cotton gown and changed into it then and there. Carrying my old padded gown, wrapped up in a parcel, I walked silently homewards.

"The money won't be enough for anything now, whatever happens, so I might as well have a spree," I told myself. I remembered the bread and bananas Ermei had asked me to share with her, and I turned into a confectioner's and bought a dollar's worth of chocolates, cakes and various eatables. As I stood waiting for the counter-hand to wrap it up I remembered that I hadn't had a bath for more than a month and decided I must have one.

By the time I had had my bath and returned to Dent Road with my two parcels, the food and my old gown, the lights were on in the shop windows and there were few people on the street. A cold evening breeze swept in from the bund and I shivered in my thin gown. I went back to my room, lit the candle and looked towards Ermei's door, only to find that she hadn't yet returned. I felt very hungry by now myself but I didn't want to open the parcel on the table; I wanted to share the delicacies with her. Picking up a book at random, I tried to read, but found myself having to swallow hard to curb my hunger all the time. I felt as though I had waited for ages, but there was still no Ermei. In the end my fatigue overcame me and I dozed off against the books.

4

The sound of Ermei's footsteps on the ladder roused me. I noticed that the candle had burnt down two inches. When I asked her

布单衫,马上就把它换上。手里拿了一包换下的棉袍子,默默的走回家来。一边我心里却在打算:

“横竖是不够用了,我索性来痛快的用它一下罢。”同时我又想起了那天二妹送我的面包香蕉等物。不等第二次的回想我就寻着了一家卖糖食的店,进去买了一块钱巧格力香蕉糖鸡蛋糕等杂食。站在那店里,等店员在那里替我包好来的时候,我忽而想起我有一月多不洗澡了,今天不如顺便也去洗一个澡罢。

洗好了澡,拿了一包棉袍子和一包糖食,回到邓脱路的时候,马路两旁的店家,已经上电灯了。街上来往的行人也很稀少,一阵从黄浦江上吹来的日暮的凉风,吹得我打了几个冷痉。我回到了我的房里,把蜡烛点上。向二妹的房门一照,知道她还没有回来。那时候我腹中虽则饥饿得很,但我刚买来的那包糖食怎么也不愿意打开来。因为我想等二妹回来同她一道吃。我一边拿出书来看,一边口里尽在咽唾液下去。等了许多时候,二妹终不回来,我的疲倦不知什么时候出来战胜了我,就靠在书堆上睡着了。

四

二妹回来的响动把我惊醒的时候,我见我面前的一枝十二盎司一包的洋蜡烛已经点去了二寸的样子,我问她是什么时候了?她说:

what time it was she answered, "The ten o'clock siren's just gone."

"Why are you back so late today?"

"They made us do night work because the sales have gone up. Though we get extra pay I get too tired."

"Can't refuse to do overtime then?"

"No, there aren't enough workers, so I can't refuse."

Suddenly a tear trickled down her cheek. I thought she was crying from exhaustion and felt not only a deep sympathy but a certain thrill to discover she was still such a child. I opened the parcel and offered her my delicacies. While she ate, I said consolingly, "You're not used to night work; that's why you feel so tired. When you get used to it, it's really nothing."

She sat mutely on my makeshift desk and nibbled at a chocolate but her eyes turned on me several times as if she wanted to speak. "There's something on your mind, isn't there?" I said. "Come on, say what it is."

There was an awkward pause and then she started, falteringly, "I've been...er...wanting to ask you something for a long time. Recently you've been going out every night. Have you been mixing with bad men?"

I was very surprised at this idea of hers. She had been suspecting me of mixing with thieves and gangsters since I had been going out at night, it seemed. When she saw that her words had startled me she thought her suspicion was right and that she had found me out. She went on talking to me, her voice friendly but pleading. "Do you have to eat such rich food and wear new clothes? Don't

“十点的汽管刚刚放过。”

“你何以今天回来得这样迟?”

“厂里因为销路大了,要我们作夜工。工钱是增加的,不过人太累了。”

“那你可以不去做的。”

“但是工人不够,不做是不行的。”

她讲到这里,忽而滚了两粒眼泪出来,我以为她是作工作得倦了,故而动了伤感,一边心里虽在可怜她,但一边看了她这同小孩似的脾气,却也感着了些儿快乐。把糖食包打开,请她吃了几颗之后,我就劝她说:

“初作夜工的时候不惯,所以觉得困倦,作惯了以后,也没有什么的。”

她默默的坐在我的半高的由书叠成的桌上,吃了几颗巧格力,对我看了几眼,好像是有话说不出来的样子。我就催她说:

“你有什么话说?”

“我……我……早想问你了,这几天晚上,你每晚在外边,可在与坏人作伙友么?”

我听了她这话,倒吃了一惊,她好像在疑我天天晚上在外面与小窃恶棍混在一块。她看我呆了不答,便以为我的行为真的被她看破了,所以就柔柔和和的连续着说:

“你何苦要吃这样好的东西,要穿这样好的

you know what you are doing is very risky? What if you are caught? How would you be able to face people? Let's not bother about what has already happened, though. I just want you to reform from now on...."

I couldn't say a word, but stared at her with my mouth agape. Her thoughts were so strange and unexpected that I didn't know how to explain. She was silent for only a few seconds and then went on, "Now take your smoking, for instance. If you cut that you'd be able to save a few coppers. I've already told you you shouldn't smoke, and particularly not the cigarettes made in my factory. But you won't listen."

Again a few tears rolled down her cheeks. I knew really that her tears were at the thought of her hated factory, but my heart would not let me think that way: I préferred to think that they were for me. I kept quiet for a minute, thinking, while she gradually calmed down. Then I explained where I had got the money, and the source of the registered letter yesterday, and told her about my going out to cash the money order and the things I bought, and about my insomnia and why I had to go out for walks at night. She accepted what I had said with no more doubts, and her cheeks were pink when I finished. With her eyes on the desk she said in a little voice:

"Ah, I was wrong to blame you. Please don't mind what said. I didn't mean any harm. But your behaviour was so strange that my thoughts went to the worst. If you really get down to work it would be fine. That thing you mentioned — whatever it was that you sold for five dollars — couldn't you do one of them every day?"

衣服。你可知道这事情是靠不住。万一被人家捉了去,你还有什么面目做人。过去的事情不必去说它,以后我请你改过了罢。……"

我尽是张大了眼睛张大了嘴呆呆的看她,因为她的思想太奇怪了,使我无从辩解起。她沉默了数秒钟,又接着说:

"就以你吸的烟而论,每天若戒绝了不吸,岂不可省几个铜子。我早就劝你不要吸烟,尤其是不要吸那我所痛恨的 N 工厂的烟,你总是不听。"

她讲到了这里,又忽而落了几滴眼泪。我知道这是她为怨恨 N 工厂而滴的眼泪,但我的心里,怎么也不许我这样的想,我总要把它们当作因规劝我而洒的。我静静儿的想了一回,等她的神经镇静下去之后,就把昨天的那封挂号信的来由说给她听,又把今天的取钱买物的事情说了一遍。最后更将我的神经衰弱症和每晚何以必要出去散步的原因说了。她听了我这一番辩解,就信用了我,等我说完之后,她颊上忽而起了两点红晕,把眼睛低下去看看桌上,好像是怕羞似的说:

"噢,我错怪你了,我错怪你了。请你不要多心,我本来是没有歹意的。因为你的行为太奇怪了,所以我想到了邪路里去。你若能好好儿的用功,岂不是很好么?你刚才说的那——叫什么的——东西,能够卖五块钱,要是每天能做一个,多么好呢?"

Her simplicity touched me but at the same time an unthinkable notion swept over me. I longed to stretch out my arms and embrace her but reason checked me severely, saying, "That would be a sin. Don't you know your own situation? Do you want to poison this pure simple girl? Devil, devil, you have no right at present to love."

I closed my eyes for a few seconds while my emotions struggled with my reason, and reason won. When I opened my eyes again, the place suddenly looked brighter. I smiled gently at her and said, "It's getting late. Hadn't you better go to bed? You've got to go to work tomorrow. I promise you, starting from today, I'll cut out smoking."

She stood up obediently and went back to her room with a happy smile.

When she was gone I lit another candle and sat down quietly to think things over.

"The fruits of my labour brought me this five dollars for the first time today but already I've spent three dollars. Added to the dollar I still had it'll only leave twenty or thirty cents after the rent's paid. What shall I do?"

"I could pawn my old padded gown, perhaps, but I don't think any pawnshop will take it."

"She's a poor little girl, but what about me? I'm in an even worse situation. She doesn't want to work, but she has to do overtime. I want to find work but I couldn't get any."

"Perhaps I could get a manual job. Oh, oh, but my useless muscles couldn't even cope with a rickshaw."

我看了她这种单纯的态度，心里忽而起了一种不可思议的感情，我想把两只手伸出去拥抱她一回，但是我的理性却命令我说：

"你莫再作孽了！你可知道你现在处的是什么境遇，你想把这纯洁的处女毒杀了么？恶魔，恶魔，你现在是没有爱人的资格的呀！"

我当那种感情起来的时候，曾把眼睛闭上了几秒种，等听了理性的命令以后，我的眼睛又开了开来，我觉得我的周围，忽而比前几秒钟更光明了。对她微微的笑了一笑，我就催她说：

"夜也深了，你该去睡了吧！明天你还要上工去的呢！我从今天起，就答应你把纸烟戒下来吧。"

她听了我这话，就站了起来，很喜欢的回到她的房里去睡了。

她去之后，我又换上一枝洋蜡烛，静静儿的想了许多事情：

"我的劳动的结果，第一次得来的这五块钱已经用去了三块了。连我原有的一块多钱合起来，付房钱之后，只能省下二三角小洋来，如何是好呢！

"就把这破棉袍子去当吧！但是当铺里恐怕不要。

"这女孩子真是可怜，但我现在的境遇，可是还赶她不上，她是不想做工而工作要强迫她做，我是想找一点工作，终于找不到。就去作筋肉的劳动吧！啊啊，但是我这一双弱腕，怕吃不下一部黄包车的重力。

"I could kill myself, I suppose — I would have done long ago if I had had the courage. However, the fact that this word entered my head at this juncture shows that I haven't lost all my courage to do so."

"Ho, ho, what was it the trolleybus driver called me today?"

"Yellow dog! Now that's a pretty term."

"......"

My mind went over a great number of scattered, unconnected thoughts, but I could think of no really good way to get out of my present poverty. A siren from a nearby factory sounded; it must have been midnight. I stood up and changed into my shabby old gown, blew the candle out and went out for my walk.

It was quiet. All the other inhabitants of the slums were slumbering. Opposite me, in the modern blocks of Rixinli a few windows were still bright with coloured lights. The strains of the balalaika and snatches of a soft melancholy song drifted across the chilly night, probably from a young white Russian emigree girl, singing for her living. Overhead, greyish-white clouds covered the sky, piling up heavily like decaying corpses. Here and there where there was a gap in clouds, an occasional star blinked, but even the scraps of dark sky round them seemed sad and gloomy.

July 15, 1923

Translated by Tang Sheng

“自杀！我有勇气，早就干了。现在还能想到这两个字，足证我的志气还没有完全消磨尽哩！

“哈哈哈哈！今天的那无轨电车的机器手！他骂我什么来？

“黄狗，黄狗倒是一个好名词。

“…………”

我想了许多零乱断续的思想，终究没有一个好法子，可以救我出目下的穷状来。听见工厂的汽笛，好像在报十二点钟了，我就站了起来，换上了白天那件破棉袍子，仍复吹熄了蜡烛，走出外面去散步去。

贫民窟里的人已经睡眠静了。对面日新里的一排临邓脱路的洋楼里，还有几家点着了红绿的电灯，在那里弹罢拉拉衣加。一声二声清脆的歌音，带着哀调，从静寂的深夜的冷空气里传到我的耳膜上来，这大约是俄国的飘泊的少女，在那里卖钱的歌唱。天上罩满了灰白的薄云，同腐烂的尸体似的沉沉的盖在那里。云层破处也能看得出一点两点星来，但星的近处，黝黝看得出来的天色，好像有无限的哀愁蕴藏着的样子。

一九二三年七月十五日

A Humble Sacrifice

1

It was a bright spring afternoon. The weather was so fine I felt bored sitting at home. After a late lunch I put some loose change into my pocket and went out for a stroll.

In fair weather, the sky in Beijing is different from that in the south. No matter how clear the day, in the south there are always thin streaks of cloud, and the blue of the sky is rather pallid.

Not so in Beijing. The sky is a glittering azure, and to look at it for a while makes you feel you want to sprout wings and fly into space. Of course, all this talk about skies only applies to still days. When the Beijing winds blow, you can barely open your eyes, let alone talk about the colour of the sky.

On this spring afternoon the air was unusually refreshing. The sky was immaculate and I felt the warmth of the sunshine on me as I walked along the streets amidst the cheerful Beijing folk. Before I knew where I was I found myself in a busy street outside Qianmen Gate.

I had a look in a paperlantern shop, and bought a few quaint paintings intended for candle-shades.

Back in the street again the clash of theatre gongs and drums as-

薄　奠

上

一天晴朗的春天的午后，我因为天气太好，坐在家里，觉得闷不过，吃过了较迟的午饭，带了几个零用钱，就跑出外面去逛去。北京的晴空，颜色的确与南方的苍穹不同。在南方无论如何晴快的日子，天上总有一缕薄薄的纤云飞着，并且天空的蓝色，总带着一道很淡很淡的白味。北京的晴空却不是如此，天色一碧到底，你站在地上对天注视一会，身上好像能生出两翼翅膀来，就要一扬一摆的飞上空中去的样子。这可是单指不起风的时候而讲，若一起风，则人在天空下眼睛都睁不开，更说不到晴空的颜色如何了。那一天的午后，空气非常澄静。天色真青得可怜，我在街上夹在那些快乐的北京人士中间，披了一身和暖的阳光，不知不觉，竟走到了前门外最热闹的一条街上。踏进了一家卖灯笼的店里，买了几张奇妙的小画，重新回上大街缓步的时候，我忽而听出了一阵中国戏园特

sailed my ears. I followed the sound into the theatre, sat down and began to watch the play. In the middle of the third item I could hear that the wind had risen: it began to shake the roof.

I came out at the end of the show into flying dust. I closed my eyes for a moment to keep the dust out, and then began to shout for a rickshaw, but all the local rickshaw men wanted sixty or seventy coppers for my journey, and refused to consider anything less.

It was not dark yet, but with the air so filled with dust the normal evening bustle had already set in. The shopkeepers had put their lights on. The street was jammed with traffic, cars, horse-drawn carriages and rickshaws. What with the tooting of horns, bells, shouting people and a medley of sounds coming from I knew not where, there was a regular symphony of discordant noise. Evidently the time for supper parties was approaching: that must be where the men in those vehicles were going, with their fashionably dressed women companions.

At such an hour, with a dust storm to boot, I stood no chance of getting a rickshaw, so I made my own way back to Qianmen Street. It was the normal practice for the rickshaw men to charge exorbitant prices when they were fortunate enough to get a rush hour and a dust storm together. But I had spent nearly all my money and had only forty to fifty coppers left. I could not meet their prices and decided I would have to walk to Xidan and take a rickshaw from there — where my money would be enough for the shorter journey.

As I was walking along the footpath on one side of the Zhengyang Bridge a southbound motor showered me with dust. My

有的那种原始的锣鼓声音来。我的两只脚就受了这声音的牵引，自然而然的踏了进去。听戏听到了第三出，外面忽而起了呜呜的大风，戏园的屋顶也有些儿摇动。戏散之后，推来让去的走出戏园，扑面就来了一阵风沙。我眼睛闭了一忽，走上大街来雇车，车夫都要我七角六角大洋，不肯按照规矩折价。那时候天虽则还没有黑，但因为风沙飞满在空中，所以沉沉的大地上，已经现出了黄昏前的急景。店家的电灯，也都已上火，大街上汽车马车洋车挤塞在一处。一种车铃声叫唤声，并不知从何处来的许多杂音，尽在那里奏错乱的交响乐。大约是因为夜宴的时刻逼近，车上的男子定是去赴宴会，奇装的女子想来是去陪席的。

一则因为大风，二则因为正是一天中间北京人士最繁忙的时刻，所以我雇车竟雇不着，一直的走到了前门大街。为了上举的两种原因，洋车夫强索昂价，原是常有的事情，我因零用钱花完，袋里只有四五十枚铜子，不能应他们的要求，所以就下了决心，想一直走到西单牌楼再雇车回家。走下了正阳桥边的步道，被一辆南行的汽车喷满了一身灰土，我的决心，又动摇起

fine idea about walking was shaken, and I stopped and rather hesitantly approached a rickshaw standing at the kerb, saying, "Xunbuting Lane! Will you go there for forty coppers?"

The rickshaw-puller nodded politely, "Right! Hop in, sir!"

We started on our northward road. The dust storm was still raging, but it was no longer getting into my eyes — it must have been a south wind blowing.

I like talking to the rickshaw men, and always chat as I ride, hoping that this will lessen their load. Going by my own experience it shortens the distance if one has a companion to talk to. This much humanitarianism I thought I could easily practise while sitting comfortably, high above a fellow-man who had to run before me like a draft animal.

I did not feel particularly like talking that day, but when I saw my puller's bowed back and heard his heavy panting I felt sorry for him.

"Take your time," I said, as gently as I could. "I'm not in a hurry. Where's your rickshaw station?"

"The western end of Xunbuting Lane."

"And where do you live, yourself?"

"At the northern end of Nanshunzheng Street, just around the corner by Xunbuting Lane."

There was a moment's silence, and then I said, "Heavens! Why does it have to blow so hard every day!"

"You may well ask! It's tough on us rickshaw-pullers and uncomfortable for gentlemen like you. Rotten!"

So we talked as we went along. It was nearly dark when we ar-

来，含含糊糊的向道旁停着的一辆洋车问了一句，“嗳！四十枚拉巡捕厅儿胡同拉不拉？”那车夫竟恭恭敬敬的向我点了点头说：

“坐上罢！先生！”

坐上了车，被他向北的拉去，那么大的风沙，竟打不上我的脸来，我知道那时候起的是南风了。我不坐洋车则已，若坐洋车的时候，总爱和洋车夫谈闲话，想以我的言语来缓和他的劳动之苦，因为平时我们走路，若有一个朋友，和我们闲谈着走，觉得不费力些。我从自己的这种经验着想，老是在实行浅薄的社会主义，一边高踞在车上，一边向前面和牛马一样在奔走的我的同胞攀谈些无头无尾的话。这一天，我本来不想开口，但看看他的弯曲的背脊，听听他嘿嘿的急喘，终觉得心里难受，所以轻轻的对他说：

“我倒不忙，你慢慢的走吧，你是哪儿的车？”

“我是巡捕厅胡同西口的车。”

“你在哪儿住家吓？”

“就在那南顺城街的北口，巡捕厅胡同的拐角儿上。”

“老天爷不知怎么的，每天刮这么大的风。”

“是啊！我们拉车的也苦，你们坐车的老爷们也不快活，这样的大风天气，真真是招怪吓！”

这样的一路讲，一路被他拉到我寄住的寓

rived at the place where I was staying. I got down and began counting out his pay, while he wiped the sweat off himself with a grey towel. Then he suddenly said, with a grin, "It's all right about the money — keep it! We're neighbours, aren't we?"

I was very embarrassed at this and insisted on him taking all my coppers — which turned out to be forty-eight. He thanked me, and went off westward along the dusty road to his home.

As I watched him go my imagination followed him. I pictured his arrival home and his wife coming out to greet him, and how she would take his day's takings out from under the rickshaw seat, and he would pull the rickshaw round to its owners, and then go into home to wash himself, and sit down to a few puffs before he ate his simple evening meal with her — perhaps choosing to take a copper or two's worth of spirits. Loosened up with the spirits, my fancy ran, he would start talking and embracing his wife and child, then fling himself down on the bed to fall fast asleep. This exhausted sleep is probably the only enjoyment life holds for toilers such as he. Ah....

My train of thought led me into my usual melancholy mood.

"And what a poor state I am in myself," I mused. "I have not had a good night's sleep for over two years. That is because I am ill, and I've nobody to blame. But why should my wife and child have to stay three thousand *li* away from me, and not able to share my joys and sorrows! Must we be forever apart? Or is this, too, my fault, because of my illness?"

It is. It is all my doing. We are apart because I cannot support my wife.

舍门口的时候,天已经快黑了。下车之后我数铜子给他,他却和我说起客气话来,他一边拿出了一条黑黝黝的手巾来擦头上身上的汗,一边笑着说:

"您带着吧,我们是街坊,还拿钱么?"

被他这样的一说,我倒觉得难为情了,所以虽只应该给他四十枚铜子的,而到这时候却不得不把尽我所有的四十八枚铜子都给了他。他道了谢,拉着空车在灰黑的道上向西边他的家里走去,我呆呆的目送了他一程,心里却在空想他的家庭。——他走回家去,他的女人必定远远的闻声就跑出来接他。把车斗里的铜子拿出,将车交还了车行,他回到自己屋里来打一盆水洗洗手脸,吸几口烟,就可在洋灯下和他的妻子享受很健康的夜膳。若他有兴致,大约还要喝一二个铜子的白干。喝了微醉,讲些东西南北的废话,他就可以抱了他的女人小孩,钻进被去酣睡。这种酣睡,大约是他们劳动阶级的唯一的享乐。

"啊啊! ……"

空想到了此地,我的感伤病又发了。

"啊啊! 可怜我两年来没有睡过一个整整的全夜! 这倒还可以说是因病所致,但是我的远隔在三千里外的女人小孩,又为了什么,不能和我在一处享乐吃苦呢? 难道我们是应该永远隔离的么? 难道这也是病么? ……总之是我不好,是我没有能力养活妻子。啊啊,你这车夫,

And yet the rickshaw man thanked me. I felt pity for him, but I am not so well off as he is; no, not so well off as he.

As I stood still there in the dark, brooding, I felt sadder and sadder, and tears pricked my eyes. It would not do for my host to see me like this — I am completely dependent on him. I walked down the steps in front of the house and along the street, following my rickshaw man. First he, then I, reached a bend in the road. As I rounded it I saw him stop and go into a ramshackle one-story house at the end of the lane.

I went on walking alone for some time, as far as outside the city gate, before I went back home for supper.

Since then this rickshaw man and I have developed an affinity for one another, and I have ridden behind him many times. We gradually became better acquainted.

2

Outside Pingzemen Gate is the city moat. It is not so wide as the canal outside Chaoyangmen Gate to the east of the city, but in spring and autumn days after the rains the deep, moving water is green, and you can sail southward with the wind.

The weeping willows along the banks cast their images in the river, and there are big green patches on both sides. Towards dusk horses may be found grazing here and there, and people bring their hunting hawks for training flights.

If you stand by the ferry in the moat just before sunset and look northward you can see the misty watchtower over Xizhimen Gate

你这向我道谢，被我怜悯的车夫，我不如你吓，我不如你！”

我在门口灰暗的空气里呆呆的立了一回，忽而想起了自家的身世，就不知不觉的心酸起来，红润的眼睛，被我所依赖的主人看见，是不大好的，因此我就复从门口走了下来，远远的跟那洋车走了一段。跟它转了弯，看那车夫进了胡同拐角上的一间破旧的矮屋，我又走上平则门大街去跑了一程，等天黑了，才走回家来吃晚饭。

自从这一回后，我和他的洋车，竟有了缘分，接连的坐了它好几次。他和我也渐渐的熟起来了。

中

平则门外，有一道城河。河道虽比不上朝阳门外的运河那么宽，但春秋雨霁，绿水粼粼，也尽够浮着锦帆，乘风南下。两岸的垂杨古道，倒影入河水中间，也大有板渚隋堤的风味。河边隙地，长成一片绿芜，晚来时候，老有闲人在那里调鹰放马。太阳将落未落之际，站在这城河中间的渡船上，往北望去，看得出西直门的城

soaring above the willows, gilded by the setting sun. To come alone and walk along the moat on a fine evening in spring or autumn is like seeing a series of paintings of the later impressionist period. It is hard to realize that this is really only just outside bustling Beijing.

The countless smiling peaks of the Western Hills seem to be dreaming, as they lie clothed in purple haze beyond the rolling green fields. My fancy tells me that if I were to call them, they would come to me. Outside the walls beyond Xizhimen Gate are some duck and goose farms. Every afternoon the geese swim, paired off, in the moat, and towards evening the last rays of the setting sun shine through the willow branches and glisten on their white backs.

I, who live alone in this crowded imperial city, feel sad and without hope. When I am in a thoroughly dejected mood I find myself wandering aimlessly about. I go right across the city from the northwest to the south, look in at a theatre or two, or at the teahouses and the singsong girls or the wineshops as do other seekers after idle entertainment. I forget my miserable existence, and like them try to drown my sorrows.

Sometimes I go alone outside the city by Pingzemen Gate to enjoy the view. I do not avoid the placid calmness of Jade Spring Hill deliberately, nor does the remote Temple of Great Awakening lack attraction for me. No. The reason is I am penniless all the year round and cannot afford to see these noble sights far away from the city.

One afternoon in the middle of May I felt sad and agitated for no

楼，似烟似雾的，溶化成金碧的颜色，飘扬在两岸垂杨夹着的河水高头。春秋佳日，向晚的时候，你若一个人上城河边上来走走，她像是在看后期印象派的风景画，几乎能使你忘记是身在红尘十丈的北京城外。西山数不尽的诸峰，又如笑如眠，带着紫苍的暮色，静躺在绿荫起伏的春野西边，你若叫它一声，好像是这些远山，都能慢慢的走上你身边来的样子。西直门外又有几处养鹅鸭的庄园，所以每天午后，城河里老有一对一对白鹅在那里游泳。夕阳最后的残照，从杨柳荫中透出一两条光线来，射在这些浮动的白鹅背上时，愈能显得这幅风景的活泼鲜灵，别饶风致。我一个人渺焉一身，寄住在人海的皇城里，衷心郁郁，老感着无聊。无聊之极，不是从城的西北跑往城南，上戏园茶楼，娼寮酒馆，去夹在许多快乐的同类中间，忘却我自家的存在，和他们一样的学习醉生梦死，便独自一个跑出平则门外，去享受这本地的风光。玉泉山的幽静，大觉寺的深邃，并不是对我没有魔力，不过一年有三百五十九日穷的我，断没有余钱，去领略它们的高尚的清景。五月中旬的有一天午后，我又无端感着了一种悲愤，本想上城南的

reason at all. I first thought of going to one of the gay places in the south city to try to find some consolation. But I did not even have the rickshaw fare in my pocket. All that was within my reach was my old walk, out of Pingzemen Gate. There I went and sat down under the shade of the willows, to breathe my fill of the fresh air from the Western Hills.

I watched the sunset sky turn from a deep blue to purple. All of a sudden the whole heavens turned crimson. The spire of the distant French church and the tips of the trees were lit by these last red rays of the sun. Then, just as suddenly, the air became clear and calm. Everything seemed to disappear before me, and the shadows closed round me in a mass of confusion.

I was overcome by a sadness brought on by the sunset. Tears came to my eyes, and I began to go back slowly, as though in a dream.

I went through Pingzemen Gate and turned south along Nanshunzheng Street. The first lane on the east side is Xunbuting Lane. No sooner had I turned down the lane than I heard loud voices coming from a rather tumbledown house, right at the turning. I knew one of the voices, somehow. I thought for a moment and realized that it was my rickshaw man speaking. I stood there and listened quietly for a while. It sounded as though he was quarrelling with someone. After all the times I had ridden on his rickshaw and always found him even-tempered, it seemed strange to hear him quarrelling now. He doesn't speak very readily — he's a taciturn type, but he's always ready enough with an answer when spoken to.

He must be quite a tall fellow really, but his back is so bent that

快乐地方，去寻些安慰的，但袋里连几个车钱也没有了，所以只好走出平则门外，去坐在杨柳荫中，尽量地呼吸呼吸西山的爽气。我守着西天的颜色，从浓蓝变成淡紫，一忽儿，天的四围又染得深红了，远远的法国教会堂的屋顶和许多绿树梢头，刹那间返射了一阵赤赭的残光，一忽儿空气就变得澄苍静肃，视野内召唤我注意的物体，什么也没有了。四周的物影，渐渐散乱起来，我也感着了一种日暮的悲哀，无意识地滴了几滴眼泪，就慢慢的真是非常缓慢，好像在梦里游行似的，走回家来。进平则门往南一拐，就是南顺城街，南顺城街路东的第一条胡同便是巡捕厅胡同。我走到胡同的西口，正要进胡同的时候，忽而从角上的一间破屋里漏出了几声大声来。这声音我觉得熟得很，稍微用了一点心力，回想了一想，我马上就记起那个身材瘦长，脸色黝黑，常拉我上南城去的车夫来。我站住静听了一会，听得他好像在和人拌嘴。我坐过他许多次数的车，他的脾气是很好的，所以听到他在和人拌嘴，心里倒很觉得奇怪。看他的样子，好像有五十多岁的光景，但他自己说今年只有四十二岁。他平常非常沉默寡言，不过你和他说话的时候，他却总来回答你一句两句。他身材本来很高，但是不晓是因为社会的压迫呢，

he does not look his height. I do not know whether his posture is due to the heavy toil society has laid on him, or whether it is a natural handicap. He looks over fifty, but he says he is only forty-two. The expression on his face is the expression of all care-worn toilers. How shall I describe it? He seems always to be reflecting on the lot of those whom society persecutes, as though it is inevitable. Yet his silent tolerance gives the impression of unlimited strength, a strength which enables him to resist and struggle. To me, this worker's face makes me ache with sadness.

As a matter of fact, my own position in society is not much better than his — I feel sometimes that I suffer more persecution even. Riding behind him talking to him, I cannot escape a feeling of unjust suppression suffered by both of us, from which neither he nor I can escape, or even voice. I, who am literate, educated, must accept it dumbly. When I feel I cannot stand it any more, all I can do is cry out to the sky.

A fortnight ago, I had got drunk in one of the redlight districts in the south city, and went to a friend's house to sleep it off, in my clothes, until nearly midnight. I woke up to see the crescent moon rising, and took a rickshaw to Xidan, intending to take another one on from there. There I got my old friend's rickshaw.

I felt very bad. My drunken stupor left me melancholy and the dismal surroundings, the long grey roads, with nothing moving but an occasional car stirring up dust, only increased my gloom. And then to meet him, and hear his complaints!

He said times were bad and he could barely make a living. The value of the silver dollar had gone up only a copper or two, while

还是因为他天生的病症，背脊却是弯着，看去好像不十分高。他脸上浮着的一种谨慎的劳动者特有的表情，我怎么也形容不出来，他好像是在默想他的被社会虐待的存在是应该的样子，又好像在这沉默的忍苦中间，表示他的无限的反抗，和不断的挣扎的样子。总之他那一种沉默忍受的态度，使人家见了便能生出无限的感慨来。况且是和他社会的地位相去无几，而受的虐待又比他更甚的我，平常坐他的车，和他谈话时候，总要感着一种抑郁不平之气横上心来，而这种抑郁不平之气，他也无处去发泄，我也无处去发泄，只好默默的闷受着，即使闷受不过，最多亦只能向天长啸一声。有一天我在前门外喝醉了酒，往一家相识的人家去和衣睡了半夜，醒来的时候，已经是下弦月上升的时刻了。我从韩家潭雇车雇到西单牌楼，在西单牌楼，换车的时候，又遇见了他。半夜酒醒，从灰白死寂，除了一乘两乘汽车飞过，搅起一阵灰来，此外别无动静的长街上，慢慢被拖回家来。这种悲哀的情调，已尽够我消受的了，况又遇着了他，一路上听了他许多不堪再听的话……他说这个年头儿真教人生存不得。他说洋车价涨了一个两个铜子，而煤米油盐，都要各涨一倍。他说洋车出租的东家，真会挑剔，一根骨子弯了一点，一个

the price of coal, rice, oil and salt had doubled. The owner of his rickshaw knew too well how to squeeze him and was always overcharging him for every crooked spoke or small screw missing. His whole takings for a normal day were not enough to satisfy the rickshaw owner, and if he got a punctured tyre or broke the spring he was lost. At home, his wife did not know how to manage and was always wasting money — they have two sons, one eight and the other three.

As I sat there, sunk in gloom in the cold moonlight, I listened to him talking, voicing one complaint after another. As we went along my feelings mounted: I felt all the narrow grey lanes we passed intensified our sorrows, his, mine, and many others'. I wanted to jump down and weep with him. But my dress, my long gown of fine cotton, and my upbringing kept me from expressing my real emotion.

Ever since that night, I had avoided meeting him.

And now, on my way home from Pingzemen Gate, hearing him quarrelling so, I blamed myself for having avoided him for so long. After a minute or two I realized he was quarrelling with his wife.

My inertia left me and, moved by the sorrow in his voice, I stepped into his dilapidated house. He had one room, half-filled by the big brick bed. Although nightfall had not come, the room was dark and gloomy and at first I could not see a thing, save for his dark figure. I greeted him and, as my eyes got used to the dimness, I could see that he was talking and gesticulating to a woman, hunched on the bed. On the far side were two children.

I asked him what had made him so angry. He waved his hand at

小钉不见了,就要赔许多钱。他说他一天到晚拉车,拉来的几个钱还不够供洋车租主的绞榨,皮带破了,弓子弯了的时候,更不必说了。他说他的女人不会治家,老要白花钱。他说他的大小孩今年八岁,二小孩今年三岁了。……我默默的坐在车上,看看天上惨澹的星月,经过了几条灰黑静寂的狭巷,细听着他的一条条的诉说,觉得这些苦楚,都不是他一个人的苦楚。我真想跳下车来,同他抱头痛哭一场,但是我着在身上的一件竹布长衫,和盘在脑里的一堆教育的绳矩,把我的直率的情感缚住了。自从那一晚以后,我心里存了一种怕与他相见的思想,所以和他不见了半个多月。这一天日暮,我自平则门走回家来,听了他在和人吵闹的声音,心里竟起了一种自责的心思,好像是不应该躲避开这个可怜的朋友,至半月之久的样子。我静听了一忽,才知道他吵闹的对手,是他的女人。一时心情被他的悲惨的声音所挑动,我竟不待回思,一脚就踏进了他住的那所破屋。他的住房,只有一间小屋,小屋的一半,却被一个大炕占据了去。在外边天色虽还没有十分暗黑,但在他那矮小的屋内,却早已黑影沉沉,辨不出物体来了。他一手叉在腰里,一手指着炕上缩成一堆,坐在那里的一个妇人,一声两声的在那里数骂。两个小孩爬在炕的里边。我一进去时,只见他自家一个站着的背影,他的女人和小孩都看不出来。后来招呼了他,向他手指着的地方看去,才看出了一个女人,又站了一忽,我的眼睛在黑暗里经惯了,重复看出了他的两个小孩。我进去叫了他一声,问他为什么要这样的动气,他就

his wife and said, "She's spent all three of my hard-earned silver dollars at one go and bought this rubbishy cloth! It's only good for wrapping the dead...."

As he spoke he kicked at a bundle of stuff on the floor.

After saying a few words of greetings to me, he knitted his brow and went on:

"She doesn't try to understand my difficulties at all, nor what I want to do. What was I saving this money for? I must try to get enough together to buy my own rickshaw, to save paying this everlasting rent. It's warm enough now. Poor people like us don't need clothes: we can go shirtless. But she must go and buy this cloth! It's enough to madden anyone!"

I did sympathize with him, but tried to say something non-committal.

"We have to have some clothes, you know. Be patient — you'll be able to save another three or four dollars again."

He didn't speak. The only sound was his wife's sobbing.

If I had had any money in my pocket I would have given him all of it, and tried to persuade him not to be angry. But when I felt in my pockets there was not a single coin there.

I stood there thinking, but could find no solution. I waited, not knowing what to do, and suddenly became aware of my silver watch ticking away in my inner jacket. But I realized I would not be able to make him take it then and there. Then I struck on an idea.

I made myself say a few more consoling words and, without his noticing it, took my watch out, moved forward, and slipped it on

把手一指,指着炕沿上的那女人说:

“这臭东西把我辛辛苦苦积下来的三块多钱,一下子就花完了。去买了这些捆尸体的布来。……”说着他用脚一踢,地上果然滚了一包白色的布出来。他一边向我问了些寒暄话,一边就蹙紧了眉头说:

“我的心思,她们一点儿也不晓得,我要积这几块钱干什么?我不过想自家去买一辆旧车来拉,可以免掉那车行的租钱呀!天气热了,我们穷人,就是光着脊肋儿,也有什么要紧?她却要去买这些白洋布来做衣服。你说可气不可气啊?”

我听了心里虽则也为他难受,但口上只好安慰他说:

“做衣服倒也是要紧的,积几个钱,是很容易的事情,你但须忍耐着,三四块钱是不难再积起来的。”

我说完了话,忽而在沉沉的静寂中,从炕沿上听出了几声暗泣的声音来。这时候我若袋里有钱,一定要全部拿出来给他,请他息怒。但是我身边一摸,却摸不着一个铜银的货币。呆呆的站着,心里打算了一会,我觉得终究没有方法好想。正在着恼的时候,我里边小褂袋里啷啷响着的一个银表的针步声,忽而敲动了我的耳膜。我知道若在此时,当面把这银表拿出来给他,他是一定不肯受的,迟疑了一会,我想出了一个主意,乘他不注意的时候,悄悄的把表拿了出来。和他讲着些慰劝他的话,一边我走上前去了一步,顺手把表搁在一张半破的桌上。随

to a table. I brought my words to an end, and went out under the stars. Again my heart felt heavier than ever. I hated myself for being so helpless!

Next morning, while I was getting dressed, someone knocked at the door.

I looked out. It was my rickshaw man. He called out a good morning and then fumbled under the seat — looking for my watch, which he got out.

"Is this yours, Mister?" he asked. "Did you lose a watch last night?"

I felt my face going red and answered, "No. It's not mine. I haven't lost a watch."

He repeated "That's queer" a few times and explained how he found it. When he saw that I firmly refused to claim it, he could do nothing but keep it, and went off.

3

After the summer solstice we had a fortnight's continuous rain. I had been careless about covering myself properly at night and caught a very severe cold. I had only been back on my feet for two weeks. Three days after I got up, the weather was fine and I took a cane and went out for a walk.

This was my first time out after my illness. I walked towards the west, intending to go to my favourite spot by the moat outside Pingzemen Gate.

As I passed the ramshackle house at the turn in the lane I saw

后又和他交换了几句言语，我就走出来了。我出到了门外，走进胡同，心里感得的一种沉闷，比午后上城外去的时候更甚了。我只恨我自家太无能力，太没有勇气。我仰天看看，在深沉的天空里，只看出了几颗星来。

第二天的早晨，我刚起床，正在那里刷牙漱口的时候，听见门外有人打门。出去一看，就看见他拉着车站在门口。他问了我一声好，手向车斗里一摸，就把那个表拿出来问我说：

"先生，这是你的吧？你昨晚上掉下的吧？"

我听了脸上红了一红，马上就说：

"这不是我的，我并没有掉表。"

他连说了几声奇怪，把那表的来历说了一阵，见我坚不肯认，就也没有方法，收起了表，慢慢的拉着空车向东走了。

下

夏至以后，北京接连下了半个多月的雨。我因为一天晚上，没有盖被睡觉，惹了一场很重的病，直到了二礼拜前才得起床。起床后第三天的午后，我看看久雨新霁，天气很好，就拿了一根手杖踏出门去。因为这是病后第一次的出门，所以出了门就走往西边，依旧想到我平时所爱的平则门外的河边去闲行。走过那胡同角上的破屋的时候，我只看见门口立了一群人，在那

there was a crowd of people at the door, and could hear loud sobbing inside. I thought it was my rickshaw man quarrelling with his wife again, and joined the crowd.

"If they're quarrelling about money again I can help them today," I thought. I still had some money left from the money my family had sent me for my medical expenses — several five-dollar bills.

I went to the door and saw only the rickshaw man's wife there, sobbing, at the edge of the brick bed. There was no sign of him. One of the little boys was sitting on the ground by his mother's feet, crying too.

I stood there for a minute, unable to make out what the matter was. Some of the other bystanders were sighing, and others were wiping their eyes, saying, "Oh, how sad! Oh, how sad!"

I asked a middle-aged woman who was standing next to me what it was all about, and had a dreadful shock. The rickshaw man had drowned at South Swamp during a flood several days ago.

His wife had not known he was dead until the following evening — only after one of his mates had seen the body and told her what had happened. She had taken the two boys and gone out in the heavy rain to the scene of the tragedy, south of Nanheng Street. They were all in tears. She tried to drown herself too, but people nearby, hearing the children crying for help, came and rescued her.

The next day kind people in the neighbourhood had a collection and arranged for his funeral, and gave her thirty catties of flour and eight hundred coppers. Since then she had been crying day

里看热闹。屋内有人在低声啜泣。我以为那拉车的又在和他的女人吵闹了,所以也就走了过去,去看热闹,一边我心里却暗暗的想着:

“今天若他们再因金钱而争吵,我却可以解决他们的问题。”

因为那时候我家里寄出来为我作医药费的钱还没有用完,皮包里还有几张五块钱钞票收藏着,我踏近前去一看,破屋里并没有拉车的影子,只有他的女人坐在炕沿上哭,一个小一点的小孩,坐在地上他母亲的脚跟前,也在陪着她哭。看了一会,我终摸不着头脑,不晓得她为什么要哭。和我一块儿站着的人,有的唧唧的在那里叹息,有的也拿出手巾来在擦眼泪说:“可怜哪,可怜哪!”我向一个立在我旁边的中年妇人问了一番,才知道她的男人,前几天在南下洼的大水里淹死了。死了之后,她还不晓得,直到第二天的傍晚,由拉车的同伴,认出了他的相貌,才跑回来告诉她。她和她的两个儿子,得了此信,冒雨走上南横街南边的尸场去一看,就大哭了一阵。后来她自己也跳在附近的一个水池里自尽过一次,经她儿子的呼救,附近的居民,费了许多气力,才把她捞救上来。过了一天,由那地方的慈善家,出了钱把她的男人埋葬完毕,且给了她三十斤面票,八十吊铜子,方送她回来。回来之后,她白天晚上,只是哭,已经哭了

and night.

When I heard what had happened, and saw her pitiful state, my heart seethed with pain.

My feelings were the same as when, more than a month ago, I was coming from Qianmen Gate at midnight with her husband and his mournful story then made me feel that I shared his fate. Now I felt for her.

I thought of my own wife, and my daughter, who was about the same age as the child crying on the ground. Tears came to my own eyes.

Then a barefoot, half-naked child, of about eight or nine, pushed his way through us and went in. Holding out a few coppers in his little hand, he said, timidly:

"Look, Mum! Someone gave me these."

Most of the onlookers, seeing the serious expression on his face and the funny way he held out his hand, chuckled and went on their way. Only two old women, who kept wiping their eyes, remained.

When I saw that there were few strangers left I went into the house, and spoke to the wife, "Do you remember me?"

She lifted her swollen red eyes and looked at me, and nodded. Her head went down again and she went on crying bitterly. I longed to tell her to stop crying, but I saw it would be no use. All I could do was to stand there silently and watch her thin shoulders heave. After a few minutes I saw that a crowd had again gathered outside the door. This time they were watching me.

This irritated me, and I stepped forward and said, "What are

好几天了。我听了这一番消息,看了这一场光景,心里只是难受。同一两个月前头,半夜从前门回来,坐在她男人的车上,听他的诉说时一样,觉得这些光景,决不是她一个人的。我忽而想起了我的可怜的女人,又想起了我的和那在地上哭的小孩一样大的龙儿,也觉得眼睛里热起来,痒起来了。我心里正在难受,忽而从人丛里挤来了一个八九岁的小孩赤足袒胸的跑了进来。他小手里拿了几个铜子蹑手蹑脚的对她说:

"妈,你瞧,这是人家给我的。"

看热闹的人,看了他那小脸上的严肃的表情,和他那小手的滑稽的样子,有几个笑着走了,只有两个以手巾擦着眼泪的老妇人,还站在那里。我看看周围的人数少了,就也踏了进去问她说:

"你还认得我么?"

她举起肿红眼睛来,对我看了一眼,点了一点头,仍复伏倒头去在哀哀的哭着。我想叫她不哭,但是看看她的情形,觉得是不可能的,所以只好默默的站着,眼睛看见她的瘦削的双肩一起一缩的在抽动。我这样的静立了三五分钟,门外又忽而挤了许多人拢来看我。我觉得被他们看得不耐烦了,就走出了一步对他们说:

"你们看什么热闹?人家死了人在这里哭,

you looking at? She's mourning her dead. Is that something to stare at?"

The older boy saw I was annoyed and closed the broken door with a slam, darkening the room. His mother, startled, stopped crying and raised her eyes. She saw the boy standing beside me. I took this opportunity to try to persuade her to stop crying.

"You've got the children to look after," I said. "Crying all the time doesn't help. If there's anything I can do to help you, I'll certainly do it."

She managed to answer me amid her sobs. "It's...it's his dying so suddenly I can't get over. And... I don't know whether he drowned himself or...."

Her sobs broke out again in earnest. I did not know what I could do. I took out a five-dollar bill from my wallet and gave it her, saying:

"This is not much. Take it and use it anyway."

She stopped crying for a moment, and said:

"We...we don't need money. Oh, his death was a tragedy! He always wanted to buy his own rickshaw, but he never managed to do it. And now... the day before yesterday I went to a funeral-paper shop to order a paper rickshaw to burn as an offering to him. But it cost six dollars, so I couldn't order one. Dear Sir, you are kind. Will you buy him a good paper rickshaw?"

She began to cry again. I felt terrible when I heard what she said. I stood there for a minute, then I put the note back in my pocket and said:

"Please don't cry so! He was my friend. Certainly I'll buy a fu-

你们有什么好看?"

那八岁的孩子,看我心里发了恼,就走上门口,把一扇破门关上了,喀丹一响,屋里忽而暗了起来,他的哭着的母亲,好像也为这变化所惊动,一时止住哭声,擎起眼来看她的孩子和离门不远呆立着的我。我乘此机会,就劝她说:

"看养孩子要紧,你老是哭也不是道理,我若可以帮你的忙,我总没有不为你出力的。"

她听了这话,一边啜泣,一边断断续续的说:

"我……我……别的都不怪,我……只……只怪他何以死得那么快。也……也不知他……他是自家沉河的呢? 还是……"

她说了这一句又哭起来了,我没有方法,就从袋里拿出了皮包,取了一张五块钱的钞票递给她说:

"这虽然不多,你拿着用吧!"

她听了这话,又止住了哭,啜泣着对我说;

"我……我们……是不要钱用,只……只是他……他死得……死得太可怜了。……他……他活着的时候,老……老想自己买一辆车,但是……但是这心愿儿终究没有达到。……前天我到冥衣铺去定一辆纸糊的洋车,想烧给他,那一家掌柜的要我六块多钱,我没有定下来。你……你老爷心好,请你,请你老爷去买一辆好好的纸车来烧给他吧!"

说完她又哭了。我听了这一段话,心里愈觉得难受,呆呆的立了一忽,只好把刚才的那张钞票收起,一边对她说:

"你别哭了吧! 他是我的朋友,那纸糊的洋

neral rickshaw for him and go with you to burn it at his grave."

I said a few words to the children and went out. I had never made this sort of funeral arrangement so I had to look everywhere to find the shop. In the end I found one near Sipailou, put down the money for a paper rickshaw, and asked them to do a rush order for me. They took two days.

It was a fine day. I ate my meal early and hired four rickshaws to take wife and the two children and myself to the grave.

The beautiful paper rickshaw was put on the first rickshaw with two bundles of paper funeral money. We followed behind. As we went along Shunzhimen Street the people on the pavements stared at me and the raggedly dressed middle-aged widow, her eyes still red and swollen from crying.

Their staring, curious eyes maddened me. I cursed them inwardly, and felt a feeling of almost irresistible rebellion rise within me.

Oh, those rich people in their cars, and the uncaring passers-by!

"Swine! Dogs!" I wanted to shout. "Do you know what you are looking at? We are going to the grave of a poor rickshaw man, my friend, who was driven to death by such as you! It is his memorial you stare at!"

August 14, 1924

Translated by Huang Shouchen

车,我明天一定去买了来。和你一块去烧到他的坟前去。”

又对两个小孩说了几句话,我就打开门走了出来。我从来没有办过丧事,所以寻来寻去,总寻不出一家冥衣铺来定那纸糊的洋车。后来直到四牌楼附近,找定了一家,付了他钱,要他赶紧为我糊一辆车。

二天之后,那纸洋车糊好了,却巧天气也不下雨,我早早吃了午饭,就雇了四辆洋车,同她及两个小孩一道去上她男人的坟。车过顺治门内大街的时候,因为我前面的一乘人力车上只载着一辆纸糊的很美丽的洋车和两包锭子,大街上来往的红男绿女只是凝目的在看我和我后面车上的那个眼睛哭得红肿,衣服褴褛的中年妇人。我被众人的目光鞭挞不过,心里起了一种不可抑遏的反抗和诅咒的毒念,只想放大了喉咙向着那些红男绿女和汽车中的贵人狠命的叫骂着说:

“猪狗!畜生!你们看什么?我的朋友,这可怜的拉车者,是为你们所逼死的呀!你们还看什么?”

一九二四年八月十四日作于北京

Smoke Shadows

1

Every day he would think of going back home, but in the first place he was coughing up too much blood so that he was afraid that as soon as he set out something might happen, and in the second place he was still waiting for some money from his stories, so that Wenpu ended up staying on in his front upstairs room in the house of a poor Shanghai family. On this particular afternoon, in a hopeless mood again, he had ventured out on a lonely stroll along Connaught Road where the dust hung low in the warmth of the autumn sunshine.

Late autumn had passed and it was now already Noember. In north China at this time of the year, the weather would be freezing cold, the north wind and the whirling snow raging fiercely, but in this region south of the Yangtze, the autumn light was still transparently clear, the sun was warm and the wind mild, and the two rows of acacia trees lining the road had not yet shed all their leaves. Even the weeds in the surrounding vacant ground had only just begun to yellow, while the carefully tended hedges around the houses were still showing a few patches of green to welcome and bid farewell to the setting sun.

烟　影

一

每天想回去，想回去，但一则因为咳血咳得厉害，怕一动就要发生意外；二则因为几个稿费总不敷分配的原因，终于在上海的一间破落人家的前楼里住下了的文朴，这一天午后，又无情无绪地在秋阳和暖，灰土低翔的康脑脱马路上试他的孤独的慢步。

以季节而论，这时候晚秋早已过去，闰年的十月，若在北方，早该是冰冻天寒，朔风狂雪在横施暴力的时候，而这江南一廓，却依旧是秋光澄媚，日暖风和，就是道旁的两排阿葛西亚，树叶也还没有脱尽。四面空地里的杂草，也不过颜色有点枯黄，别致的人家的篱落，还有几处青色，在那里迎送斜阳哩！

And yet the traces of time could still be seen. The white poplars and green bamboos in front of the villas along the road; the withered grass, illuminated by the last rays of the sun, in the vacant lots which grew more frequent the further out they were from the dusty city; and the clothing worn by people passing along the road — every little detail showed the decline of the dying autumn. Wenpu walked slowly westwards, turning several corners along the way, but when he noticed that the newly built western villa-style houses along the road were gradually becoming fewer, he decided to turn back and retrace his steps back home.

On his way back, he passed along a very narrow, small street hemmed in on either side with bamboo fences more than ten feet high, and was walking up a main road running from east to west, when from a long way off in front a late model, opalescent car suddenly flew up. Wenpu pulled out his handkerchief to cover his mouth and nose, and moved over to a position of safety by the side of the road to let the car pass by. But to his astonishment, the car suddenly came to a stop five or six feet away from him. At the same time, "Hey, Wen, what are you doing here?" came from inside the car. As a rule, when Wenpu was out walking — especially if he were strolling through the countryside — he was like a sleepwalker, his eyes fixed on the empty air in front of him, all his energy directed inwards, absorbed in his random, disconnected fantasies, unless within his field of vision something made a particularly striking impression on him, such as a beautiful landscape, a very fine building or an extremely attractive person of the opposite sex. Nothing could rouse him from his daydreams. Now this sud-

然而时间的痕迹，终于看得出来，道路两旁的别墅前头的白杨绿竹；渐离尘市，渐渐增加起来的隙地上的衰草斜阳；和路上来往的几个行人身上的服饰，无一点不在表现残秋的凋落。文朴慢慢地向西走去，转了几个弯，看看两旁新筑的别庄式的洋房渐渐稀少起来，就想回转脚步，寻出原来的路来，走回家去。

回头转来，从一条很狭窄的、两边有一丈来高的竹篱夹住的小路穿过，又走上一条斜通东西的大道上的时候，前面远远的忽而飞来了一乘蛋白色的新式小汽车。文朴拿出手帕来掩住口鼻，把身子打侧，稳稳的站在路旁，想让汽车过去，但是出乎他意料之外，那乘汽车，突然的在离他五六尺路的地方停住了。同时从车座上"噢，老文，你在这里干什么？"的叫了一声，文朴平时走路——尤其是在田野里散步——的时候，总和梦游病者一样，眼睛凝视着前面的空处，注意力全部内向，被吸收在漫无联络的空想中间；视野里非有印象特别深刻的对象，譬如很美丽的自然风景，极雅致的建筑或十分娇艳的异性之类，断不能唤醒他的幻梦，所以这一回忽

den shout from the car gave Wenpu a start, interrupting the train of thought which had been occupying his mind for some time.

"What! Are you in Shanghai too? When did you leave Beijing?"

Wenpu's thin face took on an expression of mingled surprise and pleasure, and a lonely smile spread over his face as he blurted out his questions. He rushed forward immediately and thrust out his hand to grasp his friend's right hand, encased in a leather glove.

"How do you come to be in Shanghai too? I heard you were in X; when did you get here? Where are you living now?"

These questions made Wenpu redden slightly. When he had been teaching at X University, he had been attacked by two or three students in someone's clique and fled to Shanghai to escape them. When he reached Shanghai, he originally intended to return immediately to Beijing, but things did not turn out very well for him. The civil war, which had been going on for year after year without a break, had flared up again along the Tianjin-Pukou line between Shanghai and Beijing. With their raping, robbery, arson and killing, these soldiers — actually more like bandits than soldiers — were thoroughly depraved, and would not allow ordinary people to travel in peace. And Wenpu, who as a rule was very careless as to what he said, would very likely have been murdered by rebellious troops were he to brave the dangers and make the journey north. Actually the question of living or dying did not seem to Wenpu to be something very important or marvellous; but since one had to die anyway, he preferred to die in the arms of a beautiful woman, or perhaps in the moonlit waves of a rising sea, at midnight when the moon was bright and the wind was fresh. He con-

而听到了汽车里的呼声，文朴倒吃了一惊，把他半日来的一条思索的线路打断了。

“噢！你也在上海么？几时出京的？”

文朴的清瘦的面上同时现出了惊异和欣喜的神情，含了一脸枯寂的微笑，急遽地问了一声；问后他马上抢上前去，伸出手来去捏他朋友的一只套着皮手套的右手。

“你怎么也到上海来了呢？听说你在××，几时到这里的？现在住在什么地方？”

文朴被他朋友一问，倒被问得脸上有点红热起来了。因为他这一次在××大学教书，系受了两三个被人收买了的学生的攻击，同逃也似的跑到上海来的。到上海之后，他本来想马上回北京去，但事不凑巧，年年不息的内战，又在津浦沿线勃发了。奸淫掳掠，放火杀人，在在皆是。那些匪不像匪，兵不像兵的东西，恶毒成性，决不肯放一个老百姓，平安地行旅过路的。况平日里讲话不谨慎的文朴，若冒了锋镝，往北进行，那这时候恐难免不为乱兵所杀戮。本来生死的问题，由文朴眼里看来，原也算不得一回什么了不得的大事。但一样的死，他却希望死在一个美人的怀里，或者也应该于月白风清的中夜，死在波光容与的海上。被这些比禽兽还

sidered it more glorious to die of snakebite than to be cut down by these soldiers,[1] who were worse than wild beasts. Therefore, encouraged by his impecunious friends in Shanghai, he stayed on, making out as best as he could. Now these questions from an old friend he had not seen in more than six months reminded him of the dilemma facing him; it also made him remember how a few months ago a few rough students had chased him away. He felt both ashamed and distressed, so he just smiled quietly and did not make any reply. His friend was familiar with his temperament, and continued to fire questions at him without waiting for an answer.

"How've you been lately? How come you've got so thin since I last saw you six months ago? Hey, Wen, what's happened to the great drinker I used to know a couple of years ago?"

As Wenpu listened to his old friend's words, which carried a hint of both criticism and concern, he felt more and more distressed and his throat and tongue became dry and stiff. Raising his moist eyes and staring dumbly at his friend's healthy complexion, the best he could manage was to keep up his mournful smile and remain silent, not uttering a word. His friend opened the car door for him to come and sit down, but he shook his head and would not get in. In the end, his friend had to park the car at the side of the road, climb out and walk along beside him. They talked a little about old times, and gradually his friend came round to the subject of his present economic circumstances. Initially, Wenpu was not

① In the original this appears as "Chinese soldiers." The editors have deemed fit to make the change.

不如的中国军人来砍杀,他以为还不如被一条毒蛇来咬死的时候,更光荣些。因此被他的在上海的几位穷朋友一劝,他也就猫猫虎虎的住下了。现在受了他半年余不见的老友的这一问,提醒了他目下的进退两难的境况,且使他回想起了一个月前头,几个凶恶的学生赶他的情形,他心里又觉得害羞,又觉得难过,所以只是默默的笑着,不回答一句话。他的朋友,知道他的脾气,所以也不等他的回话,就匆促地继续问他说:

“你近来身体怎么样?怎么半年多一点不见,就瘦得这一个样儿?我看你的背脊也有点驼了。喂,老文,两三年前的你闹酒的元气,上哪里去了?”

文朴听了他老友的这一番责备不像责备,慰问不像慰问的说话,心里愈是难过,喉舌愈觉得干硬了。举起了一双潮润的眼睛,呆看着他朋友的很壮健的脸色,他只好仍旧维持着他那一脸悲凉的微笑,默默地不作一声。他的朋友,把车门开了,让他进去同坐,他只是摇摇头,不肯进去。到后来他的朋友没有方法,就只好把车搁在道旁跳下来和他走了一段,作了些怀旧之谈,渐渐地引他谈到他现在的经济状况上去。

very willing to talk, and his friend had to interrogate him repeatedly before he finally came out with words to the effect that for the moment he could not go north anyway, but that he would very much like to take the opportunity to return to his native village in Zhejiang to try and get well, but that his present economic circumstances would not allow this. Before his friend had finished listening to what he was saying, he casually pulled out from his trouser pocket a cigarette case and showed it to him.

"What do you think of this?"

As he spoke he opened the case and took out a cigarette. He then shut it again immediately and after handing it to Wenpu, pulled out a cigarette lighter from another pocket, lit the cigarette and started to smoke. Wenpu looked at the cigarette case which was made out of silver inlaid with gold, but although he felt very tempted, he had stopped smoking since the day he had first coughed blood, because he was afraid of coughing. So after fiddling with the case for a little while, he gave it back to his friend without lifting the lid to take out a cigarette. His friend smiled at him, puffed out a mouthful of blue smoke towards the sky and said to him lightly:

"You recognize this cigarette case? It was given to me by Miss Li. Now she's got married, and having this thing around will only increase my unhappiness. Please hang on to it for me for a few days. You can give it back next time we see each other." Wenpu took the cigarette case in his hand, and continuing their conversation, they went back to where the car was parked. His friend had been invited by a foreign young lady for tea that afternoon, so he

文朴起初还不肯说，经他朋友屡次三番的盘诘，他才把“现在一时横竖不能北上，但很想乘此机会回浙江的故里去休养休养；可是经济状况又不许可”的话说了。他的朋友还没有把这一段话听完之先，就很不经意地从裤子袋里摸出了一个香烟盒子来献给他看：

“你看这盒子怎么样？”

一边说着，一边他就开了盒子，拿了一枝香烟出来。随即把盒子盖上，递给文朴之后，他又从另外的裤脚袋里摸出一个石油火盒来点火吸烟。文朴看了这银质镶金的烟盒，心里倒也觉得很可爱，但从吐血的那一天起，因为怕咳，不十分吸烟，所以空空把盒子玩了一回，并不开起盖子拿烟来吸，又把盒子交还了他的朋友，他朋友对他笑了一笑，向天喷了一口青烟，轻轻地对他说：

“这烟盒你该认得吧？是密斯李送我的。现在她已经嫁了，我留在这里，倒反加添我的懊恼，请你为我保留几天，等下次见面的时候，你再还我。”

文朴手里拿了烟盒，和他朋友一边谈话，一边走回汽车停着的地方去。他的朋友因为午后有一位外国小姐招他去吃茶，所以于这时候一

had come out in the car by himself on this occasion. The foreign lady's house was not far from there. When they reached the car, his friend pressed him to come along, but Wenpu stubbornly refused, and so his friend got into the car and began to drive off. But before he had gone more than a few steps, his friend stopped the car again. Turning his head, he called back to Wenpu, "Inside the cigarette case there are a few notes tucked away. Please go ahead and spend them...."

Before he had finished speaking, his car suddenly drove off. Wenpu stood there stupidly, facing west, seeing only a layer of transparent grey dust rise up in the shadows of the setting sun. The reverberations of the car gradually faded away, and its shadow gradually disappeared into the distance.

2

Wenpu's friend was a graduate of Edinburgh University, and after returning to China, he took a job as chief accountant at X Bank in Beijing. His father had been one of the many cabinet ministers since the establishment of the Republic in 1911. When he was in Beijing, Wenpu often went out with him looking for a good time in the back alleys of the city, so that for a while their relationship was very close. But in the six months since Wenpu left Beijing and went to X, he had not sent a single letter to his friend. This sudden encounter on the street at sunset with evening coming on, and on top of that in a place like Shanghai where life was constantly on the move, theoretically should have made Wenpu feel delighted,

个人坐汽车出来的。外国小姐的住宅，去此地也不远了。到了汽车旁边，他朋友又强要文朴和他一块儿去，文朴执意不肯，他的朋友也就上车向前开了。开了两步，他朋友又止住了车，回头来叫文朴说：

“烟盒的夹层里，还有几张票子在那里，请你先用——”

话还没有说完，他的汽车却突突的飞奔了过去。文朴呆呆的向西站住了脚，只见夕阳影里起了一层透明灰白的飞尘，汽车的响声渐渐地幽下去，汽车的影子也渐渐地小下去了。

二

文朴的朋友，本来是英国伦敦大学的毕业生，回国以后，就在北京××银行当会计主任。朋友的父亲，也是民国以来，许多总长中间的一个。在北京的时候，文朴常和他上胡同里去玩，因此二人的交情，一时也很亲密。不过文朴自出京上××城以来，半年多和他还没有通过一封信，这一次忽然相逢，在夕阳将晚的途中，又在人事常迁的上海，照理文朴应该是十分的喜

and at the very least he should have gone on a drinking bout with him in this gay cosmopolitan city for a few days, but now that he was poor and ill, Wenpu was not really interested in that sort of thing anymore.

As Wenpu made his way back to his lodgings, the brief winter sun was already sinking behind the mountains, and the western sky was covered with red clouds. The lanes near his lodgings were also crowded with children coming home from school and knowledge — peddling workers emerging from X Publishing House. A cold wind arose, blowing from under his feet a few dead leaves of the plane trees and some puffs of grey dust; and Wenpu, unconsciously affected by a kind of evening melancholy, came to a standstill on the street in the cold wind. After a while, seeing the electric light switched on in the grocery store opposite, he quietly made his way up to the front room he was renting there. He wanted to lie down on the bed and rest for a while, but the piles of tattered old books lying around in disorder everywhere and the hubbub of the city drifting in from some unknown distant quarter kept pushing his thoughts back to scenes from his native village when he was a boy. He took out his steel watch from his breast pocket: it was still more than three quarters of an hour before six. Then absently he opened up the silver cigarette case his friend had given him and looked inside: tucked inside the band was indeed more than fifty dollars in notes. His normally level brain began to seethe. Not waiting for any second thoughts, he got up from the bed, changed clothes, hurriedly descended the building, and hiring a cab raced to the Shanghai-Hangzhou railway station just in time to catch the night

悦，至少也应该和他在这十里洋场里大喝大闹的玩几天的，但是既贫且病的文朴，目下实没有这样的兴致了。

文朴慢慢地走近寓所的时候，短促的冬日，已将坠下山去了，西边的天上，散满了红霞。他寓所附近的街巷里，也满挤着了些从学校里回家的小孩和许多从××书局里散出来的卖知识的工人。天空中起了寒风，从他的脚下，吹起了些泊拉丹奴斯的败叶和几阵灰土来，文朴的心里，不知不觉的感着了一种日暮的悲哀，就在街上的寒风里站住了。过了一会，看见对面油酒店里上了电灯，他也就轻轻地摸上他租在那里的那间前楼来，想倒在床上，安息一下，可是四面散放在那里的许多破旧的书籍，和远处不知何处飞来的一阵嘈杂的市声，使他不住地回忆到少年时候的他故里的景象上去。把怀中的铁表拿出来一看，去六点钟尚有三刻多钟，又于无意之中，把他朋友留给他的银盒打开来看时，夹层里，果然有五十余元的纸币插在里头。他的平稳的脑里忽而波动起来了。不待第二次的思索，他就从床上站了起来，换了几件衣服，匆促下楼，一雇车就跑上沪宁火车站去赶乘杭州的

express to Hangzhou.

3

At the scheduled time the night express arrived at Hangzhou and in the scheduled manner he stopped overnight at an hotel. Towards noon the following day, the lonely shadow of Wenpu was drifting around the little steamboat going upstream along the Qiantang River.

The landscape around the Fuchun River is really the most beautiful to be found in the world. If only the Chinese could be a little more ambitious and cease their eternal pillage and slaughter, then perhaps the entire tourist trade of Switzerland could be taken over by the inhabitants of the region round Hangzhou. Most people only know that the scenery around West Lake is very fine, but no one knows that a few miles outside Hangzhou, the countryside around the Fuchun River upstream from the Qiantang is the most magnificent in the world! The reason why Yan Ziling of the Han Dynasty would not leave here for an official position was partly because his wife was more beautiful than Yin Lihua, the emperor's wife, but to a large extent it was also because the scenery of the Fuchun made him think less highly of wealth and immortal fame.

The autumn river was, as always, a clear, transparent blue, and as always the autumn mountains on either side of the river offered a graceful welcome. In the bends of the azure river, reeds grew thickly, and its bays were dotted with tiny hamlets. As you sit in the steamboat cabin you need only lift your head to see right

夜快车去。

三

在刻板的时间里夜快车到了杭州,又照刻板的样子下了客店,第二天的傍午,文朴的清影,便在倒溯钱塘江而上的小汽船上逍遥了。

富春江的山水,实在是天下无双的妙景。要是中国人能够稍为有点气魄,不是年年争赃互杀,那么恐怕瑞士一国的买卖,要被这杭州一带的居民夺尽。大家只知道西湖的风景好,殊不知去杭州几十里,逆流而上的钱塘江富春江上的风光,才是天下的绝景哩!严子陵的所以不出来做官的原因,一半虽因为他的夫人比阴丽华还要美些,然而一大半也许因为这富春江的山水,够使他看不起富贵神仙的缘故。

一江秋水,依旧是澄蓝澈底。两岸的秋山,依旧在袅娜迎人。苍江几曲,就有几簇苇丛,几湾村落,在那里点缀。你坐在轮船舱里,只须抬

before you the red leaves of the tallow trees on the riverbank and the blue mountains which reach almost to the sky beckoning to you.

Wenpu, who had been spitting blood for more than a month after he arrived in Shanghai up to the point where he had almost completely exhausted his store of courage, and who was even afraid to stretch himself in case he dislocated his spine, suddenly finding himself in this area where nature was superior to art itself, felt some of his old vitality reviving within him.

Leaning on the railing, he lifted his head to look at the vast expanse before him, solemn and serene, then turned his gaze to the contrasting folds of the surrounding mountains, and as he spat several more gobs of blood-streaked phlegm into the clear waters of the river, he felt the elation which he had experienced when he first returned from abroad that year suddenly arise again. But this return to innocence was only a temporary phenomenon, and when the boat drew near his native village, his mood suddenly collapsed. He thought of his family, hidebound by centuries-old tradition, he thought of his old mother who loved to meddle in other people's affairs, he thought of the many petty squabbles among the villagers, and unconsciously he shuddered, shaking his head from right to left several times.

The little steamboat stopped at several places, and the scenery along the river also changed from time to time, and the village he dreamed of day and night when he was in a distant land but which filled him with terror and disgust once he was physically there, was soon in front of him. The steam whistle blew and as they turned

一抬头,劈面就有江岸乌桕树的红叶和去天不远的青山向你招呼。

到上海之后,吐血吐了一个多月,豪气消磨殆尽,连伸一个懒腰都怕背脊骨脱损的文朴,忽而身入了这个比图画还优美的境地,也觉得胸前有点生气回复转来了。

他斜靠着栏杆,举头看看静肃的长空,又放眼看看四面山上的浓淡的折痕,更向清清的江水里吐了几口带血的浓痰,就觉得当年初从外国回来的时候的兴致,又勃然发作了。但是这一种童心的来复,也不过是暂时的现象,到了船将要近他的故里的时候,他的心境,又忽而灰颓了起来。他想起了几百年来的传习紧围着的他的家庭,想起了年老好管闲事的他的母亲,想起了乡亲的种种麻烦的纠葛,就不觉打了几个寒噤,把头接连向左右摇了好几次。

小汽船停了几处,江上的风景,也换了几回,他在远地的时候,总日夜在想念,而身体一到,就要使他生出恐怖和厌恶出来的故乡近在目前了。汽笛叫了一声,转过山嘴,就看得见许

past the mountain spur, the houses with their black tiles and white walls piled up one on top of the other came into view, clustering along the side of the river. All told, this town probably had a population of around three or four thousand households. Along this stretch of riverbank, everything appeared to be the same as twenty or thirty years ago, and Wenpu could remember every single stone and every single cottage. Although it was already after midday, nevertheless there seemed to be late risers in several households in this small district town, and in several places the smoke from the midday meal still lingered in the clear blue sky. Wenpu's face still wore a mournful smile as he disembarked with the others, walked across the jetty and made his way home, which was not far away. When he reached the house, coming in through the back gate, only his sister-in-law, a victim of the old marriage system who did not live with his brother, was at home, sitting in the side sitting-room in front of the kitchen doing some sewing.

"Ah, Third Brother-in-law, you're back!" she cried out in pleased surprise when she saw Wenpu.

Wenpu just smiled at her, nodded his head and coughed lightly a few times before asking, "Where's mother?"

"She went to the new house to supervise the work." While answering she stood up and went into the kitchen to prepare some tea and pastries. The room where Wenpu was sitting happened to be in front of the kitchen and was separated from it only by a thin wooden partition, so that although his sister-in-law was lighting the fire and making tea she could still keep on talking with Wenpu at the same time. From her conversation he learnt all the latest family news such as the

多纵横错落紧叠着的黑瓦白墙的房屋，没江岸围聚在那里。计算起来，这城里大约也有三四千家人家的光景。靠江岸一带，样子和二三十年前一样，无论哪一块石头，哪一间小屋，文朴都还认得。虽则是正午已过，然而这小县城里，仿佛也有几家迟起的人家，有几处午饭的炊烟，还在晴空里缭绕。

文朴脸上，仍复是含了悲凉的微笑，在慢慢的跟着了下船的许多人，走上码头，走回家去。文朴的家，本来就离船码头不远，他走到了家，从后门开了进去，只有他的一位被旧式婚烟所害，和他的哥哥永不同居的嫂嫂，坐在厨房前的偏旁起坐室里做针线。

“啊！三叔，你回来了么?”

她见了文朴，就这样带着惊喜的叫了起来。文朴对她只是笑笑，略点了一点头，轻咳了几声，他才开始问嫂嫂说：

“我娘呢?”

“上新屋去监工去了。”她一边答应，一边就站起来往厨下去烧茶和点心去。文朴坐着的这间起坐室，本来就在厨房前头，只隔了一道有门的薄板壁，所以他嫂嫂虽在起火烧茶，同时也可和文朴接谈。文朴从嫂嫂的口中，得听了许多

building of the new house, while on his part he slowly reported his own life and illness over the last few months.

"And my sister-in-law in Beijing, how's she?"

She was referring to Wenpu's wife, who had moved away the previous year to go and live in Beijing; the two women had not seen each other since then, almost a year ago. When Wenpu heard his sister-in-law's question, he suddenly felt alarmed. It was fully two months or more since he had been chased out of X University and had fled to Shanghai, and he had still not received a letter from his wife. He thought of the living expenses of the whole family in Beijing, and the fact that for a long time he had not had any money to send her, and a layer of gloom settled over his face. Fortunately his sister-in-law was in the kitchen and could not see the expression on his face, so after a slight pause he mentioned the fact that the civil war was still raging and mail was not getting through.

The excitement of the day made Wenpu feel tired, after he had had a few sips of tea and some pastries, so he decided to go upstairs and take a nap. The upstairs room had been their bedroom when he and his wife had still been living at home. Their marriage had also been consummated in this room. While he had drifted around in the outside world for one whole year, his wife had kept to her empty chamber. During the day she waited on his mother, and at night alone under the lamp she nursed the baby in her arms, and the traces of the tears she shed were visible everywhere, on the dark, grey walls, on the battered furniture and on the huge wooden bed. Looking at this furniture which his wife had used and at her photograph which was still hanging on the wall, Wenpu suddenly felt deeply moved. He sat stiffly on the

家里的新造房屋等近事，一边也将他自己这几个月的生活，和病状慢慢的报告了出来。

"北京的三婶，好么?"

这系指去年刚搬出去住在北京的文朴的女人说的，她们妯娌两个，从去年不见以后，相隔也差不多有一年了。文朴听了他嫂嫂的这一问，忽而惊震了一下。因为他自从××大学被逐，逃到上海之后，足有两个多月，还没有接到他女人的一封信过。他想到了在北京的一家的开销，和许久没有钱汇回去的事情，面上竟现出了一层惨淡的表情来。幸而他嫂嫂在厨下，看不出他的面色，所以停了一会，他才把国内战争剧烈，信息不通的事情说了。

半天的兴奋，使文朴于喝了几口茶，吃了一点点心之后，感到了疲倦，就想上楼去睡去。那楼房本来是他和他女人还住在家里的时候的卧室。结婚也在这一间房里结的。他成年的飘流在外头，他的女人活守着空闺，白天侍候他的母亲，晚上一个人在灯下抱小孩洒泪的痕迹，在灰黑的墙壁上，坍败的器具上，和庞大的木床上，处处都可以看得出来。文朴看看这些旧日经他女人用过器具，和壁上还挂在那里的一张她的照相，心里就突然的酸了起来。他痴坐在床沿

side of the bed, gazing woodenly at the afternoon sunshine through the window in front of him, and the desire to sleep left him. He felt that he would never see his unfortunate wife again, and that this empty room had the air of a place where no one had entered since death. A feeling of desolation, an atmosphere of gloom, pressed heavily on his mind.

4

Wenpu sat woodenly in the bedroom, lost in thought. A considerable time must have elapsed without his realizing it before he heard downstairs his mother returning and his sister-in-law telling her, "Third Brother-in-law is back, he's sleeping upstairs."

Hearing this, Wenpu gathered his thoughts, heaved a sigh and roused himself from the bleak world of his memories. Wearing his characteristically mournful smile, he called downstairs, "Mother!" It was only then that he noticed that the winter's day had already advanced into evening, and that it had grown rather dark in the room. He went downstairs and washed his face and hands. Before he had even sat down his mother was asking him if he had brought any money home this time. He listened to her and then said with a smile, "The money is there all right, but it's in a bank."

"Well, can't you take it out?"

"Other people might be able to, but I can't, ha ha...."

Wenpu gave a forced laugh, but seeing that his mother was not in the mood for joking, he fell silent.

At supper, Wenpu and his mother sat drinking together under

上,尽在呆看着前面的玻璃窗外的午后的阳光,把睡魔也驱走了。他觉得和他那可怜的女人是永也不能再见,而这一间空房,仿佛是她死后还没有人进来过的样子。一层冷寞的情怀和一种沉闷的雰围气,重重的压上他的心来了。

四

文朴在那间卧房里呆呆的坐在那里出神,不晓得经了好久,他才听见楼下仿佛是他母亲回来的样子,嫂嫂在告诉她说:

"三叔回来了,睡在楼上。"

文朴听了,倒把心定一定,叹了一口气,就从他的凄切的回忆世界里醒了过来。上面装着了他特有的那种悲凉的笑容,他就向楼下叫了一声"娘!"这时候他才知道冬天的一日已经向晚,房内有点黝黑起来了。

走下了楼,洗了手脸,还没有坐下,他母亲就问他这一回有没有钱带回来。他听了又笑了一笑对她说:

"钱倒是有的,可是还存在银行里。"

"那么可以去取的呀!"

"这钱么,只有人家好取,而我自家是取不动的,哈哈……"

文朴强装的笑了半面,看看他母亲的神气不对,就沉默了下去。

晚饭的时候,文朴和他的母亲,在洋灯下对

the kerosene lamp. After he had poured out a few cups of wine for his mother, her bad temper broke out again.

"Pu-ah, you see for yourself, I'm getting on in years.... You've earned a lot of money out there, and when have I ever seen you bring any home? You're a father yourself, if you brought up a child and he grew up and started to earn a little money and then he threw you aside, how would you like that? When your father died... you were just a soft-headed little kitten.... Out there, I suppose, you never think about things like this from the past!"

Wenpu just kept on smiling, not uttering a sound; lowering his head, he concentrated on drinking. Whenever he saw that his mother's cup was empty, he poured out some more wine for her, and as she drank she became increasingly talkative.

"Pu-ah, how many more years have I got left to live? How many people get past the age of sixty? ... You... if you would show me one scrap of the attention you give your wife, perhaps Heaven would protect you and help you earn more money!..." By this time Wenpu was also a little drunk, so that the smile on his face gradually disappeared and his face took on a greenish tinge. A blue vein on his forehead swelled up and the veins around his temple began to twitch. His mother still kept on complaining:

"Pu-ah, Pu, when it's your son, perhaps you shouldn't send him to school.... I'm only thinking of your own good, I'm afraid that when you give your son an education and he grows up, then you'll suffer just like me! Your wife...."

When Wenpu heard her mention his wife, a feeling of sadness inexplicably welled up in his heart and it seemed as if the person sitting

酌。他替母亲斟上了几杯酒之后，她的脾气又发了。

"朴吓朴，你自家想想看，我年纪也老了……你在外边挣钱挣得很多，我哪里看见你有一个钱拿回来过？……你自己也要做父母的，倘使你培植了一个儿女，到了挣钱的时候把你丢开，你心里好过不好过？……你爸爸死的时候……你还只是软头猫那么的一只！……你这一种情节，这一种情节，大约，大约总不在那里回想想看的吧！……"

文朴还只是含了微笑，一声也不响，低了头，拼命的在喝酒，一边看见他母亲的酒杯干了，他就替她斟上，她一边喝，一边讲的话更加多起来了：

"朴吓朴，我还有几年好活？人有几个六十岁？……你……你有对你老婆的百分之一的心对待我，怕老天爷还要保佑你多挣几个钱哩！……"

文朴这时候酒也已经有点醉了，脸上的笑容，渐渐的收敛了起来，脸色也有点青起来了。他额上的一条青筋涨了出来，两边脸上连着太阳窝的几条筋，尽在那里抽动。他母亲还在继续她的数说：

"朴吓朴，你的儿子，可以不必要他去读书的，……我在痛你吓，我怕你将来把儿子培植大了之后，也和我一样的吃苦吓！……你的女人……"

文朴听见她提起了他的女人来，心里也无端的起了一种悲感，仿佛在和他对酌的，并不是

opposite him and drinking was not his mother at all, and that what she was complaining about had nothing at all to do with him. He simply felt that there was someone in front of him saying that somewhere in the world there were a certain man and a certain woman who for certain reasons were forced to live apart. When the unhappy situation of this couple had impressed itself firmly on his mind, suddenly and noisily he burst into tears. Startled out of his drunken reverie by the sound of his own crying, he lifted his eyes to look at his mother. Through the curtain of his tears he could only see a mass of lights reflected in his teardrops and the tiny, much wrinkled and distorted face of his mother. He realized that his old mother, probably also affected by the wine, was sitting there crying. Getting up from his seat, he softly walked over to her side, placed his hand on her shoulder and with his other hand patted her back. Holding back his own tears, he kept trying to comfort her:

"Mother, it's all right... it's all right... the food... the food's getting cold... eat something... you should eat something...."

At this point, the night watchman was just going past in the narrow lane outside their home, and as the clapper sounded, Wenpu heard the brass gong striking twice: *dong*, *dong*.

March 16, 1926

Translated by Bonnie S. McDougall

他的母亲，她所数说的，也并不是他自己的事情。他只觉得面前有一个人在那里说，世上有怎样怎样的一个男人和怎样怎样的一个女人，在那里受怎样怎样的生离之苦。将这一对男女的受苦情形，确凿的在心眼上刻画了一回，他忽而哇的一声哭了出来，被自家的哭声惊醒了醉梦，他便举目看了他母亲一眼。从珠帘似的眼泪里看过去，他只见了许多从泪珠里反映出来的灯火，和一张小小的，皱纹很多的母亲的歪了的脸。他觉得他的老母，好像也受了酒的熏蒸，在那里哭泣。从坐位里站了起来，轻轻走上他母亲的身边，他把一只手按在她的肩上，一只手拍着她的背，含了泪声，断续地劝慰她说：

"娘！好啦，……好啦，饭……饭冷了，……您吃饭，……您……您吃饭吧！……"

这时候他们屋外的狭巷里，正有一个更夫走过，在击柝声里，文朴听见铜锣镗镗的敲了两下。

一九二六年三月十六日

Arbutus Cocktails

For six months I lay ill, confined to my room. Naturally, once up and about again I felt the urge to travel. "A change of air" is the term we use today for what used to be called "throwing off noxious influences." At all events, it is only human nature to want to move after long inactivity. Besides, we were in the middle of a heat-wave which made you eager to escape to wide open spaces. My thoughts turned first to the warm springs in Japan, then to Chinese resorts: Beidaihe, Weihaiwei, Qingdao, Guling.... But the last few months had reduced me to such a state of shabbiness and near-starvation that I had to lay aside these ambitious plans. In the end I decided to pay a visit to Hangzhou. The fare would cost less, and I had an old friend there. I should be able to see him and stroll through those dimly lit streets redolent of wine, talking over all we had done in the seven or eight years since we parted.

The afternoon after this decision was reached found me with the friend I had not seen for so long in a small restaurant beside the West Lake,[①]sipping the arbutus cocktails then in season.

Outside blazed a midsummer sun, fierce as in the tropics. From the tepid, muddy water of the lake rose a faint dour of decay. There were few rickshaws on the road and not many pedestrians ei-

① The well-known scenic spot in Hangzhou.

杨梅烧酒

病了半年,足迹不曾出病房一步,新近起床,自然想上什么地方去走走。照新的说法,是去转换转换空气;照旧的说来,也好去祓除祓除邪孽的不祥;总之久蛰思动,大约也是人之常情,更何况这气候,这一个火热的土王用事的气候,实在在逼人不得不向海天空阔的地方去躲避一回。所以我首先想到的,是日本的温泉地带,北戴河,威海卫,青岛,牯岭等避暑的处所。但是衣衫褴褛,饘粥不全的近半年来的经济状况,又不许我有这一种模仿普罗大家的阔绰的行为。寻思的结果,终觉得还是到杭州去好些;究竟是到杭州去的路费来得省一点,此外我并且还有一位旧友在那里住着,此去也好去看他一看,在灯昏酒满的街头,也可以去和他叙一叙七八年不见的旧离情。

像这样决心以后的第二天午后,我已经在湖上的一家小饭馆里和这位多年不见的老朋友在吃应时的杨梅烧酒了。

屋外头是同在赤道直下的地点似的伏里的阳光,湖面上满泛着微温的泥水和从这些泥水里蒸发出来的略带腥臭的汽层儿。大道上车夫也很少,来往的行人更是不多。饭馆的灰尘积得很厚的许多桌子中间,也只坐有我们这两位点菜要先问一问价钱的顾客。

ther. My friend and I, who had to ask the price of each dish we ordered, were the only customers sitting there among empty tables thickly coated with dust.

We had not met for seven or eight years. To cut a long story short, we had both taken the same preparatory course at the university in Tokyo but gone our different ways after graduation and been completely out of touch ever since. Recently, however, a young sharper had raised money in my name by sending out a circular stating that I had fallen ill in Shanghai and been admitted into X Hospital run by a charitable organization. He appealed to all men of good will and philanthropists, whether they knew me or not, to make a contribution and help save my life. Word of this had somehow reached my old friend, with the result that a month previously he had sent two hard-earned dollars to X Hospital in Shanghai. As it happened, I knew one of the doctors there; and consequently, a fortnight earlier, this doctor had passed on to me the two-dollar donation along with a very brief letter. The receipt of this letter and discovery of a certain unfinished manuscript published under my name made me investigate until I got to the bottom of the trick played by the aforementioned young sharper. But at least this little tragicomedy had brought my friend and myself together again.

He was wearing a linen gown patched on the shoulders. Once inside the restaurant, he hung this up by two books on the wall. That left both of us barbarously attired in nothing but vests and pants. Needless to say, his vest was dirtier than mine and I spotted two small holes in the back. My own was a native product on

他——我这一位旧友——和我已经有七八年不见了。说起来实在话也很长,总之,他是我在东京大学里念书时候的一位预科的级友。毕业之后,两人东奔西走,各不往来,各不晓得各的住址,已经隔绝了七八年了。直到最近,似乎有一位不良少年,在假了我的名氏向各处募款,说:"某某病倒在上海了,现在被收留在上海的一个慈善团体××病院里。四海的仁人君子,诸大善士,无论和某某相识或不相识的,都希望惠赐若干,以救某某的死生的危急。"我这一位旧友,不知从什么地方,也听到了这一个消息,在一个月前,居然也从他的血汗的收入里割出了两块钱来,郑重其事地汇寄到上海的××病院。在这××病院内,我本来是有一位医士认识的,所以两礼拜前,他的那两元义捐和一封很简略的信终于由那一位医士转到了我的手里。接到了他这封信,并且另外更发见了有几处有我署名的未完稿件发表的事情之后,向远近四处去一打听,我才原原本本的晓得了那一位不良少年所作的在前面已经说过的把戏。而这一出实在也是滑稽得很的小悲剧,现在却终于成了我们两个旧友的再见的基因。

他穿的是肩头上有补缀的一件夏布长衫,进饭馆之后,这件长衫却被两个纽扣吊起,挂上壁上去了。所以他和我,都只剩了一件汗衫,一条短裤的野蛮形状。当然他的那件汗衫比我的来得黑,而且背脊里已经有两个小孔了,而我的一件哩,却正是在上海动身以前刚花了五毫银币新买的国货。

他的相貌,非但同七八年前没有丝毫的改

which I had expended fifty cents just before setting out from Shanghai.

Not only was he completely unchanged by the last seven or eight years, I found him exactly the same as the year he entered the university in Tokyo and took the preparatory course. The short beard on his chin looked just as it had a dozen years ago — as if he had just trimmed it two or three days ago. In fact, seen from a distance, his lower jaw reminded you of a small black-lacquered wooden fish[1] hung upside-down. Strange as it may seem, in our four or five years as classmates and in the seven or eight years since our returning to China, during which time we had not met, this growth on his chin had not varied by one iota. You could swear the fellow had been born with it and was doomed to sport it until his dying day. His eyes, puffy as if from weeping, were also the same as in his student days, focussed vaguely on the tip of his nose and holding the hint of a bewildered smile. His forehead was as broad as ever, his cheekbones just as prominent, and the cheeks below them equally scored and hollow. And he looked no older than in his student days. You could take him for any age between twenty-five and fifty-two.

I had gone straight from the train to the summer school not far from the station where English and mathematics were taught. It was a wretched hole of a place, that school, one room upstairs and one down, like the tenements sublet in Shanghai. I arrived while he

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① A skull-shaped block on which Chinese Buddhist priests beat time when chanting.

变,就是同在东京初进大学预科的那一年,也还是一个样儿。嘴底下的一簇绕腮胡,还是同十几年前一样,似乎是刚剃过了三两天的样子,长得正有一二分厚,远看过去,他的下巴像一个倒挂在那里的黑漆小木鱼。说也奇怪,我和他同学了四五年,及回国之后又不见了七八年的中间,他的这一簇绕腮胡,总从没有过长得较短一点或较长一点的时节。仿佛是他娘生他下地来的时候,这胡须就那么地生在那里,以后直到他死的时候,也不会发生变化似的。他的两只似乎是哭了一阵之后的肿眼,也仍旧是同学生时代一样,只是朦胧地在看着鼻尖,淡含着一味莫名其妙的笑影。额角仍旧是那么宽,颧骨仍旧是高得很,颧骨下的脸颊部仍旧是深深地陷入,窝里总有一个小酒杯好摆的样子。他的年纪,也仍旧是同学生时代一样,看起来,从二十五岁起到五十二岁止的中间,无论哪一个年龄都可以看的。

当我从火车站下来,上离车站不远的一个暑期英算补习学校——这学校也真是倒霉,简直是像上海的专吃二房东饭的人家的两间搁楼——里去看他的时候,他正在那里上课。一间黑漆漆的矮屋里,坐着八九个十四五岁的呆笨的小孩,眼睛呆呆的在注视着黑板。他老先生背转了身,伸长了时时在起痉挛的手,尽在黑板上写数学的公式和演题,屋子里声息全无,只充满着滴滴答答的他的粉笔的响声。因此他那一个圆背和那件有一大块被汗湿透的夏布长衫,就很惹起了我的注意。我在楼下向房东问他的名字的时候,他在楼上一定是听见的,同时在这

was in the middle of a lesson. Eight or nine young duffers of fourteen or fifteen were sitting in the dark, poky room staring blankly at the blackboard to which he kept turning and stretching out trembling fingers to write mathematical problems and formulae. The only sound in the room was the squeak of his chalk. This being the case, I centred my attention on his bent back and the sweat stain on his linen gown. When I had asked for him downstairs he must have heard his name up here, and the classroom was so quiet that he could not have failed to hear me mounting the stairs. Witness the fact that when I reached the top all his students turned to stare at me; yet he, whose reactions had always been rather slow, went on stolidly copying out his formulae. I had to edge into an empty place in the back row of the class. Having copied out all the formulae and problems, he checked through them carefully from beginning to end, coughed a couple of times, put down the chalk, dusted off his gown and then at last turned slowly away from the blackboard. Sweat beaded his forehead and upper lip and must have blinded his puffy red eyes as well, for he failed to see me and went on talking for a while as if all were as usual, before sending his students to the other room for English. The floor shook as they rushed out, jostling, to the other poky room. Then I quietly stood up and went over to pat his damp shoulder.

"Oh! When did you get here?"

At last he evinced some surprise, raising his lacklustre eyes from the tip of his nose. Gripping my fingers in his left hand, with his right he pulled a damp, grimy handkerchief from his pocket and started mopping his head.

样静寂的授课中间，我的一步一步走上楼去的脚步声，他总也不会不听到的。当我上楼之后，他的学生全部向我注视的一层眼光，就可以证明，但是向来神经就似乎有点麻木的他，竟动也不动一动，仍在继续着写他的公式，所以我只好静静的在后一排学生的一个空位里坐落。他把公式演题在黑板上写满了，又从头至尾的看了一遍，看有没有写错，又朝黑板空咳了两三声，又把粉笔放下，将身上的粉末打了一打干净，才慢慢的旋转身来。这时候他的额上嘴上，已经盛满了一颗颗的大汗。他的红肿的两眼，大约总也已满被汗水封没了罢，他竟没有看到我而若无其事的又讲了一阵，才宣告算学课毕，教学生们走向另一间矮屋里去听讲英文。楼上起了动摇，学生们争先恐后的奔往隔壁的那间矮屋里去了，我才徐徐的立起身来，走近了他，把手伸出向他的粘湿的肩头上拍了一拍。

"噢，你是几时来的?"

终于他也表示出了一种惊异的表情，举起了他那两只朦胧的老在注视鼻尖的眼睛。左手捏住了我的手，右手他就在袋里摸出了一块黑而且湿的手帕来揩他头上的汗。

"因为教书教得太起劲了，所以你的上来，我竟没有听到。这天气可真了不得。你的病好了么?"

他接连着说出了许多前后不接的问我的话，这是他的兴奋状态的表示，也还是学生时代的那一种样子。我略答了他一下，就问他以后有没有课了，他说：

"今天因为甲班的学生，已经毕业了，所以

"I was so absorbed in my teaching, I didn't hear you come up. What a scorching day! Well, are you really better?"

This incoherent way of talking when excited was another carry-over from his student days. After a perfunctory answer, I asked if he had any more classes.

"Grade A has graduated, so there's only Grade B left," he said. "I'm through with my maths today. The head's taking them for English now."

"Suppose we go down to the lake, then?"

"A good idea. Let's go right away."

So down we went to the lake, to this small fourth or fifth-rate restaurant.

Having sat down and ordered a few cheap but tasty dishes, we sipped our arbutus cocktails and started chatting.

"How are you making a living nowadays?" was his first question.

"I've no job and am permanently hard up, but I manage to make ends meet. How about you?"

"You can see the shape I'm in, but it's all right. This month's teaching in the summer school will bring me in an extra sixteen dollars."

"And after that?"

"I'll go on teaching in the primary school. There are only two teachers, the head and myself, so there's no danger of losing that sixteen dollars a month. I hear you've been writing. Do your books bring in much money?"

"Not much. Anything between sixteen and sixty dollars a

只剩了这一班乙班,我的数学教完,今天是没有课了。下一个钟头的英文,是由校长自己教的。"

"那么我们上湖滨去走走,你说可以不可以?"

"可以,可以,马上就去。"

于是乎我们就到了湖滨,就上了这一家大约是第四五流的小小的饭馆。

在饭馆里坐下,点好了几盘价廉可口的小菜,杨梅烧酒也喝了几口之后,我们才开始细细的谈起别后的天来。

"你近来的生活怎么样?"开始头一句,他就问起了我的职业。

"职业虽则没有,穷虽则也穷到可观的地步,但是吃饭穿衣的几件事情,总也勉强的在这里支持过去。你呢?"

"我么?像你所看见的一样,倒也还好。这暑期学校里教一个月书,倒也还有十六块大洋的进款。"

"那么暑期学校完了就怎么办哩?"

"也就在那里的完全小学校里教书,好在先生只有我和校长两个,十六块钱一个月是不会没有的。听说你在做书,进款大约总还好罢?"

"好是不会好的,但十六块或六十块里外的钱是每月弄得到的。"

"说你是病倒在上海的养老院里的这一件事情,虽然是人家的假冒,但是这假冒者何以偏又要来使用像你我这样的人的名义哩?"

"这大约是因为这位假冒者受了一点教育的害毒的缘故。大约因为他也是和你我一样的

month."

"That fellow who said you were in an old people's home in Shanghai, why should he use the name of somebody like us?"

"Probably because he's poisoned by a little education. Because, like us, he has a little knowledge but no proper use for it."

"The proper use of knowledge — that's what's occupying me now. I've not used my knowledge of chemistry for a single day since coming back to China. But this time, I really think it's coming off."

He turned his face away to look at the sunlight outside.

"Yes, this time I think I'll pull it off."

Oblivious of my presence, he was talking to himself.

"Two thousand dollars for the first lot of machines, 1,500 for the factory premises, 1,000 to buy quartz, lime and other materials, 1,000 for wages and advertisements — can't do without advertisements, you know. That totals 5,500. A capital investment of 5,500. Then we go into production, and even if we only produce a hundred a day, that means 3,000 in a month. In a year, 36,000. Knock off twenty per cent and that still gives you 25,800 dollars. Six thousand to pay back the capital, 6,000 to expand the plant, 10,000 to build housing. Of course, all members of the firm will be able to live there. Yes, I need only one year, after one year things will be all right...."

I had not a clue as to the meaning of these hurried calculations.

"What are you working out?" I asked softly. "An exercise for tomorrow morning?"

"No, no, a glass works. In one year capital and interest will be re-

有了一点智识而没有正当的地方去用。”

“嗳,嗳,说起智识的正当的用处,我到现在也正在这里想。我的应用化学的智识,回国以后虽则还没有用到过一天,但是,但是,我想这一次总可以成功的。”

谈到了这里,他的颜面转换了方向,不在向我看了,而转眼看向外边的太阳光里。

“嗳,这一回我想总可以成功的。”

他简直是忘记了我,似乎在一个人独语的样子。

“初步机械二千元,工厂建筑一千五百元,一千元买石英等材料和石炭,一千元人伕广告,嗳,广告却不可以不登,总计五千五百元。五千五百元的资本。以后就可以烧制出品;算它只出一百块的制品一天,那么一三得三,一个月三千块。一年么三万六千块。打一个八折,三八两万四,三六一千八,总也还有两万五千八百块,以六千块还资本,以六千块做扩张费,把一万块钱来造它一所住宅,嗳,住宅当然公司里的人是都可以来住的。那么,那么,只教一年,一年之后,就可以了……”

我只听他计算得起劲,但简直不晓得他在那里计算些什么,所以又轻轻地问他:

“你在计算的是什么?是明朝的演题么?”

“不,不,我说的是玻璃工厂,一年之后,本利偿清,又可以拿出一万块钱来造一所共同的住宅,吓,你说多么占利啊!嗳,这一所住宅,造好之后,你还可以来住哩,来住着写书,并且顺便也可以替我们做点广告之类,好不好?干杯,干杯,干了它这一杯烧酒。”

paid and I'll be able to spend ten thousand on building a hostel — I'm on to a good thing this time! Ha, once that hostel's built, you're welcome to move in and write there. You can draft a few advertisements for us too, how about it? Drink up, now! Finish that glass!"

Still daydreaming, he raised his glass and I had to do the same. I had eaten the arbutus and not gulped down the liquor. After drinking he clamped his lips together and closed his eyes, remaining silent for a moment. Then he opened his puffy bloodshot eyes and called:

"Here, waiter! Two more glasses!"

When two fresh cocktails arrived, he closed his eyes and leaned back against the wooden partition. With one hand he mopped his perspiring face, with the other he picked the fruit out of his glass and put it into his mouth. Leaning back, eating with closed eyes, he went on muttering:

"Yes, we'll build a house, western-style, overlooking the lake. Glass, we'll use the glass from our works, stained glass. Ten thousand dollars. Ten thousand silver dollars...."

Some minutes passed while he muttered to himself and ate. Then he raised his cup abruptly again, opening his eyes to say:

"Here, old classmate! Drink, my friend!"

There was nothing for it but to swallow half my drink. He, however, finished all the fruit and liquor in his tall glass. Then once more he closed his eyes, leaned back against the partition and shouted:

"Waiter! Two more glasses!"

Two more brimming glasses were put down in front of us. Just as before he leaned back with closed eyes, popping arbutus after arbutus into his mouth. Since I was feeling quite tipsy by this time, I paid no

莫名其妙，他把酒杯擎起来了，我也只得和他一道，把一杯杨梅已经吃了剩下来的烧酒干了。他干下了那半杯烧酒，紧闭着嘴，又把眼睛闭上，陶然地静止了一分钟，随后又张开了那双红肿的眼睛。大声叫着茶房说：

"堂倌！再来两杯！"

两杯新的杨梅烧酒来后，他紧闭着眼，背靠着后面的板壁，一只手拿着手帕，一次一次的揩拭面部的汗珠，一只手尽是一个一个的拿着杨梅在往嘴里送。嚼着靠着，眼睛闭着，他一面还尽在哼哼的说着：

"嗳，嗳，造一间住宅，在湖滨造一间新式的住宅。玻璃，玻璃么，用本厂的玻璃，要斯断格拉斯。一万块钱，一万块大洋。"

这样的哼了一阵，吃杨梅吃了一阵了，他又忽而把酒杯举起，睁开眼叫我说：

"喂，老同学，朋友，再干一杯！"

我没有法子，所以只好又举起杯来和他干了一半，但看看他的那杯高玻璃杯的杨梅烧酒，却是杨梅与酒都已吃完了。喝完酒后，一面又闭上眼睛，向后面的板壁靠着，一面他又高叫着堂倌说：

"堂倌！再来两杯！"

堂倌果然又拿了两杯盛得满满的杨梅与酒来，摆在我们的面前。他又同从前一样的闭上眼睛，靠着板壁，在一个杨梅，一个杨梅的往嘴里送。我这时候也有点喝得醺醺地醉了，所以什么也不去管它，只是沉默着在桌上将两手叉住了头打瞌睡，但是在还没有完全睡熟的耳旁，只听见同蜜峰叫似的他在哼着说：

attention but rested my head on my arms and prepared to sleep. I was dozing off when I heard a buzz in my ears:

"That's it! Ten thousand dollars! A house by the lake. An old classmate's come all this way.... We must drink, my friend! Drink up!"

I could not sleep through this noise. But exhausted by two glasses of liquor on a broiling day, on top of a tiring train journey, all I wanted was to find a hotel and rest. Just then, however, opening his eyes again, he proposed another toast. Waking up, I too opened my eyes and drank with him. When the sweet, burning liquid reached my stomach, my head started reeling and I called for the bill. The moment the waiter handed it to me, however, my friend sprang up like a madman, seized my right hand which was holding some notes, and with his left fumbled desperately in his wallet. The waiter took my money and came back with copper change, which he placed on the table. At that, livid, a murderous look in his bloodshot eyes, my friend snatched up the coins and threw them in my face. Something cold struck my right temple, which started to sting. Inflamed by drink myself, I glared back and roared:

"Are you crazy? What's the idea!"

His irregular features were ghastly, contorted with rage.

"To hell with you! Down with all capitalists! Down with you parasites! Here, let's see who's the stronger! Who asked you to pay? — Flaunting your money in my face!"

Scowling and gritting his teeth, he charged at me with clenched fists. In my fury I fought back.

Crash! Tables, chairs, glasses and dishes overturned, and the

“啊，真痛快，痛快，一万块钱！一所湖滨的住宅！一个老同学，一位朋友，从远地方来，喝酒，喝酒，喝酒！”

我因为被他这样的在那里叫着，所以终于睡不舒服。但是这伏天的两杯杨梅烧酒，和半日的火车旅行，已经弄得我倦极了，所以很想马上去就近寻一个旅馆来睡一下。这时候正好他又睁开眼来叫我干第三杯烧酒了，我也顺便清醒了一下，睁大了双眼，和他真真地干了一杯。等这一杯似甘非甘的烧酒落肚，我却也有点支持不住了，所以就教堂倌过来算账。他看见了堂倌过来，我在付帐了，就同发了疯似的突然站起，一双手叉住了我那只捏着纸币的右手，一只左手尽在裤腰左近的皮袋里乱摸。等堂倌将我的纸币拿去，把找头的铜元角子拿来摆在桌上的时候，他脸上一青，红肿的眼睛一吊，顺手就把桌上的铜元抓起，锵丁丁的掷上了我的面部。扑搭地一响，我的右眼上面的太阳穴里就凉阴阴地起了一种刺激的感觉，接着就有点痛起来了。这时候我也被酒精激刺着发了作，呆视住他，大声地喝了一声：

“喂，你发了疯了么，你在干什么？”

他那一张本来畸形的面上，弄得满面青青，涨溢着一层杀气。

“操你的，我要打倒你们这些资本家，打倒你们这些不劳而食的畜生！来，我们来比比腕力看。要你来付钱，你算在卖富么？”

他眉毛一竖，牙齿咬得紧紧，捏起两个拳头，狠命的就扑上了我的身边。我也觉得气极了，不管三七二十一就和他扭打了拢来。

two of us rolled out into the street. How long we fought I do not know. Idlers, rickshawmen and police crowded round us, shouting.

I woke up parched with thirst, bruised and aching, behind wooden bars in the No.2 Police Station. Summer nights are short, and now at nearly four in the morning it would soon be light.

Only when I had taken a good look round and asked the policeman on duty outside what I was doing in the lock-up, did some recollection of the previous day come back to me. When I inquired about my friend, the policeman told me he had sobered up two hours earlier and gone back to the school by the station. I urged him to get permission from the superintendent for me to leave, and he came back soon enough with my gown, Panama and wallet. I put on my gown and begged for a cup of water. By the time I had slipped a five-dollar note into his hand, put on my hat and left the police station, day had already dawned. The early morning wind cleared my brain, bringing back the memory of all that had happened the previous afternoon. A pang like a mild electric shock ran through me. And as I walked slowly on, I found myself muttering:

"Well, such is life!"

August 1930

Translated by Gladys Yang

白丹，丁当，扑落扑落的桌椅杯盘都倒翻在地上了，我和他两个就也滚跌到了店门的外头。两个人打到了如何的地步，我简直不晓得了，只听见四面哗哗哗哗的赶聚了许多闲人车夫巡警拢来。

等我睡醒了一觉，渴想着水喝，支着鳞伤遍体的身体在第二分署的木栅栏里醒转来的时候，短短的夏夜，已经是天将放亮的午前三四点钟的时刻了。

我睁开了两眼，向四面看了一周，又向栅栏外刚走过去的一位值夜的巡警问了一个明白，才朦胧地记起了白天的情节。我又问我的那位朋友呢，巡警说，他早已酒醒，两点钟之前回到城站的学校里去了。我就求他去向巡长回禀一声，马上放我回去。他去了一刻之后，就把我的长衫草帽并钱包拿还了我。我一面把衣服穿上，出去去解了一个小解，一面就请他去倒一碗水来给我止喝。等我将五元纸币私下塞在他的手里，带上草帽，由第二分署的大门口走出来的时候，天已经完全亮了。被晓风一吹，头脑清醒了一点，我却想起了昨天午后的事情全部，同时在心坎里竟同触了电似地起了一层淡淡的忧郁的微波。

"啊啊，大约这就是人生罢！"

我一边慢慢地向前走着，一边不知不觉地从嘴里却念出了这样的一句独白来。

一九三〇年七月作

Flight

1 Running Away from Trouble

The Jinhua winds east to meet the Qu as it meanders southward, and the confluence of these two rivers has for centuries been a prosperous market town and centre of communications. About ten thousand households live here, their junks forming a forest of masts and the well-watered mountainous region is rich in natural resources. Although the county town of Lanxi is small, it has such strategic value that all those battling in the late twenties for the control of Zhejiang Province knew that this was the first port to seize in the upper reaches of the Qiantang River.

As the National Revolutionary Army① advanced east from Dongjiang, Fujian Province came over as soon as an order was received, and while the year 1926 drew to a close the vanguard of the Northern Expedition Army approached the Xianxia Mountains, whose capture should make their position invulnerable. The peasants of eastern Zhejiang, long trampled underfoot by the warlords,

① China was ruled by many feudal warlords during the early 1920s. In 1925, the Chinese Communist Party together with the Kuomintang set up a national government in Guangzhou and formed a National Revolutionary Army. The next year this army set out on a northern expedition against the warlords.

出　奔

一　避　难

金华江曲折西来，衢江游龙似地北下，两条江水会合的洲边，数千年来，就是个闾阎扑地，商贾云屯的交通要市。居民约近万家，桅樯终年林立，有水有山，并且还富于财源；虽只弹丸似的一区小市，但从军事上，政治上说来，在一九二七年的前后，要取浙江，这兰溪县倒也是钱塘江上游不得不先夺取的第一军事要港。

国民革命军东出东江，传檄而定福建，东路北伐先锋队将迫近一夫当关，万夫莫敌的仙霞岭下的时候，一九二六年的余日剩已无多。在

began to stir and look forward to some action.

On the eve of a social upheaval, roughly the same phenomena may be observed in all villages and small towns throughout the country. First, troop movements; next, a flood of rumours: and then the evacuation of the rich who know, like weathercocks, when a storm is brewing. Though the order of evacuation may vary slightly, in general it follows certain hard and fast rules: the plutocrats of the provincial capitals and big cities move into the foreign concessions in Shanghai, smalltown moneybags move to the cities and provincial capitals, while of course the local gentry in the villages move to the nearby small towns till the trouble blows over.

Dong Yulin had hired a small junk and filled its hold with cases and crates of valuables. With him were his wife, whose hair was already turning white, his much loved daughter Wanzhen, a student in a normal school in Hangzhou, his thirteen-year-old son Dafa, and the family maid Ai'e. As they surreptitiously left their home in Dong Village and set sail for Lanxi in the north to take refuge there, the late-rising winter sun was already above the treetops and the thick frost on the ground was sparkling like crystal. As the junk cast off, Dong Yulin wiped his perspiring forehead with the sleeve of his padded gown and gave last instructions to the hired hand left in charge, who had come to see them off, reminding him to collect all debts and interest. Swaying as the boat rocked, he looked at the morning sun in the east, the fields and hills on both sides which belonged to him, and felt a pang at having to leave his property. Not till the woods and fields of Dong village were lost to sight did he lower his head and step silently into

军阀蹂躏下的东浙农民，也有点蠢蠢思动起来了。

每次社会发生变动的关头，普遍流行在各地乡村小市的事状经过，大约总是一例的。最初是军队的过境，其次是不知出处的种种谣传的流行，又其次是风信旗一样的那些得风气之先的富户的迁徙。这些富户的迁徙程序，小节虽或有点出入，但大致总也是刻板式的；省城及大都市的首富，迁往洋场，小都市的次富，迁往省城或大都市，乡下的土豪，自然也要迁往附近的小都市，去避一时的风雨。

当董玉林雇了一只小船，将箱笼细软装满了中舱，带着他的已经有半头白发的老妻，和他所最爱，已经在省城进了一年师范学校的长女婉珍，及十三岁的末子大发，与养婢爱娥等悄悄离开土著的董村，扬帆北去，上那两江合流的兰溪县城去避难的时候，迟明的冬日，已经挂上了树梢，满地的浓霜，早在那里放水晶似的闪光了。船将离岸的一刻，董玉林以棉袍长袖擦着额上的急汗，还絮絮叨叨，向立在岸上送他们出发替他们留守的长工，嘱咐了许多催款，索利，收取花息的琐事；他随船摆动着身体，向东面看看朝阳，看看两岸的自己所有的田地山场，只在惋惜，只在微叹。等船行了好一段，已经看不见董村附近的树林田地了之后，他方才默默的屈身爬入了舱里。

the cabin.

The Dong family's fortune had been built up in two generations. Dong Yulin's father Dong Zhangzi had deserted from the Taiping Army[1] bringing back considerable loot. That was before Dong Yulin was born, when his mother was working as a slatternly barefoot serving girl for an impoverished family in the next village. Nearly twenty years of fighting, affecting ten provinces or more, had left its mark on the Chinese countryside; but because this region was rich and not too densely populated, recovery proved fairly rapid. Dong Zhangzi came back a strong fellow of eighteen. By the time Dong Yulin was born he had worked hard for several years and built a three-roomed thatched cottage west of the village, besides improving the soil of thirty *mu* of sandy land nearby. In those days, moreover, the hand tax and cost of living were low. Thanks to Dong Zhangzi's economy, apart from land, a house and immovable property, Dong Yulin inherited a wine vat filled with bright silver dollars which he found buried under his father's deathbed.

Dong Yulin was half an inch shorter than his father but resembled him in every other way. They had the same heavy jowls, broad shoulders, ferrety eyes, pug nose, large mouth and wispy moustache. He inherited not only his father's appearance but his miserly habits too. The year that he was nineteen, Dong Zhangzi found him a worthy wife from Shangtang Village a hundred *li* away. When the old man lay on his deathbed with closed eyes, his

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① The army of the peasant uprising which swept through more than half of China during 1850-64.

董玉林家的财产，已经堆积了两代了。他的父亲董长子自太平军里逃回来时候，大家都说他是发了一笔横财来的；那时候非但董玉林还没有生，就是董玉林的母亲，也还在邻村的一家破落人家充作蓬头赤足的使婢。蔓延十余省，持续近二十年的洪杨战争后的中国农村，元气虽则丧了一点，但一则因人口不繁，二则因地方还富，恢复恢复，倒也并不十分艰难。董长子他一身十八岁的膂力，和数年刻苦的经营，当董玉林生下地来的那一年，已经在董村西头盖起了一座三开间的草屋，垦熟了附近三十多亩地的沙田了。那时候况且田赋又轻，生活费用又少，终董长子的勤俭的一生之所积，除田地房屋等不动产不计外，董玉林于董长子死后，还袭受了床头土下埋藏起来的一酒瓮雪白的大花边。

董玉林的身体虽则没有他父亲那么高，可是团团的一脸横肉，四方的一个肩背，一双同老鼠眼似的小眼睛，以及朝天的那个狮子鼻，和鼻下的一张大嘴，两撇鼠须，看起来简直是董长子的只低了半寸的活化身。他不但继承了董长子的外貌，并且同时也继承了董长子的鄙吝刻苦的习性。当他十九岁的时候，董长子于垂死之前，替他娶了离开董村将近百里地的上塘村那一位贤媳妇后，董长子在临终的床上口眼闭得

features relaxed in a smile, for young as she was, his daughter-in-law had proved herself a far better manager, far more parsimonious, than he was himself. It was rumoured in the village that Dong Zhangzi had not disclosed his hidden hoard before he breathed his last, but that he came to life again to whisper its whereabouts to his daughter-in-law.

As soon as Dong Zhangzi was dead, Dong Yulin and his wife started managing affairs in their own way. Their first act was to reduce the old hired hand's wages from eight thousand cash a year to seven thousand. But in addition to cereals, they made him grow cabbages and turnips too. This meant extra work for him in winter, when he had to carry vegetables to market.

One day on Dong Yulin's way back from the district town, where he had been to sell maize, in a junk shop outside the West Gate he discovered an old net in fairly good condition. He bought it for a song, took it home and had it mended, and every evening after that they caught fish and prawns in the river. So sometimes, among the vegetables in the hired hand's load were eggs laid by Mrs Dong's hens, or fish and prawns.

The custom in Dong Village was to have four meals a day during the busy summer season, and three meals of congee or rice in the more leisurely winter months. After Dong Zhangzi's death, however, in the name of economy Dong Yulin reduced the four summer meals to three, and the three winter meals to two or two and a half — half meant leftovers which were eaten cold.

The year after Dong Zhangzi died, the region around Dong Village was ravaged by flood in May and by drought during autumn.

紧紧贴贴，死脸上并且还呈露了一脸笑容；因为这一位玉林媳妇的刮削刻薄的才能，虽则年纪轻轻，倒反远出在老狡的公公之上。据村里的传说，说董长子的那一瓮埋藏，先还不肯说出，直等断气之后，又为此活转来了一次，才轻轻地对他的媳妇说的。

董长子死后，董玉林夫妇的治世工作开始了；第一着，董玉林就减低了家里那位老长工的年俸，本来是每年制钱八千文的工资，减到了七千。沙地里种植的农作物，除每年依旧的杂粮之外，更添上了些白菜和萝卜的野蔬；于是那一位长工，在交冬以后，便又加了一门挑担上市集去卖野蔬的日课。

董玉林有一天上县城去卖玉蜀黍回来，在西门外的旧货铺里忽而发见了一张还不十分破漏的旧网；他以极低廉的价格买了回来，加了一番补缀，每天晚上，就又可以上江边去捕捉鱼虾了；所以在长工的野蔬担头，有时候便会有他老婆所养的鸡子生下来的鸡蛋和鱼虾之类混在一道。

照董村的习惯，农忙的夏日，每日须吃四次，较清闲的冬日，每日也要吃三次粥饭的；董长子死后，董玉林以节省为名，把夏日四次的饮食改成了三次，冬日的三餐缩成了两次或两次半；所谓半餐者，就是不动炉火，将剩下来的粥饭胡乱吃一点充饥的意思。

董长子死后的第二年，董村附近一带于五月水灾之余，入秋又成了旱荒。村内外的居民

Many villagers were reduced to selling their children. Starvation stared them in the face that winter. While Yulin and his wife also put up a show of despair, as if not knowing where their next meal was to come from, they were secretly calculating how best to take advantage of the situation, how best to use the hoard left them by Old Dong.

The first tentative step was taken by Mrs Dong with the loan of a few silver dollars to certain families who still owned some land but needed money badly before New Year. They promised to pay back double the amount in two months or to forfeit their property, including even their children, in lieu of the debt. This excursion into usury taught the Dongs a new and most expeditious way of making money. Thereafter, whenever New Year approached, their gate was thronged by peasants from nearby, and they utilized other festivals as well as the hungry season between the consumption of the old crops and the ripening of the new to extract what little property still remained to the simple, honest countryfolk. A man who is parched will drink even brine. Everyone knew the danger of borrowing money at high rates of interest, but there was no pawnshop in the village, no bank to give credit, and peasants driven to desperation had nowhere else to turn.

A monkey may let fall the fruit it steals, but not once did the Dongs lose out on a loan — they recouped capital and interest every time. A few examples should suffice to demonstrate their skill in this respect.

In the temple to the tutelary god in the northwest corner of the village lived a nun of around sixty, who sold paper ingots to burn

卖儿鬻女，这一年的冬天，大家都过不来年。玉林夫妇外面虽也在装作愁眉苦眼，不能终日的样子，但心里却在私私地打算，打算着如何的趁此机会，来最有效力地运用他们父亲遗下来的那一瓮私藏。

最初先由玉林嫂去尝试，拿了几块大洋，向尚有田产积下的人家去放年终的急款，言明两月之后，本利加倍偿还，若付不出现钱的时候，动用器具，土地使用权，小儿女的人身之类，都可以作抵，临时估价定夺。经过了这一年放款的结果，董玉林夫妇又发现了一条很迅速的积财大道了；从此以后，不但是每年的年终，董玉林家门口成了近村农民的集会之所，就是当青黄不接，过五月节八月节的时候，也成了那批忠厚老实家里还有一点薄产的中小农的血肉的市场。因为口干喝盐卤，重利盘剥的恶毒，谁不晓得，但急难来时，没有当铺，没有信用小借款通融的乡下的农民，除走这一条极路外，更还有什么另外的法子？

猢狲手里的果子，有时候也会漏缝，可是董家的高利放款，却总是万无一失，本利都捞得回来的。只须举几个小例出来，我们就可以见到董玉林夫妇讨债放债的本领。原来董村西北角土地庙里一向是住有一位六十来岁的老尼姑，平常老在村里卖卖纸糊锭子之类，看去很像有

for the dead and performed other little services for the Buddhists. It was generally thought that she must have some savings tucked away. One day she was taken ill and, because she was alone in the world, Mrs Dong decided to have a try at appropriating her property after she died. She called several times at the temple, bringing occasional gifts for the nun, which cost her nothing. The old nun grew steadily worse, but when some elderly Buddhist women in the village urged her to buy medicine she assured them that she could not afford a doctor. They were arguing this point one day when along came Mrs Dong. Hearing the other women's advice, she did not hesitate to produce two dollars from the pocket of her cotton skirt.

"Why pretend to be so poor, mother?" she cried. "If you grudge the money, let me advance it for you!"

She handed the money to a devout old woman, who went off to fetch a doctor and buy medicine. All present praised Mrs Dong's generosity, and took it in turns to look after the old nun. But the medicine proved unavailing: after another fortnight the old nun died. When the news reached Mrs Dong, she dropped the pan she was holding and rushed to the temple. First she made a thorough search of the corpse and bed, then she ransacked the whole shabby room. When she realized, after searching until the evening, that the rumour of the old nun's savings was false, she was too infuriated to leave the temple. The next morning some good souls in the village contributed ten or twenty cents apiece to buy a simple coffin. But before they could stop her, Mrs Dong made off with the lid. When they overtook her and demanded an explanation, she

一点积贮的样子。她忽而伤了风病倒了，玉林嫂以为这无根无蒂的老尼死后，一笔私藏，或可以想法子去横领了来，所以闲了下来时候，就常上土地庙去看她的病，有时候也带点一钱不值的礼物过去。后来这老尼的病愈来愈重了，同时村里有几位和她认识的吃素老婆婆，就劝她拿点私藏出来去抓几剂药服服，但她却一口咬定没有余钱可以去求医服药。有一次正在争执之际，恰巧玉林嫂也上庵里看老尼姑的病了，听了大家的话，玉林嫂竟毫不迟疑，从布裙袋里掏出了两块钱来说："老师父何必这样的装穷？你舍不得花钱，我先替你代垫了吧！"说着，就把这两块钱交给了一位吃素老婆婆去替老尼请医买药。大家于齐声赞颂玉林嫂的大度之余，就分头去替老尼服务去了。可是事不凑巧，老尼服了几剂药，又捱了半个多月之后，终于断了气死了。玉林嫂听到了这个消息，就丢下了正在烧的饭锅，一直的跑到了庙里。先将老尼的尸身床边搜索了好大半天，然后又在地下壁间破桌底里，发掘了个到底；搜寻到了傍晚，眼见得老尼有私藏的风说是假的了，她就气忿忿的守在庙里，不肯走开。第二天早晨，村里的有志者一角二角的捐集了几块钱，买就了一具薄薄的棺材来收殓老尼的时候，玉林嫂乘众人不备的当中，一把抢了棺材盖子就走。众人追上去问她

said she had taken it in lieu of the two dollars still owed her. The villagers talked it over and chipped in to make up this sum to redeem the lid. But when the corpse was laid out she came back again to claim her two weeks' interest, and snatched a tattered padded jacket off the corpse. So the old nun was buried in nothing but a ragged shift.

Another pathetic yet ludicrous example was the case of Ah De, an old bachelor who had earned a pittance in his younger days by farming and herding for others or working as a hired hand in nearby villages. By skimping for years on food and clothing, he contrived to put by between twenty and thirty dollars with which he bought two *mu* of sandy land adjoining Dong's property. Too old for heavy work now, he built himself a hut on his small plot, meaning to spend his last years there. But soon coming to the end of his meagre savings he borrowed a silver dollar from Dong Yulin for the Mid-autumn Festival. At the end of the year Dong went to Ah De's hut to dun him for both principal and interest, and since payment was not forthcoming he insisted on buying the old man's two *mu* of land. When all Ah De's pleading fell on deaf ears, the old fellow shed tears of rage and rushed to the river.

"If you drive me any further, damn you!" he sobbed, "I shall jump in!"

Dong Yulin snatched up a long pole, ran after him and shoved him over the bank. Pushing Ah De out into deep water with his pole, he ground his teeth and swore:

"Die and be done with it! You won't pay me back and yet you dare talk about ending your life. I'll do it for you, you dog!"

是何道理,她就说老尼还欠她两块钱未还,这棺材盖是要拿去抵帐的。于是再由众人集议,只好再是一角二角的凑集起来,合成了两块钱的小洋去向玉林嫂赎回这具棺材盖子。但是收殓的时候,玉林嫂又来了,她说两块钱的利子还没还,硬自将老尼身上的一件破棉袄剥去了充当半个月的利息,结果,老尼只穿了一件破旧的小衫,被葬入了地下。

还有一个小例,是下村阿德老头的一出悲喜剧。阿德老头一生不曾结过婚;年轻的时候,只帮人种地看牛,赚几个微细的工资,有时也曾上邻村去当过长工。他半生节衣缩食,一共省下了二三十块钱来买了两亩沙地,在董玉林的沙田之旁。现在年纪大了,做不动粗工了,所以只好在自己的沙地里搭起了一架草舍,在那里等待着死,因为坐吃山空,几个零钱吃完了,故而在那一年的八月半向董玉林去借了一块大洋来过节。到了这一年的年终,董玉林就上阿德的草舍去坐索欠款的本利,硬要阿德两亩沙地写卖给他,阿德于百般哀告之后,董玉林还是不肯答应,所以气急起来,只好含着老泪奔向了江边说:"玉林吓玉林,你这样的逼我,我只好跳到江里去寻死了!"董玉林拿起一枝竹竿,追将上来,拼命的向阿德后面一推,竟把这老头子挤入到了水里。一边更伸长了竹竿,一步一步的将阿德推往深处,一边竖起眉毛,咬紧牙齿,又狠狠的说:"你这老不死,欠了我的钱不还,还要来寻死寻活么?我率性送了你这条狗命!"末了,

This commotion had drawn the villagers from far and near. They heard Ah De, really terrified now, call out:

"Don't drown me! I'll let you have it! You can have it!"

The upshot was that for less than twenty dollars Dong bought the two *mu* of land that Ah De had been counting on to provide for his funeral.

The Dongs combined their flair for usury with remarkable thriftiness. To them, smoking was a luxury, but they needed the solace of a pipe during the long evenings when they sat making up their accounts by lamplight. To cut the cost of tobacco, they dried and chopped up some mugwort or artemisia and mixed this in with it. And when they bought a box of matches they carefully selected the thicker ones and split them into two or three, to make one box go as far as one and a half or two.

Naturally the Dongs' property grew from day to day till the fields, hills, oxen and implements they had acquired by forced purchase or trickery came to four times as much as Dong Zhangzi had owned. But children cannot be bought or seized by force, and in the seven years of their marriage all five of the infants born to them had died. Ill-wishers in the village, toasting themselves before a brazier in winter as they gossiped about their neighbours, would say with a snigger:

"Those skinflints have sucked us clean, but they've done for themselves as well. Just see! They've no children to enjoy their ill-gotten gains!"

The taunts of these peasants whose land they had seized reached the ears of Dong Yulin and his wife; and late at night, tired out

阿德倒也有点怕起来了，只好大声哀求着说："请你救救我的命吧！我写给你就是，写给你就是！"这一出喜剧，哄动了远近的村民都跑了过来看热闹。结果，董玉林只找出了十几块钱，便收买了阿德老头的那两亩想作丧葬本用的沙地。

董玉林夫妇对于放款积财既如此的精明辣手，而自奉也十分的俭约；譬如吃烟吧，本来就是一件不必要的奢侈，但两人在长夜的油灯光下，当计算着他们的出入帐目时，手空不过，自然也要弄一枝烟管来咬咬。单吸烟叶，价目终于太贵，于是他们就想出了一个方法，将艾叶蓬蒿及其他的杂草之类，晒干了和入在烟叶之内。火柴买一盒来之后，也必先施一番选择，把杆子粗的火柴拣选出来，用刀劈作两分三分，好使一盒火柴收作盒半或两盒的效用。

董家的财产自然愈积愈多了，附近的沙田山地以及耕牛器具之类，半用强买半用欺压的手段，收集得比董长子的时代增加到了三四倍的样子。但是不能用金钱买，也不能用暴力得的儿子女儿，在他们结婚后的七年之中，却生一个死一个的死去了五个之多。同村同姓的闲人等，当冬天农事之暇，坐上香火炉前去烤榾柮火，谈东邻西舍的闲天的时候，每嗤笑着说："这一对鬼夫妻，吮吸了我们的血肉还不够，连自己的骨肉都吮吸到肚里去了；我们且张大着眼睛看吧！看他们那一分恶财，让谁来享受！"这一种田地被他们剥夺去了以后的村人的毒语，董玉林夫妇原也是常有得听到；而两夫妇在半夜

from devising new economies or writing up their accounts, they would often fall silent as they looked round their home, conscious of something missing. Then Mrs Dong decided that she would pray to Buddha to send her offspring. And her husband agreed that Buddha alone could help them gain their desire.

They did not make their long pilgrimages without careful preparation, however. In the first place they would make ready for six months in advance, accumulating a boatload of local products to be sold near some far-famed temple. In the second place, they always hired a boat that was going back to its base, because that cost two-thirds of the normal price. And after beating the charge down as low as they could, they sometimes recruited other passengers to contribute to the fare. Whereas other pilgrims spend money on a pilgrimage, the Dongs usually made a tidy profit out of it, increasing their capital for usury. Moreover, their frugality extended to the alms they offered Buddha. Thus if the image in some famous temple needed a new embroidered silk gown, more often than not the pious Dongs would head the list of subscribers. If the cost of the gown was estimated at fifty dollars, they would collect seventy, and the tailors were particularly accommodating when it came to serving this charitable pair. A gown for which others paid fifty cost them no more than thirty to thirty-five dollars. Furthermore their familiarity with current prices, no rare attribute in itself, was turned to good account when they purchased an equally handsome but less durable material at half the estimated price. The amount too would be less than stipulated. Of course this made it difficult for the monks to put the gown on the Buddha, but these economies

里于打算盘上流水帐上得疲倦的时候，也常常要突地沉默着回过头来看看自家的影子，觉得身边总还缺少一点什么。于是玉林嫂发心了，要想去拜拜菩萨，求求子嗣；董玉林也想到了，觉得只有菩萨可以使他们的心愿满足实现。

但是他们上远处去烧香拜佛，也不是毫无打算地出去的。第一，总得先预备半年，积贮了许多本地的土货，好教一船装去，到有灵验的庙宇所在地去卖。第二，船总雇的是回头便船，价钱可以比旁人的贱到三分之二；并且杀到了这一个最低船价之后，有时候还要由他们自己去兜集几个同行者来，再向这些同行者收集些搭船的船钞。所以别人家去烧香拜佛，总是去花一笔钱在佛门弟子身上的，独有董玉林夫妇的烧香拜佛，却往往要赚出一笔整款来，再去加增他们的放重利的资本。并且他们的自奉的俭约，有时候也往往会施行到菩萨的头上。譬如某大名刹的某某菩萨，要制一件绣袍的时候，这事情，总是由大善士董玉林夫妇去为头写捐的回数多。假使一件绣袍要大洋五十元的话，他们总要去写集起七十元的总款，才兹去作，而做绣袍的店里，也对董大善士特别的肯将就，肯客气，倘使别人去定，要五十元一件的绣袍，由董大善士去定，总可以让到三十五元或竟至三十元左右。因为董大善士市面很熟悉，价格都知道，这倒还不算稀奇，最取巧的，是董大善士能以半价去买到与原定上货一样好看的次货来充材料，而材料的尺寸又要比原定的尺寸短小一点，虽然庙祝在替菩萨穿上身去的时候，要多费

covered the pious Dongs' travelling expenses as well as board, lodging and alms.

Since the Dongs were given to good works on this scale, they made many friends among the rich gentry and landlords in the vicinity, who every winter gave this charitable couple handsome donations in the shape of rice-tickets, clothes and money to distribute amongst the poor. So not only the Dongs' relatives but even their hired hands and temporary help benefited every winter from their charity. Their very livestock was fed on husks obtained from the rice shop in exchange for rice-tickets. As for the padded garments, some underwent a transformation and turned into quilts for the Dongs, others took the place of wages for the day — labourers who worked for them in busy seasons.

The most talked of act of charity undertaken by this virtuous couple occurred during an epidemic of plague in the village. After drawing funds from the Philanthropic Association in town, Dong Yulin hired men to make a dozen or so coffins, which he stored in readiness in the family temple. The pine wood was felled at no expense on the nearby mountains, and the carpenters were village men who received food but no wages. Anyone could have one of these coffins for a nominal fee, but shortness of stature was a prerequisite for the occupant, for without exception these coffins were unusually small. A large corpse could not fit inside.

So Dong Yulin and his wife contrived to feather their nest while doing good works and worshipping the spirits. Naturally Buddha could not fail to protect them, and so a daughter Wanzhen was born to them and grew up a healthy girl. She was followed a few

一点力,但董大善士的旅费,饮食费,交际费,却总可以包括在内了。

董大善士更因为老发起这一种工程浩大的善举之故,所以四乡结识的富绅地主也特别的多。这些富绅地主,到了每年的冬天,拿出钱来施米施衣,米票钱票,总要交一大把给董大善士,托他们夫妇在就近的乡间去酌量施散。故而每年冬天非但董玉林夫妇的近亲戚属,以及自家家里的长工短工,都能受到董大善士的恩惠,就是董大善士养在家里的猪羊鸡犬,吃的也都是由米票向米店去换来的糠糜。至于棉衣呢,有时候也会钻到他们夫妇的被里去变了胎,有时候也会上他们自己雇的短工的人家去,变作了来年农忙时候的一工两工的工资的预付。

最有名的董氏夫妇的一件善举,是在那一年村里有瘟疫之后的施材。董玉林向城里的善堂去领了一笔款来之后,就雇工动手作了十几具棺木,寄放在董氏的家庙里待施。木头都是近村山上不费钱去砍来的松木,而棺材匠也是临时充数,只吃饭不拿钱的邻村的木匠。凡须用这一批棺木的人,多要出一点手续费,而棺木的受用者还有一个必须是矮子的条件,因为这一批施材作得特别的短小,长一点的尸身放下去,要把双脚折短来的缘故。

董玉林夫妇既积了财,又行了善,更敬了神,菩萨也自然不得不保佑他们了。所以自从他们现在的那位大小姐婉珍生下地来以后,竟一帆风顺毫无病痛的被他们养大到了成人;其后过不上几年,并且还又添上了一位可以继家

years later by Dafa, a son to carry on the family line.

2 Storm and Stress

The sun, rising higher, flooded the wintry fields on both frosty banks with a brilliant, rarefied light. Not the russet of late autumn but the deep sombre green retained even in sere, yellow winter by the country south of the Yangtze. This was particularly true of the old trees, circled by birds or wreathed with wisps of straw, which could be seen from time to time through the cabin window standing out boldly against the clear blue sky. Wanzhen, who had come home on holiday from Hangzhou a fortnight earlier, was reminded of the university student from Quzhou who had travelled with her for one day and one night on his way back from Shanghai.

Boat travel is slow and uneventful, and she was lucky on the steamer to have the company of this lively young man, who explained to her the stranglehold imperialism had on China and the need for a great social revolution. Wanzhen was already eighteen, and although this undergraduate used many terms she could not understand, his enthusiasm, his piercing eyes and his flushed cheeks when he was carried away by emotion convinced her that everything said by this promising well-read youth must surely be true. She had two meals with him on board, and they put up in the same hotel that night. Their parting the next morning on Lanxi jetty filled her with an indefinable regret, as if by fading moonlight under wind-tossed willows she were saying farewell for ever to a gallant knight.

传后的儿子大发。

二　暴风雨时代

太阳升高了一段，将寒江两岸的一幅冬晴水国图，点染得分外的鲜明，分外的清瘦，颜色虽则已经不如晚秋似的红润了，但江南的冬景，在黄苍里，总仍旧还带些黛色的浓青。尤其是那些苍老的树枝，有些围绕着飞鸟，有些披堆着稻草，以晴空作了背景，在船窗里时现时露地低昂着，使两礼拜前才从杭州回来的婉珍忽而想起了这一次寒假回籍，曾在路上同行过一天一夜的那位在上海读书的衢州大学生。

船行的缓慢，途上的无聊，幸亏在江头轮船上遇着了这一位活泼健谈的青年，终于使她在一日一夜之中认识了目前中国在帝国主义下奄奄待毙的现状，和社会状态必须经过一番大变革的理由。婉珍也已经十八岁，虽则这大学生所用的名词还有许多不能了解，但他的热情，他的射人的两眼，和因说话过多而兴奋的他那两颊的潮红，却使婉珍感到了一位有希望有学问的青年的话，句句是真的。在轮船上舱里和他同吃了两次饭，又同在东关的一家小旅馆里分居寄了一宵宿，第二天在兰溪的埠头，和他分手的时候，婉珍不晓怎么的心里却感到了一种极淡的悲哀，仿佛是在晓风残月的杨柳岸边，离别了一位今年不能再见的长征的壮士。

回到了乡里，见到了老父老母，和还不曾脱离顽皮习气的弟弟，旅途上的这一片余痕，早就被拂拭尽了；直到后来，听到了那些风声鹤唳的

Back home with her parents and mischievous younger brother, she soon forgot the journey. She did not think of the young man again till disquieting rumours of the probable fighting in the neighbourhood agitated their household, and they decided to move out of harm's way.

"If he were here, that rabble of northern soldiers would never dare to touch us!" she thought. "How well he spoke about a social revolution and overthrowing the status quo! And how helpfully and admirably he behaved when we boarded and left the boat, or went to the hotel!"

In the intervals between packing she had recalled him. Now on the river her memories took a more vivid shape, as sometimes happens when you visualize scenes from a book you have once read. And finally her thoughts turned to a photograph she had seen in a Hangzhou studio of a girl in a veil, holding flowers, beside a dashing handsome young man dressed in a western suit.

Wanzhen was considered not bad looking by her classmates. True, the shape of her face resembled that of her father, but in place of his pug nose she had her mother's aquiline features; and the result was a pleasant but ordinary face, neither specially attractive nor in any way repulsive. But after all, her age is a girl's chief charm. When the gawky Dong family bone-structure was clothed in the flesh of eighteen, although her skin was not notably white and her clothes quite unremarkable — she wore the jacket and black skirt of a schoolgirl — this could not disguise the natural magnetism on a young girl, the attraction she has for the opposite sex. The afternoon sun was sinking as the Dong family's boat put in at

传说,见到了举室仓皇的不安状态,当正在打算避难出发前几日,婉珍才又隐隐地想起了这一位青年。

“要是他在我们左右的话,那些纪律毫无的北方军队,谁敢来动我们一动?社会的改革,现状的打破,这些话真是如何有力量的话!而上船下船,入旅舍时的他那一种殷勤扶助的态度,更是多么足以令人起敬的举动!”

当她整理箱笼,会萃物件的当中,稍有一点空下来的时候,脑里就会起这样的转念;现在到了这一条两岸是江村水驿的路上,她这想头,同温旧书的人一样想得更加确凿有致了。到了最后,她还想到了一张在杭州照相馆的橱窗里看见过的照片:一个青春少女,披了长纱,手里捏着一束鲜花,站在一位风度翩翩,穿上西装的少年的身旁。

董婉珍的相貌,在同班中也不算坏,面部的轮廓,大致像她的爸爸董玉林,但董家世相的那一个朝天狮子鼻,却和她母亲玉林嫂的鹰嘴鼻调和了一下,因而婉珍的全面部就化成了一个很平稳的中人之相,不引人特别的注意,可也不讨人的厌。不过女孩子的年龄,终竟是美的判断的第一要件;十八岁的血肉,装上了这一副董家世袭的稍为长大的骨格,虽则皮色不甚细白,衣饰也只平常——是一件短袄,一条黑裙的学校制服——可那一种强壮少女特有的撩人之处,毕竟是不能掩没的自然的巧制,也就是对异性的吸引力蒸发的洪炉。那一天午后,在斜阳里,董家的这只避难船到兰溪西城外埠头靠岸

Lanxi, and Wanzhen's wholesome good looks drew the eyes of all the noisy idlers on shore.

Dong Yulin had rented an old house in a small lane in the south-west part of town. It had three rooms upstairs, another three down, and the rent was less than ten dollars a month; but even this struck the Dongs as so excessive that barely had they settled in than they started looking round for tenants sufficiently well-to-do to rent the ground floor. Family after family, refugees like themselves from neighbouring villages, came to see the rooms but jibbed at the high rent asked. Meanwhile the news from outside became daily more alarming, until all business virtually came to a stop. And then, one cold winter's evening, the army withdrew from the front and the harbours south and west of the town were filled with crowded troop transports.

Dong Yulin had just picked up his bowl at the supper table when the sound of bugling outside the town made his blood run cold and he hurried to bolt the gate. That evening the five of them dared not go upstairs but spread mattresses on the ground floor and passed an uneasy night there. The next morning they made Ai'e slip out through the back door to buy some beancurd from a shop in the side street. She came back after a long time white as a sheet, her bowl empty. As soon as the back door was bolted she caught hold of Mrs Dong and whispered, trembling:

"Mercy on us! They were looting and raping women last night outside the south and west gates. They're press-ganging men on the streets and stopping all boats. There's not a soul about and not a shop open. When the beancurd seller saw me through the window,

的时候，董婉珍的一身健美，就成了江边乱昏昏的那些闲杂人等的注目的中心。

董玉林在县城里租下的，是西南一条小巷里的一间很旧的楼屋。楼上三间，楼下三间，间数虽则不少，租金每月却还不到十元；但由董玉林夫妇看来，这房租似乎已经是贵到了极顶了，故而草草住定之后，他们就在打算出租，将楼底下的三间招进一家出得起租金的中产人家来分房同住。几天之内，一家一家，同他们一样从近村逃避出来的人家，来看房屋的人，原也已经有过好几次了，但都因为董玉林夫妇的租价要得太贵，不能定夺。在这中间，外面的风声，却一天紧似一天，市面几乎成了中歇的状态。终于在一天寒云凄冷的晚上，前线的军队都退回来了，南城西城外的两条水埠，全驻满了杂七杂八，装载军队人伕的兵船。

董玉林刚捧上吃夜饭的饭碗，忽听见一阵喇叭声从城外吹了过来，慌得他发着抖，连忙去关闭大门。这一晚他们五个人不敢上楼去宿，只在楼下的地板上铺上临时的地铺，提心吊胆地过了一夜。第二天早晨，使婢爱娥，悄悄开了后门，打算上横街的那家豆腐店去买一点豆腐来助餐的，出去了好半天，终于青着脸仍复拿着空碗跑回来了；后门一闩上，她也发着抖，拉着玉林嫂，低低的在耳边说：

“外面不得了了，昨晚在西门外南门外都发生了奸抢的事情。街上要拉夫，船埠头要封船，长街上没有一个行人，也没有一家开门的店家。豆腐店的老头，在排门小窗里看见了我，就马上

he called me in quickly and scolded me for taking such a risk. Then he scared the wits out of me, saying there's going to be fighting here in Lanxi!"

For two days and three nights the family had next to nothing to eat and huddled fearfully on the floor downstairs. Then suddenly they heard footsteps in the street. At about ten in the morning firecrackers went off, there was pounding on the gate, and someone shouted:

"Open the door! The warlord Sun Chuanfang's bandit troops have gone! This morning the National Revolutionary Army marched into town. You're invited to attend a mass meeting at the foot of Big Cloud Hill to welcome them."

Dong Yulin opened the door a crack and peered out. He saw a Lanxi youth in a grey jacket and leather belt, holding a Kuomintang flag. Observing Dong's fright, the young man stopped to explain that the National Revolutionary Army was a people's army and would make no trouble for the common folk. Wanzhen and Dafa went out while he was talking and stood behind their father, and Wanzhen was instantly reminded of the undergraduate she had met on the boat, for both young men spoke the same language. Presently the lad moved on to the next house. They heard later that he was in charge of propaganda in the west part of the town.

So came the strenuous high tide of revolution. A Party headquarters was set up in Lanxi, the whole administration was reorganized, the crimes of many local magnates were exposed and not a little land was confiscated. One day at a concert to entertain the troops, Wanzhen was surprised to meet one of her classmates in the

叫我进去,说——你这姑娘,真好大的胆子!——接着就告诉了我一大篇的骇杀人的话,说在兰溪也要打仗呢!"

董玉林一家五口,有一顿没一顿的饿着肚皮,在地铺上捱躺了两日三夜,忽听见门外头有起脚步声来了。午前十点钟的光景,于听见一阵爆竹声后,并且还来了一个人敲着门,叫说:

"开开门来吧!孙传芳的土匪军已经赶走了,国民革命军今天早晨进了城,我们要上大云山下去开市民大会,欢迎他们。"

董玉林开了半边门,探头出去看了一眼,看见那位说话的,是一位本地的青年,手里拿了一面青天白日满地红的旗子,青灰的短衣服上,还吊上了一两根皮带。他看出了董玉林的发抖惊骇的弱点,就又站住了脚,将革命军是百姓的军队,决不会扰乱百姓的事情,又仔细说了一遍。在说的中间,婉珍阿发都走出来了,立上了他们父亲的背后。婉珍听了这青年的一大串话后,马上就想起了那位同船的大学生,"原来他们的话,都是一样的!"这一位青年,说了一阵之后,又上邻家去敲门劝告去了。直到后来,他们才兹晓得,他就是本城西区的一位负责宣传员。

革命高潮时的紧张生活开始了,兰溪县里同样地成立了党部,改变了上下的组织,举发了许多土劣的恶行,没收了不少的逆产。董婉珍在一次革命军士慰劳游艺会的会场里,真出乎她的意料之外,忽然遇见了一位本地出身的杭

Hangzhou Normal School whose family lived in Lanxi. This girl, who had always shone in school debates, was now an executive member of the Women's Association affiliated to the Lanxi Party headquarters.

Having chatted very briefly, they exchanged addresses. Then the other girl had to go off to attend to some business. That evening when Wanzhen went home she told her parents about the encounter, concluding:

"She was very keen for me to join the Party and take up some work in the Women's Association or Party headquarters."

Since the revolutionary army entered the town, Dong Yulin had seen enough red and green slogans, heard enough speeches and witnessed the arrest and punishment of enough landowners to turn him against the Kuomintang, for he feared it would reach out a powerful hand to clutch him. His daughter's talk of joining the Party made him see red.

"You want to join the revolutionary Party? It's not as if men of property were thieves, damn it all! That riff-raff is just making trouble. What do they mean by ill-gotten gains? What's this talk of confiscation? They're swindlers, the lot of them!"

Dong Yulin had never lost his temper with Wanzhen or spoken to her harshly, and since she went to school in Hangzhou he had shown her even more consideration. This sudden outburst so frightened his wife that she did not know what to do. The three of them sat in silence round the lamp until crafty, shrewd Mrs Dong hit on a way of smoothing things over.

"Times have changed," she said. "If this is the way things are

州学校里她同班的同学。这一位同学，在学校的时候，本来就以演说擅长著名的，现在居然在本城的党部所属的妇女协会里做了执行委员了。

她们俩匆匆立谈了一会，各问了地址，那位女同志就忙着去照料会场的事务去了；那一天晚上，董婉珍回到了家里，就将这一件事情告诉了她的父母，末了并且还加了一句说：

“她在很恳切地劝我入党，要我也上妇女协会或党部去服务去。”

董玉林自党军入城之后，看了许多红绿的标语，听了几次党人的演说，又目击了许多当地的豪富的被囚被罚，心里早就有点在恨也有点在怕，怕这一只革命党的铁手，要抓到他自己的头上来；现在听到了自己的爱女的这一句入党的话，心里头自然就涌起了一股无名的怒火。

“你也要去作革命党去了么？哼，人家的钱财，又不是偷来抢来的，那些没出息的小子，真是胡闹。什么叫作逆产！什么叫作没收！他们才是敲竹杠的人！”

董玉林对婉珍，一向是不露一脸怒容，不说一句重话的，并且自从她上省城去进了学校以来，更加是加重了对她的敬爱之心了。这一晚在灯下竟高声骂出了这几句话来，骇得他的老妻，一时也没有了主意。三人静对着沉默了好一晌，聪明刻薄的玉林嫂，才想出了一串缓冲的劝慰之语：

“时势是不同了，城里头变得如此，我们乡

in town, there's likely to be trouble in our village too. I'd let Wanzhen join her friend there and get to know more people — such contacts may come in useful. So long as she's on her guard you needn't worry."

Since she was his trusted helpmate and had his interests at heart, Dong Yulin after thinking it over let himself be persuaded by his wife. So this small family dispute was settled without more ado.

3 Confusion

Wanzhen did indeed join the Party and start work in the propaganda section of the county Party headquarters. It was a resolution passed by the Dong Village Peasants' Association that prompted her to act so quickly. The peasants wanted to confiscate all Dong Yulin's land and forbid his family to return to the village to fleece them again. Resolutions from local peasant associations had to be ratified by the county Party headquarters, and as soon as this news reached Dong Yulin he urged his daughter to establish connections with the Party headquarters. She had in fact been given a job in the propaganda section before this resolution reached the county.

The chief of the propaganda section, Qian Shiying, was a young man of twenty-five who had come from the Guangzhou revolutionary army. A capable member of the revolutionary Party, he had been left in Lanxi to direct the Party work here during the confusion following the fighting. His native province was Hunan but he had been brought up in Anhui, graduated from a normal school in

下，也难保得不就有什么事情发生。让婉珍到她的朋友那里去走走，多认识几个人，也是一件好事，你也不必发急，只须叫她自己谨慎一点就对了。”

她究竟是董玉林的共艰苦的妻子，话一涉及到了利害，董玉林仔细一想，觉得她的意见倒也不错，这一场家庭里的小小的风波，总算也很顺当地就此结了局。

三　混　沌

董婉珍终于进了党，上县党部的宣传股去服务去了，促成她的这急速的入党的理由，是董村农民协会的一个决议案。他们要没收董玉林家全部的财产，禁止他们一家的重行回到村里来盘剥。地方农民协会的决议案，是要经过县党部的批准才能执行的，董玉林一听到了这一个消息，马上就催促他自己的女儿，去向县党部里活动，结果，在这决议案还没有呈上来之先，董婉珍就作了县党部宣传股的女股员。

宣传股股长钱时英，正满二十五岁，是从广州跟党军出发，特别留在这军事初定的兰溪县里，指导党务的一位干练的党员；故乡是湖南，生长在安徽，是芜湖一个师范学校的毕业生，二年前就去广东投效，系党政训练所第一批受满

Wuhu, and gone to Guangzhou two years before this to join the army. Qian was quite a veteran, having been among the first batch to complete the Party's course of political training.

Qian Shiying, while not tall, was powerfully built and looked as steady and solid as a rock. Being full-fleshed, his long face seemed oval. He was short-sighted and wore glasses, but although his black pupils were not large you felt they could see right through you. As a rule he spoke little, but in an emergency he went straight to the heart of the matter and could explain even the knottiest problems and find a satisfactory solution for them. His frequent smile was not the usual artificial smirk but a frank, unaffected smile from the heart, which seemed to illumine the darkness all around.

Wanzhen worked at a desk opposite Qian Shiying, and at first his presence made her so nervous that she hardly knew what to do. Later, when she made some ridiculous mistakes in copying out slogans and he corrected them in a friendly way, she felt he was quite approachable after all, though her colleagues seemed to look up to him as if he were a god.

That winter was exceptionally warm in the south, but one Saturday in spring there was a heavy fall of snow. When section chief Qian came back at five that afternoon from a meeting of county delegates, his face was distinctly clouded. He put down and picked up his briefcase several times and cast sidelong glances at Wanzhen, as if he had something important to say to her. Finally he looked at his watch, picked up his case and left. He turned in the doorway with a smile to tell her:

训练出来的老同志。

他的身材并不高大,但是一身结实的骨肉,使看他一眼的人,能感受到一种坚实,稳固,沉静的印象,和对于一块安固的磬石所受的印象一样。脸形本来是长方的,但因为肉长得很丰富,所以略带一点圆形。近视眼镜后的一双细眼,黑瞳人虽则不大,但经他盯住了看一眼后,仿佛人的心肝也能被透视得出来的样子。他说话平常是少说的,可是到了紧要的关头,总是一语可以破的,什么天大的问题,也很容易地为他轻轻地道破,解决,处置得妥妥服服。他的笑容,虽则常常使人看见,可是他的笑脸,却与一般人的诈笑不同,真像是心花怒放时的微笑,能够使四周围的黑暗,一时都变为光明。

董婉珍在他对面的一张桌上办公,初进去的时候,心里每有点胆小,见了他简直是要头昏脑胀,连坐立都有点儿不安。可是后来在拟写标语,抄录案件上犯了几次很可笑的错误,经他微笑着订正之后,她觉得这一位被同志们敬畏得像神道似的股长,却也是很容易亲近的人物。

这一年江南的冬天,特别的和暖,入春以后,反下了一次并不小的春雪。正在下雪的这一天午后,是星期六,钱股长于五点钟去出席了全县代表大会回来的时候,脸上显然的露出了一脸犹豫的神情。他将皮箧拿起放下了好几次,又侧目向婉珍看了几眼,仿佛有什么要紧的话要对她说的样子,但后来终于看看手表,拿起皮箧来走了。走到了门口,重新又回了转来,微笑着对婉珍说:

“董同志,明天星期日放假,你可不可以同

"Comrade Dong! Tomorrow's Sunday and a holiday. Will you come with me to Mount Heng to look at the snow? There's a lunch party in the county government, but it should be over by three. Do you mind waiting for me at the jetty outside the West Gate?"

Wanzhen flushed and hung her head as she murmured her assent. The next instant she brightened and looked up with a smile at Qian. When their eyes met he was the one to seem taken aback. His smile gave way to a look of doubt, but after a momentary hesitation he left the office. All the others had gone and dusk was rapidly falling. The faint light reflected from the snow lit up Wanzhen's rosy cheeks and dancing eyes.

All the way home her heart beat fast as she recalled Qian Shiying's steady, experienced manner, his smile just now, and their date for the next afternoon. She could hardly forbear from proclaiming the good news to passersby on the road. So absorbed was she by her thoughts that she took the wrong turning, heading east instead of west, down the narrow lane which led to the hostel for workers in the Party headquarters where Qian Shiying lived. She toyed with the idea of calling for him and finding somewhere nearby to spend the night instead of waiting till the next day. But that would not do. Too many other people lived there, and Qian Shiying would be embarrassed if they knew. Snowflakes were stinging her cheeks now and a piercing wind recalled her to her senses. She turned and took the road home.

The night dragged past as slowly as if she were a prisoner newly confined. As she tossed and turned on the bed, her fancy ran riot. As soon as there was a glimmer of light she threw on her jacket and

我上横山去看雪景？中午要在县政府里聚餐，大约到三点钟左右，请你上西城外船埠头去等我。”

婉珍涨红了脸，低下了头，只轻轻答应了一声；忽而眼睛又放着异样的光，微笑着，举起头来，对钱时英瞥了一眼。钱时英的目光和她的遇着的时候，倒是他惊异起来了，马上收了笑容，作了一种疑问的样子，迟疑了一二秒钟，他就下了决心，走出了办公室。这时候办公室里的同事们已经走得空空，天色也黑沉沉的暗下去了，只剩了一段雪片的余光，在那里照耀着婉珍的微红的双颊，和水汪汪的两眼。

董婉珍终于走回家来的路上，心脏跳突得厉害；一面想着钱时英的那一种坚实老练的风度，一面又回味着刚才的那一脸微笑和明日的约会，她在路上几乎有点忍耐不住，想叫出来告诉大家的样子。果然，这样茫然地想着走着，她把回家去的路线都走错了，该向西的转弯角头，她却走向了东。从这一条狭巷，一直向东走去，是可以走上党部办事人员的共同宿舍里去的，钱时英的宿所，就在那里。她想索性将错就错，马上就上宿舍去找钱时英出来，到什么地方去过它一晚，岂不要比捱等到明天，倒还好些。但是又不对，住在那里的人是很多的，万一被人家知道了，岂不使钱时英为难？想到了这里，飞上她脸的雪片，带起刺激性来了，凉阴阴的一阵逆风，和几点冰冷的雪水，使她的思想又恢复了常轨，将身体一转，她才走上了回家去的正路。

漫漫的一夜，和迟迟的半天，董婉珍守候在家里真觉得如初入监狱的囚犯，翻来复去，在床

sat up in her quilt. It was not the dawn that she saw through the window, however, but the gleam of the snow. Unable to sleep, she dressed and lit the lamp. She would have gone downstairs to wash, but as the maid was still in bed the water would be icy cold. In desperation she took up a book and opened it at random to choose some characters which would indicate whether she were to be lucky or not. She could make no sense of the first four words she hit on, "constant," "also," "has" and "end." However, at last she heard movement downstairs and knew Ai'e was boiling water and getting breakfast. She tried again and relaxed when this time she picked "then," "profit" and "arrive," for surely "profit" augured well for today.

She went downstairs to wash and comb her hair and had barely finished breakfast when her classmate from the Women's Association called. Wanzhen was as pleased as a child with a new toy, for it was this friend who had recommended her to join the Party and work in the propaganda section. Yesterday the section chief had made a secret appointment with her, and today her sponsor had called — there must be some reason for this. She entertained her most hospitably. Judging by the other's manner and certain hints she let fall, there was something on her mind which she found it hard to put into words. Guessing that this concerned Qian Shiying, Wanzhen tried to stop her from coming out with it, for she meant to ask this friend to broach the subject formally to her parents after she had seen the section chief that afternoon. When the other girl left after an hour or so, Wanzhen waited impatiently for three o'clock.

上乱想了一个通宵,天有点微明的时候,她就披上衣服,从被里坐了起来。但从窗隙里漏进来的亮光,还不是天明的曙色,却是积雪的清辉。她睡也再睡不着了,索性穿好衣服,走下床来拈旺了灯,她想下楼去梳洗头面,可是爱娥还没有起床,水是冰冻着的,没有法子,她只好顺手向书架上抽了一本书,乱翻着页数,心里定下第几行和第几字的数目来测验运气。先翻了四次,是"恒""也""有""终"的四个字,猜详了半天,她可终于猜不出这四个字的意思,但楼底下却有起动静来了,当然是爱娥在那里烧水煮早餐。接着又翻了三次,得到了"则""利""之"的三个字,她心里才宽了起来,因为有一个"利"字在那里,至少今天的事情,总是吉的。

下楼去洗了手脸,将头梳了一梳,早餐吃后,妇女协会的那位同学跑来看她了,她心里一乐,喜欢得像得了新玩具的小孩。因为她的入党,她的去宣传股服务,都是由这位女同学介绍的。昨天股长既和她有了密约,今天这位原介绍人又来看她,中间一定是有些因果在那里的。她款待着她,沥尽了自己所有的好意。不过从这一位女同学的行动上,言语上看来,似乎总是心中夹着了一件事情,要想说又有点说不出来的样子。她愈猜愈觉得有吻合的意思了,因而也老阻止住她,不使她说出,打算于下午去同钱股长密会之后,再教她来向父母正式的提议谈判。终于坐了一个多钟点,这位女同学告辞走了。她的心里,又添了一层盼望着下午三点钟早点到来的急意。

催促着爱娥提早时间烧了中饭,饭后又换

She urged Ai'e to expedite lunch. The meal ended, she changed and primped herself. It had not yet struck two when she set out in her new grey gown to the jetty by the West Gate. The day was fine, although slushy underfoot, and the sky above glowed an enchanting blue. After walking up and down on the bank to kill time for half an hour, she accosted an old boatman and arranged to hire his boat for the trip to Mount Heng. At first she thought she would sit in the boat and wait. But then, afraid Qian might miss her, she gathered up the skirt of her gown and went ashore to pace the muddy path in the sunlight for another half hour. At three exactly, she saw Qian Shiying approaching, a smile on his face. And the fact that he was wearing a black serge padded gown instead of his usual uniform pleased Wanzhen, who saw in this a deep significance.

Once aboard the boat Qian remained silent, smiling light-heartedly as he looked out across the snowy countryside in the slanting afternoon sun. Wanzhen watched him with expectant, eager eyes. When the boat reached midstream he met her glance. At once his face grew grave and gazing at her steadily he said to her, "Comrade Dong!" Wanzhen's cheeks burned, she looked the picture of confusion. Her heart pounded and she trembled as the young man continued gently:

"Comrade Dong! People who work for the revolution shouldn't do anything underhand, you know. . . ."

This only increased her confusion. Her brimming eyes shone, her breath came in gasps, her lips quivered. She was shaking like a leaf.

"But what else could I do?" he went on. "Yesterday at the

衣服,照镜子地修饰了一阵,两点钟还没有敲,她就穿上了那件新作的灰色的长袍,走上了西城外的码头。天放晴了,道路上虽则泥泞没膝,但那一弯天盖,却直蓝得迷人。先在江边如醉如痴的往返走了二三十分钟,向一位来兜生意的老船夫说好了上横山去的船价,她就走下了船,打算坐在船里去等钱股长的到来。但心里终觉得放心不下,生怕他到了江边,又要找她不到,于是手又撩起长袍,踏上了岸,像这样的在泥泞道上的太阳光里上上落落,来来去去,更捱了半个多钟头。正交三点钟的光景,她老远就看见钱时英微笑着来了;今天他和往日不同,穿的却是一件黑呢棉袍,从这非制服的服色上一看,她又感到了满心的喜悦,猜测了他今天的所以要不穿制服的深意。

两人下船之后,钱时英尽是默默地含着微笑,在看两岸斜阳里的雪景。董婉珍满张着希望的双眼,在一眼一眼贪看他的那一种潇洒的态度。船到了中流,钱时英把眼睛一转,视线和她的交叉了,他立时就变了一种郑重的脸色,眼睛盯视着她,呆了一呆,他先叫了一声"董同志"!婉珍双颊一红,满身就呈露出了羞媚;仿佛是感触到了电气。同时她自己也觉着心在乱跳,肌肉在微微的抖动。他叫了一声之后,又嗫嚅着,慢慢地说:

"董同志,我们从事,从事革命的人,做这些事情,本来,本来是不应该的……"

听了他这一句话,她的羞媚之态,显露得更加浓厚了,眼睛里充满了水润的晶光,气也喘得像一个重负下的苦力,嘴唇微微颤动着,一层紧

county meeting the delegate from Dong Village presented a resolution. At first I didn't realize it dealt with your family, but when they passed it to me for ratification I saw your name. Down in black and white was an account of the land and property your father had seized, his usury and embezzlement of public funds. It stated correctly too that your father was hiding in the county town and that you had got a job in the Party headquarters. I didn't like to bring this up in the office, that's why I asked you to come out today. . . ."

Wanzhen had been so keyed up that this sudden blow reduced her to helpless despair. She lost all control and willpower. Before Qian Shiying could finish she tumbled into his arms, too distracted to care about appearances, and gave way to a fit of weeping.

Qian Shiying was a young man, hot blood coursed through his veins. The warm helpless girl in his arms and her utter distress aroused in him both pity and desire, undermining his level-headedness and good judgement. Holding her close, he murmured, "Don't take it so to heart!" And before he knew what he was doing he had lowered his head against her burning cheek. They clung to each other, their lips met. But then he came to his senses with a start and recoiled in bitter remorse, self-reproach in his eyes. Heaving a long sigh, he stood there motionless. He had invited Wanzhen out solely to settle this business, with no ulterior motive, meaning to advise her to resign and persuade her father to return some of his property to its rightful owners. He had intimated as much the previous day to the classmate who had introduced Wanzhen, asking her to prepare the girl and tell her not to lose

张的气势,使她全身更抖得厉害。

“不过,这,这一件事情,究竟叫我怎么办哩?昨天,昨天的全县代表大会里,董村的代表,将一件决议案提出了,本来我还不晓得是关于你们的事情,后来经大会派给了我去审查,呈文里也有你的名字,你父亲的许多霸占,强夺,高利放款,借公济私的劣迹说得确确实实,并且还指出了你们父女的匿居县城,蒙混党部的事实。我,我因为在办公室里,不好来同你说,所以今天特为约你出来,想和你来谈一谈。”

董婉珍于情绪到了极顶之际,忽而受到了这一个打击,一种极大的失望和极切的悲哀,使她失去了理性,失去了意志,不等钱时英的那篇话说完,就同冰山倒了似的将身体倒到了钱时英的怀里,不顾羞耻,不能自制,只呜呜地抽咽着大哭了起来。

钱时英究竟也是一个血管里有热血在流的青年男子,身触着了这一堆温软的肉体,又目击着她这一种绝望的悲伤,怜悯与欲情,混合成了一处,终于使他的冷静的头脑,也把平衡失去了;两手紧抱住了她的上半身,含糊地说着:“你不要这样子,你不要这样子!”不知不觉竟渐渐把自己的头低了下去,贴上了她的火热的脸。到了两人互相抱着,嘴唇与嘴唇吸合了一次之后,钱时英才同受了雷震似的醒了转来,一种冷冰冰的后悔,和自责之念,使他跳立了起来,满含着盛怒与怨恨,唉的长叹了一声,反同木鸡似的呆住了。本来他的约她出来,完全是为了公事,丝毫也没有邪念的;他想先叫她自己辞了职,然后再温和地将她父亲的田产发还一部分

heart — other work would be found for her. But his carefully thought-out scheme and comradely consideration had degenerated into such a base impulse! This was as bad as taking advantage of another man's danger to abduct his wife or daughter. Such conduct was morally indefensible, especially since he was a Party member in a position of authority. It was up to him now to atone for his mistake. He would have to go through with this. Once the two of them had come together, he could gradually set things right. This resolution brought him a faint gleam of hope. Laying a hand on Wanzhen's shoulder, still bowed in weeping, he softly urged her to sit up and tidy herself. By the time the boat reached Mount Heng, a smile had dawned again on her tearstained face.

4 A Bleak Outlook

This heavy snowfall had made Mount Heng lovelier than usual. Although most of the snow had melted on the path by the river where their boat moored, it still sparkled on the ridges on both sides, the thatched roofs of mud cottages and the branches of trees. The sun, sinking, plunged the east side of the mountain into shadow and empurpled half the river, like a Chinese landscape in ink and watercolours. Qian Shiying helped Wanzhen up the stone steps to the temple and, as they looked back at the little town of Lanxi, each was happy for different reasons.

The clustered roofs of the town were powdered with spring snow, while encircling the high masts of the junks in the harbours was the arched dome of the sky, blue as an indigo flower, bringing a lift to

给原来的所有人。这事情,他昨天也已经同她的那位介绍人说过了,想叫她的那位同学,先劝慰她一下,叫她不要因此而失望,工作可以慢慢地再找过的,而他的这些深谋远虑,这腔体恤之情,现在却只变成了一种污浊的私情了。以事情的结果来评断,等于他是乘人之危,因而强占了他人的妻女。这在平常的道义上,尚且说不过去,何况是身膺革命重任的党员呢?但是事情已经作错了,系铃解铃,责任终须自己去负的,一不做,二不休,索性还是和她结合了之后,慢慢的再图补救吧!钱时英想到了这里,一时眼前也觉得看到了一条黯淡的光明。他再将一只手搭上了她的还在伏着的肩背,柔和地叫她坐起来掠一掠头发,整一整衣服的时候,船却已经到了横山的脚下,她的泪脸上早就泛映着一层媚笑了。

四 寒 潮

大雪后的横山一角,比平日更添了许多的妩媚。船靠岸这面沿江的那条小径,雪已经融化了大半了,但在道旁的隙地上,泥壁茅檐的草舍上,枯树枝上,都还铺盖着一阵残雪的晶皮。太阳打了斜,东首变成了山阴,半江江水,压印得紫里带黑,活像是水墨画成的中国画幅。钱时英搀扶着董婉珍,爬上了横山庙的石级,向兰溪市上的人家纵眺了一回,两人胸中各感到了一种不同的喜悦。

半城烟户,参差的屋瓦上,都还留有着几分未化的春雪;而环绕在这些市廛船只的高头,渺

men's hearts. The white-capped mountains near and far, the two towers rising sheer from the hillsides and the confluence of the three streams east, west and south of Lanxi combined to form a snowy landscape of incomparable beauty.

Wanzhen for her part felt that it was this snow that had brought her and Qian Shiying together, that this cloak of white over the earth was a happy omen that they would live together until their hair was white. Her parents' difficulties, her own future and present status had all been settled when Qian Shiying bent his head. As for the young man, he pitied Wanzhen because although healthy and well educated she lacked training. He believed that if somebody would guide her along the right path, a girl like this could do useful work for the revolution. And another consideration, underlying his legitimate concern, was the thought of his lonely bachelor life in the hostel, the natural appetite of a young man of twenty-five.

The scene before him was entrancing, the ardent girl beside him was longing for love. As Qian gazed round at his surroundings, Wanzhen's childish preoccupation with the pleasure of the moment and lack of anxiety about the future helped to stifle the remorse he had felt in the boat.

Leaning over the stone balustrade and pointing out various landmarks in Lanxi, they suddenly found themselves gazing into each other's eyes. Wanzhen flushed and turned her head away with a smile; but her eyes swivelled back to survey the young man's whole person and scrutinize his face. Qian, smiling, was regarding her as intently as if at a first encounter. The second time their

渺茫茫，照得人头脑一清的，却是那一弓蓝得同靛草花似的苍穹；更还有高戴着白帽的远近诸山，与突立在山岭水畔的那两枝高塔，和回流在兰溪县城东西南三面的江水凑合在一道，很明晰地点出了这幅再丰华也没有的江南的雪景。

在董婉珍方面呢，觉得这一天的大雪，是她得和钱股长结合的媒介；漫天匝地的白色，便是预示着他们能够白头到老的好兆头。父母的急难，自己的将来，现在的地位，都因钱时英的这一次俯首而解决了。在钱时英的一面呢，以为这发育健全的董婉珍，实在有点可怜，身体是那么结实，普通知识也相当具备的，所缺乏的，就是没有训练，只须有一个人能够好好的指导她，扶助她，那这一种女青年，正是革命前途所需要的人才。而在这一种正心诚意的思想的阴面，他的枯燥的宿舍生活，他的二十五岁的男性的渴求，当然也在那里发生牵引。

面前是这样的一片大自然的烟景，身旁又是那么纯洁热烈的一颗少女求爱的心，钱时英看看周围，看看董婉珍的那一种完全只顾目前的快乐，并无半点将来的忧虑的幼稚状态，自然把刚才船里所感到的那层懊恨之情，一笔勾了。

两人凭着石栏，向兰溪市上，这里那里的指点了一阵，忽而将目光一转，变成了一个对看的局势。董婉珍羞红了脸，虽在笑着侧转了头，但眼睛斜处，片刻不离的，仍是对钱时英的全身的打量，和他的面部的谛视。钱时英只微笑着默默地在细看她的上下，仿佛她和他还是初次见面的样子。第二次四目遇合的时候，钱时英觉得非说话不可了，就笑着问她：

glances met, he felt constrained to speak and asked with a laugh:

"Are you game enough to climb up to the top?"

"I'll go wherever you do!"

"Good! Let's see who's the best climber."

After entering the temple to ask an old Taoist the way to Orchid Shade Shrine, they struck up a side path towards the summit. The sun had melted most of the snow, but although the narrow path did not look too wet it was difficult to climb. After slipping twice, Wanzhen let Qian put his arm round her supple waist, and so they proceeded slowly, chatting as they walked. By the time they reached the top, talk had veered to the question of their future.

"We must keep this secret for a while. The first thing to do is to deal with that resolution from Dong Village. Revolutionaries mustn't do anything dishonest. There's clear evidence that much of your land and property was wrongly come by, and of course that must be returned to its rightful owners. Besides, since you and your father are accused of deceiving the Party, you'll obviously have to resign, or it won't look good. After I've dealt with this case, we can find you another job.... It was to tell you this that I asked you out today. But the way things have turned out rather complicates matters. My plan, after sorting out the Party affairs here, is to take you away to some place where there'll be no fingers pointed at you. Please explain this to your parents when you go home. We won't talk about marriage until the case is settled...."

Wanzhen listened with a sinking heart. If she really resigned tomorrow, what chance would she have of seeing him? Of course she was concerned about her parents property, but she also revelled in

“你还有勇气再爬上山顶上去么?”

“你若要去,我便什么地方也跟了你去。”

“好吧,让我们来比比脚力看。”

先上庙里向守庙的一位老道问明了上兰阴寺去的路径,他们就从侧面的一条斜坡山路走上了山。斜坡上的雪,经午前的太阳一晒,差不多融化净了,但看去似乎不大粘湿的黄泥窄路,走起来却真不容易。董婉珍经过了两次滑跌,随后终于将弹簧似的身体,靠上了钱时英的怀里,慢慢地谈着走着,走上那座三角形的横山东顶的时候,他们的谈话,也恰巧谈到了他们两人的以后的大计。

“今天的我们的这一个秘密,只能暂时不公布出来。第一总得先把那条董村的决议案办了才行。徇私舞弊,不是我们革命的人所应作的事情。你们家里的田产之类,确有霸占的证据的,当然要发还一部分给原有的人,还有一层,他们既经指控了你们父女的蒙蔽党部,你自然要自动辞职,暂时避去嫌疑,等我们把这一件案子办了之后,再来服务不迟……我的今天的约你出来,本意就为了此。可是,可是。现在成了这样的一个结局,事情倒反而弄僵了;我打算将这儿的党务划出了一个规划之后,就和你离开此地,免得受人家的指谪。你今天回去,请你先把这一层意思对你两老说一说明白,等案件办了之后,我们再来提议婚事……”

董婉珍听了他这一番劝告,心里却微微地感到了一点失望。明天假使马上就辞了职,那以后见面的机会不就少了么!父母的事情,财产的发落,原是重大的,可是和那些青年男子在

working with young men, going out early, returning late, attracting glances as she walked down the street. And still more essential to her happiness was the love of this sturdy section chief Qian, which she was hoping to enjoy to the full. What would become of that if she had to resign?

Qian guessed from her clouded face what was in her mind. So he added:

"We must always take the long view. Putting your own individual comfort before the cause is a most unrevolutionary attitude. You're not a child anymore, you should understand that."

A passionate embrace and ardent kisses smoothed away the worried look on Wanzhen's face. They had now reached Orchid Shade Shrine and could see the sunset over the Qu River, the snow drifts in the western fields, the smoke rising from villages nestled in trees far and near. Dusk was falling and it was time to return. Side by side, their faces shining, they gazed at the breathtaking loveliness of the snow-clad village below the hill in the splendid evening light. Then they hurried down the broad pathway from the West Peak.

Sleep evaded Qian Shiying on his return from Mount Heng, just as it had Wanzhen the night before. His thoughts strayed to Huang Lie, a girl who had studied with him in Guangzhou. They had never spoken of love, but after knowing each other for a year and going through difficulties and dangers together they had come to think and behave alike, to share the same ideals. When he compared Huang Lie with Dong Wanzhen, the one was a fine woman comrade with a mind of her own, the other just a healthy specimen of the

一道厮混的那种气氛，早出晚归，从街上走过，受人侧目注意的那种私心的满足，还有最觉得不可缺的一件大事，就是这一位看去如磐石似的钱股长的爱抚，她现在正在想恣意饱受的当儿，若一辞了职，却向哪里去求，哪里去得呢！

钱时英看到了她的略带忧郁的表情，心里当然也猜出了她的意思，所以又只能补充着说：

"作事情要顾虑着将来的，仅贪爱一时的安逸，没入于一时的忘我，把将来的大事搁置在一边，是最不革命的行为。你已经不是小孩子了，这一层总该看得穿。"

一次强烈的拥抱，一个火热的深吻，终于驱散了董婉珍脸上的愁云。他们走到了兰阴寺前，看到了衢江江上的斜阳，西面田野里的积雪，和远近的树林村落上的炊烟，晓得这一天，日子已经垂暮，是不得不下山回去的时候了。两人更依偎着，微笑着，贪看了一忽华美到绝顶的兰阴山下大雪初晴的江村暮景，就从西头的那条山腰大道，跑下了山来。

从横山回来的这一天晚上，却轮着钱时英睡不着觉了，和昨天晚上董婉珍一样，他想起了在广州的时候，和他同时受训练的那位女同志黄烈。他和她虽然并没有什么恋情爱意，但互相认识了一年多，经过了几次共同的患难，才知道两人的思想，行动以及将来的志愿，都是一样的。看到了董婉珍之后，再回想起黄烈来，更觉得一个是有独立人格的女同志，一个是只具有着生理机构的异情，离开了现实的那一重欲情的关，把头脑冷静下来一比较，一思索，他在白天曾经感到过的那层后悔，又渐渐地昂起了头

opposite sex. Yes, more dispassionate reflection led to a return of the regret he had known earlier in the day.

Most people marry sooner or later. Unfortunately life had been so strenuous and rushed in Guangzhou that he and Huang Lie had simply remained good comrades with no chance to develop a closer relationship. One evening shortly before she left for Hunan with the Northern Expedition Army, he saw her back to her hostel after a farewell party and caught a new note in her voice as she said:

"Comrade Qian! Revolutionaries like us shouldn't feel any regret at parting, but somehow or other in these last few days the farewell parties given us by the comrades staying in Guangzhou have made a weakling of me. I couldn't sleep for a long time last night. Have you anything to say, any word of advice, encouragement or warning to help raise my morale?"

As he recalled that evening, he could still hear how her voice had trembled at the last words. But he was just planning to set out himself with the contingent going east and had no thought to spare for anything else. He merely repeated the cheering words that were on everybody's lips: "We must go all out till we meet again in Wuhan!" So, after a warm handshake, they parted in the dark in front of her hostel. A few days later he caught a last hurried glimpse of her in the crowd when he went to see her off at the station.

Unrequited love is bitter, but unsolicited love is embarrassing. Qian was now in the unenviable position of having to accept Wanzhen's love, and this put him in a dilemma. He could of course run away. Many of his comrades indulged in love as a

来。

婚姻，终究是一生所免不了的事情；可惜在广州时的生活气氛太紧张了，所以他对黄烈，终于只维持了一种同志之爱，没有把这爱发展开去的机会。但当她要跟了北伐军向湖南出发的前几天，他在有一次饯别的夜宴之后，送她回宿舍去的路上，曾听出了她的说话的声音的异样，她说：

"钱同志，我们从事于革命的人，本来是不应该有这些临行惜别的感情的，可是不晓怎么，这几天来，频频受了你们诸位留在广州的同志的饯送，我倒反而变得感情脆弱起来了，昨晚上我就失眠了半夜。你有没有什么使我可以振作的信条，言语，或者竟能充作互勉互励的戒律之类？"

现在在回忆里，重想起了这一晚的情景，他倒觉得历历地反听到了她的微颤着的尾音。可惜当时他也正在计划着跟东路军出发，没有想到其他的事情的余裕，只说了一句那时候谁也在说的豪语："大家振作起精神，等我们会师武汉吧！"终于只热烈地握了一回手，就在宿舍门口的夜阴里和她分开了。以后过了几天，他只在车站上送他们出发的时候，于乱杂的人丛中见了她一次面。

一个男子滥于爱人，原是这人的不幸；然而老受人爱，而自己没有十分的准备，也是一件麻烦的事情。现在到了这一个既被人爱，而又不得不接受的关头，他觉得更加为难了；对于董婉珍的这件事情，究竟将如何的应付呢？要逃，当然也还逃得掉；同志中间，对于恋爱，抱积极的

sport, but this was beyond him. Besides, Wanzhen was not a girl who could be trifled with. Immature as a child, she was taking her first risky steps in life and her future development, for good or for evil, depended entirely on her reaction to this first experience.

"Oh, well, I must put up with it, I suppose! It's the duty of a revolutionary to change someone whose character's still unformed into a fighter able to serve society. There's no going back now that I've taken the first step. Besides, it's by no means certain that the way ahead lies through quicksands."

He decided at length that he had no alternative. Turning over towards the wall, he was just composing himself to sleep when the cocks at the foot of Big Cloud Hill started crowing to announce the dawn.

5 Poisoned Wine

After an investigation by the local Party branch, Dong Yulin's case was settled surprisingly easily. The reason was that many peasants like old Ah De, whose property he had seized, were dead; others had left the village to find some means of livelihood outside, and their whereabouts were unknown. Those ruined by his high rates of interest had no proof to offer, no witnesses to produce, hence they let the matter drop. And those still in debt to Dong were humble folk who dared not offend him for fear they might need to borrow from him again at a pinch. Not having to pay any interest more than satisfied them. Hence the party headquarters decided simply to confiscate a few dozen *mu* of Dong's land to

儿戏观念,并且身在实行的男女,原也很多,不过他的思想,他的毅力,却还没有前进到这一个地步;而同时董婉珍,也决不是这一种恋爱的对手人。她实在还是幼稚得很的一个初到人生路上来学习冒险的人,将来的变好变坏,或者成人成兽,全要看她这第一次的经验的反应如何,才能够决定。

“也罢! 还是忍一点牺牲的痛吧! 将一个可与为善,可与为恶的庸人,造成一个能为社会服务致用的斗士,也是革命者所应尽的义务;既然第一脚跨出了以后,第二脚自然也只得连带着伸展出去。更何况前面的去路,也还不一定是陷人的泥水深潭哩!”

想来想去,想到了最后,还是只有这一条出路。翻身侧向了里床,他正想凝神定气,安睡一忽的时候,大云山脚下的民众养在那里的雄鸡,早在作第一次催晓的长啼了。

五　药酒杯

经过了乡区党部的一次查复,董玉林的这一起案子,却出乎众人的意料之外,很顺当的解决了。原因是为了那些被霸占的原有业主,像阿德老头之类,都已经死亡,而有些农民,却因在乡无业可守,早就只身流浪到了外埠,谁也查不出他们的下落来,至于重利盘剥的一件呢,已被剥削者,手中没有证据,也没有作中的证人,

support a primary school in Dong Village. This was done to compensate for overruling the last clause of the resolution forbidding the Dongs ever to return to the village.

In stirring times people's memories are short. In little over a month the case was forgotten. Then Dong Wanzhen, whose resignation had not been accepted but who had been granted one month's leave, went back to work in the Party headquarters. And Dong Yulin became well known in the county town as a philanthropist eager to found schools and raise funds for good causes. Qian Shiying, the propaganda section chief, started to visit the Dongs quite openly, and the local gentry were loud in their praise of section chief Qian and Miss Dong, who neither neglected the revolution for love, nor love for the revolution.

When the warm spring wind reached this county town by the river and the brassica and rue were in full bloom, the marriage between Qian Shiying and Wanzhen was formally celebrated, for at last the time had come when it could be made public.

The evening of the wedding, the east room on the ground floor was prepared as a bridal chamber, while the other two were hung with pictures and complimentary scrolls and filled with ten banquet tables at which sat all the notable figures in the Party and administration. A speech by the county head, as Qian Shiying's sponsor, was followed by an account of this love affair from the executive members of the Women's Association who had introduced the young couple. Then came the turn of the bride's father. And what public spirit and self-sacrifice Dong revealed as he described his past career, his present sentiments and his resolations for the future!

事过勿论，还欠在那里的几户，大抵全系小额，生怕以后有急有难再去向董玉林商借的不易，也不肯出来为难，只听说利息可以全免，就喜欢得不得了；所以由党部判定的结果，只将董玉林的田产，割出了几十亩来，充作董村公立小学的学产，总算藉此以赎取了那个决议案的末一款，永远不准他们重回老乡的禁令。

健忘与多事的社会，经过了一个多月，大家早就把这件事情忘记了；于是辞职慰留，准请假一月的董婉珍，仍复上党部去服务；急公好议，兴学捐财的董善士，反成了县城社会的知名之士；宣传股长钱时英这时候也公然在董家作了席上的珍客，钱股长与董女士的革命不忘恋爱，恋爱不忘革命的精神，更附带着成了一般士绅的美谈。

和煦的春风，吹到了这江岸的县城，市外田里的菜花紫云英正开得热闹的时候，钱董两人的婚议也经过了正式的手续，成熟到披露的时节了。

当结婚披露的那一天晚上，董家楼下的三间空屋，除去偏东的那间新房之外，竟挂满了许多画轴对联，摆上了十桌喜酒，挤紧了一县的党政要人。先由证婚人的县长致了祝词，复由介绍人的那位妇女协会执行委员报告了一次经过，当轮到主婚人的董玉林出来讲话的时候，他就公正廉明，陈述了他过去的经历，现在的怀

Since boyhood he had been a revolutionary, he declared, whose chief concern was regulating the local economy and fearlessly doing good. Not for an hour did he ever forget the injunctions of Sun Yatsen[1] but always strove to put them into practice. He had contributed lavishly to the relief of victims of flood and famine, and in the year of the plague he had given with both hands. The envy of the local gentry accounted for the previous year's attack on him. He was utterly determined to take his stand under the banners of the Three People's Principles[2] and struggle for revolution. The peasants and workers were the backbone of China. He intended to return to the village to devote his last years to serving poor tenant farmers and workers. . . . This zealous revolutionary, who had studied for no more than three years in a village school, unctuously mouthed so many new terms he had picked up from Qian Shiying and his own daughter that some guests from Shangtang and Dong Village could hardly believe their ears. "See what a stay in the county town does for a man!" they whispered to each other. "Here's Yulin after barely six months talking in a way none of us can understand — in front of the county head too!"

By midnight the guests had scattered. But no sooner had the newlyweds sat down on their bed when in walked the hero of the evening, Dong Yulin, eager to discuss the future. How much

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[1] Sun Yatsen (1866 – 1925) was the leader of the Chinese bourgeois democratic revolution, who cooperated with the Chinese Communist Party in the common fight against warlords.

[2] The doctrine evolved by Sun Yatsen, namely: nationalism, democracy and the people's welfare.

抱，和未来的决心。他说，自小就是一个革命者；他所关心的，是地方上的金融的调节，和善举的勇为。总理的遗教，他是每饭不忘，知行共勉的。有水旱灾的时候，也曾散了多少多少的财，有瘟疫的年头，他也施了多少多少的财，而本地的劣绅因妒生忌，因忌作恶，致有前一次的决议。他现在是抱定宗旨，要站在三民主义的旗帜下奋斗革命的。中国的命脉，是在农工，他将来就打算拼他这一条老命，回到农村去服务，为无力的佃农工人而牺牲。本来只在村塾里读过三年书的一位革命急就家，在这一天晚上，竟把钱时英和董婉珍教他的许多不顺口的名词说得头头是道，致使有几个上塘村和董村附近赶来吃喜酒的乡亲，大家都吐出了惊异的舌头私下在说："县城真是不得不住，玉林只在这里耽搁不上半年，就晓得在县长面前，说许多乡下人所听不懂的话了。"

中宵客散，新夫妇正在新床上坐下的当儿，这一位成了当晚的大英雄的岳父就踏进了新房来问今后的他们俩的打算：房饭钱每月拟出多

would Qian pay a month for board and lodging? Could Wanzhen's salary be increased and made over as before to her parents? When he returned sooner or later to Dong Village, could he be put in charge of the Party branch there? These and other related matters completely staggered Qian Shiying, who was eager to go to bed. The situation was saved by Wanzhen, who after all understood her parents better. Seeing the confusion and dismay on her husband's face, she ruthlessly cut short her father's flood of questions.

"It's late now, Father!" she said. "You ought to get some rest. We can discuss all this tomorrow, can't we?"

Wanzhen after her marriage displayed all her hereditary cunning. She knew where to buy the cheapest, prettiest yet most durable materials to dress herself smartly; she knew how to ingratiate herself with their most influential colleagues. Owing in part to fondness, in part to indolence, Qian Shiying let his bride have her way in these respects. Even when she overstepped the proper limits, he behaved for the most part with the admiring indulgence of a father to a favourite child. In consequence, Wanzhen's methods of managing the home and her reputation outside led to an effrontery and foolish self-conceit which soon reached alarming proportions, becoming second nature with her.

Her first success was in the management of their combined salaries. After disbursing an exorbitant sum for board and lodging to make the old couple happy and expending as much on entertainment and clothes as was needed for her husband's comfort, she managed to save money the very first month, something Qian Shiying had never succeeded in doing. Her second success was in the

少;婉珍的薪水,可不可以提高一点,仍复归他们两老去收用;迟早他总是要回董村去的,那里的党部,可不可以由他去包办;此外的枝节问题还有许多,弄得正在打算将筋骨松动一下的钱时英,几乎茫茫然失去了知觉。到底还是晓得父母的性质的董婉珍来得乖巧一点,看到了新郎的那一副难以应付的形容,就用了全力,将父亲提出的种种难题,下了一个快刀斩乱麻的解决方法,她说:"今天迟了,爸爸!你也该去息息了;有什么话,明天再谈不好么?"

结婚之后的董婉珍,处处都流露了她的这一种自父祖遗传下来的小节的伶俐,她知道如何地去以最贱的价格,买许多好看耐用的衣料什物来装饰她自己的身体,她也知道如何地去用她所有的媚态,来笼络那些同事中的有势力的人。在新婚的情阵里,钱时英半因宠爱,半因省事,对于她的这些小孩子似的卖弄聪明,以及操权越级的举动,反同溺爱儿女的父母一样,时时透露了些嘉奖的默认;于是董婉珍的在家庭的习惯,在社会的声势,以及由这些反射而来的骄纵的气概,与夫愚妄的自信,便很急速的养成,进步,终至于确立成了她的第二的天性。

她的第一件的成功,是他们俩的收入的支配;除付过了过分的房饭钱,使两老喜欢得兴高采烈,开销了一切所必须的应酬衣饰费用,使钱时英生活过得安安稳稳之外,第一月在她手里就多出了一笔整款;这是钱时英自任事以来,从来也不曾有过的经验。她的第二件的成功,是

skill with which she harried their servant. As a young bride, she felt she owed it to her parents and to her own prestige in that neighbourhood to hire a domestic. So, quite unnecessarily, she found a maid fresh from the countryside and in her training of this unfortunate girl gave full play to the gifts inherited from her forbears. In the morning, for example, before it was light she would shout to the maid to get up. In the evening, not begrudging extra oil for the lamp, she would not let the maid go to bed before midnight, while setting the time on the alarm clock which was one of their wedding gifts. When the loud alarm grated on her nerves by startling the newlyweds from their sweet dreams, she not only swore at the servant's stupidity but sacrificed a square of calico to make a cover for the clock. During the day when they were out, she set the maid some heavy, difficult tasks like picking out the sand and husks from the rice or removing all stains from the floor, to prevent her from having a single moment's peace. And when they were at home, she insisted on being waited on hand and foot. The least fault or delay was a pretext for her to ask leave from work and spend hours abusing the stupid, ill-bred country girl, making the poor creature's life a hell on earth.

When it came to acquiring desirable connections Wanzhen was infinitely more skiful than her husband. It was she who made the advances and flattered their superiors and equals. Subordinates or countryfolk, however, tried the patience of the section chief's wife, who often abused them roundly.

So it came to pass that less than two months after their marriage Wanzhen's reputation was established throughout the county as an

虐使佣人的巧妙；新做了主妇，她觉得不雇一个佣人，有些对父母不起，与邻舍人家的观瞻有关了。所以虽则没有必要，她也上就近乡下去招来了一个佣妇。对这一个乡下佣妇的训练，她真彻骨的显出了她父祖所遗给她的天才。譬如早晨吧，在天还未亮，她自己起来大小便的时候，就要使了大喉咙，叫这佣妇起来；晚上则宁愿多费一点灯油，以朋友当婚礼送给他们的一个闹钟作了标准，非要到十二点闹打的时候，不准这佣妇去上床睡觉。后来因这闹钟闹得厉害，致吵醒了他们夫妇的酣睡，她于大骂了一顿佣妇的愚蠢之外，还牺牲了一块洋纱手帕作了包在这钟盖上的包皮。在日里他们不在家的时候哩，她总要找些很费事而不容易作好的事情，如米里面挑选沙石秕子，地板上拭除灰土泥痕之类的工作给她，使她不能有一分钟的空；若在家哩，则她自己身上有一点痒，或肚里忽而想到什么，就要佣妇自动的前来服役。一步不到，或稍有迟疑；她便宁愿请假在家，长时间的骂这愚蠢而不是父母养的乡下妇人，使她到了地狱，也没有个容身之处。

作外面的应酬哩，她却比钱时英活泼能干得多；对于上面或同等的人，到处总是她去结交，她去奉承的；但对于下级或无智的乡愚之类哩，她却又是破口便骂，一点儿也忍耐不得的股长夫人了。

所以结婚不上两月，董婉珍的贤夫人的令名，竟传遍了远近，倾倒了全县。在这中间，钱

exemplary wife. Meanwhile Qian Shiying was attending fewer public functions and appeared oddly apathetic and depressed. At home he had little to say to his worthy wife, but sat with bent head drafting innumerable letters or going through documents of one kind or another.

Then there came the split in the Party,① the upheaveals in Wuhan, the provincial headquarters, Jiangxi, Guangdong, Guangxi and elsewhere, and finally the massacres. Qian Shiying had already earned his comrades' contempt for letting marriage undermine his enthusiasm for the revolution. Now he suddenly resigned from all his Party posts.

That afternoon, as Wanzhen was returning complacently from a meeting of the Women's Association, she ran into her husband looking strangely pale and distraught. She knew at once from his clouded face that something was amiss. Her smile vanished and, raising her eyebrows, she asked him where he was going.

"Good thing we've met. I've something to tell you. Let's go home!"

His mumbled reply dispelled all the enthusiasm and cheerfulness she had felt at the meeting. Especially when he added under his breath, "I've resigned...."

She stared into his face in amazement and repeated mechanically:

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① Chiang Kaishek, commander of the Northern Expedition Army, openly betrayed the revolution after the preliminary victory over the warlords, and started a reign of terror against the Communists.

时英反而向公共会场不大去抛头露面,在行动上言语上很显明的露示了极端慎重和沉默的态度;而一回到了私人的寓所,他和贤夫人也难得有什么话讲,只俯倒了头,添了许多往返函电的草拟,以及有些莫名其妙的文字的撰述。

终于党政中枢的裂痕暴露了,在武汉,在省会,以及江西两广等处,都显示了动摇,兴起了大狱;本来早就被同志们讪笑作因结婚而消磨了革命壮志的钱时英,也于此时突然地向党部里辞去了一切的职务。

这一天的午后,当董婉珍正上北区妇女协会分会去开了指导会回来,很得意地从长街上走上自己家去的时候,兜头却冲见了脸色异常难看,从外面走来的钱时英。一看见了他的这一副青紫抑郁的表情,她就晓得一定有什么意外发生了,敛住了笑容,吊起了眉毛,她把嘴角一张,便问他要上什么地方去。

"你来得正巧,我有话对你讲,让我们回去吧!"

听了他这几句吞吞吐吐的答辞,她今天在妇女分会会场里得来的一腔热意与欢情,早就被他驱散了一半了,更那里还经得起末尾又加上了半句他的很轻很轻的"我,我现在已经辞去了……"的结语呢!

她惊异极了,先张大了两眼,朝他一看,发了一声回音机似的反问:

"你已经辞去了职?"

"Resigned?"

His listless manner as he trudged silently along made her amazement give way to indignation, then to coldness and contempt. After accompanying him in silence for a while, she muttered to herself:

"Well, who cares? So long as you can support yourself."

In this comment he recognized all her contempt and hate for him. Having delivered herself of this remark, she set her face grimly and strode furiously along, raising her head reflectively towards the sky. He peered mistrustfully at her with his short-sighted eyes.

In silence they walked home, and a deeper silence prevailed throughout their evening meal and preparations for bed, for neither uttered a word. The maid, accustomed to being treated like dirt, was so unnerved by the tension in the air that while putting the lamp down in front of the alarm clock she broke its chimney, already mended with white paper. This precipitated the storm that had long been brewing. Her mistress screamed abuse at the top of her voice.

"Want to set the place on fire, do you, damn you! You're too useless to live! Go and jump into a well! You're driving me frantic. What face do I have left?..."

So she went on spitting out vituperation intended for her husband until her strident voice was hoarse. Her parents and brother upstairs were so used to these tirades that they would not have dreamed of interfering. In any case, they seemed to be sound asleep. Qian Shiying swallowed his rage while his wife was screaming abuse, venting his feelings with a few deep sighs. After the

看到了他的失神似的表神，只是沉默着在走向前去，她才由惊异而变了愤怒，由愤怒而转了冷淡，更由冷淡而化作了轻视，自己也沉默着走了一段，她才轻轻地独语着说：

“哼，也好罢，你只教能够有钱维持你自己的生活就对！”

在这一句独语里，他听出了她对他所有的一切轻蔑，憎恶，歹意与侮辱。说了这一句独语之后，却是她只板着冷淡的面孔，同失神似的尽在往前走着，而不得已仰起了头仿佛在看天思索似的。他那双近视眼，反一眼一眼的带着疑惧的色彩向她偷视起来了。

两人沉默着走到了家里，更沉默着吃过了晚饭，一直到上床为止，还不开口说一句话。那个一向同猪狗似的被女主人骂惯的佣妇，觉察到了这一层险恶的空气，慌得手脚都发抖了，结果于将洋灯放上那面闹钟前去的时候，扑搭地一声竟打破了那盏洋灯上的已经用白纸补过的灯罩。低气压下的雷雨发作了，女主人果然用了绝叫的声音，最刻毒地喝骂了出来。

“×妈！×妈！×妈！你想放火么？像你这一种没能力的东西，还要活在那里干什么？你去死去，去死！我的霉都被你倒尽了，我，我，教我以后还有什么颜面去见人？……”

话语双关，句句带刺，像这样的指东骂西，她竟把她的裂帛似的喉咙，骂到了嘶哑，方才住口。在楼上的她的母亲弟弟，早就听惯了这一种她的家教的，自然是不想出来干涉；晚饭之后，他们似乎很沉酣的已经掉入了睡乡，钱时英死抑住心头的怒火，在她的高声喝骂之下，只偷

alarm went at twelve and the maid crept quietly to bed, he listened to his wife's even breathing and found her snoring louder than usual after the excitement earlier that evening. Then at last he groaned and tore his hair.

Their small house in a lane in the southwest part of the town was wrapped in a silence like the tomb. When Qian Shiying could hear the maid snoring too, he rose noiselessly, put on a long gown and groped his way to the desk. He heaped all the letters and documents he found there and in the drawers on to the floor, then poured the paraffin from the maid's broken lamp over the pile. Having rolled some long paper spills, he struck a match and lit them. A flame flared up in the darkness, but he promptly blew it out, leaving only a few sparks smouldering. The bolt of the outer gate was softly drawn, and a burly figure hastened east along the dimly lit street leading out of town, soon disappearing from sight.

One evening a week or so after this, a man of twenty-five or twenty-six, of medium height but powerfully built, sought admittance at a small hotel in Shanghai. He had an Anhui accent and the glasses he wore for short-sightedness made him look something like a student. As soon as he had been shown his room, he asked the attendant to bring him all the newspapers of the past week, which he started reading. When he saw in a column of news from the provinces that a fire breaking out in Lanxi had burned an entire family to death, a frank, unaffected smile dawned on his face.

September 1935

Translated by Gladys Yang

偷地向丹田换了几次长气。十二点的钟闹了一阵，那佣妇幽手幽脚地摸上床去睡后，他听见这一位贤夫人的呼吸，很均匀地调节了下去；并且兴奋之后的疲倦，使她的鼾声也比平时高了一段，钱时英这时才放声叹了一口气，向头上搔耙了许多回。

同坟墓里似的沉默，满罩住了这所西南城小巷里的楼屋。等那一位佣妇的鼾声，也微微的传到了钱时英的耳畔的时候，他才轻轻的立起了身，穿上了便服，摸向了他往日在那里使用的写字台的旁边，先将桌上以及抽屉里的信件稿册，向地下堆作了一堆，更把刚才被佣妇敲破灯罩的洋灯里的煤油，倒向了地下。他用稿纸捻成了几个长长的煤头纸结，擦洋火把它们点着了，黑暗里忽而亮了一亮，马上又被他的口息所吹灭，只在那一大堆纸堆的中间，留剩了几点煤头纸的星火似的微光。天井外的大门闩，轻轻响动了一下，他的那个磐石似的身体，便在乌灰灰的街灯影里跑向了东，跑出了城，终于不见了。

大约隔了一个多礼拜的样子，上海四马路的一家小旅馆，当傍晚来了一个体格很结实，戴着近视眼镜，年纪二十五六岁，身材并不高大，口操安徽音，有点像学生似的旅客。他一到旅馆，将房间开定之后，就命茶房上报馆去买了这礼拜所出的旧报纸来翻读；当他看到了地方通信栏里的一项记载兰溪火灾，全家惨毙的通讯的时候，他的脸上却露出一脸真像是心花怒放似的微笑。

Late-Flowering Cassia

September 1932

Dear,

You might feel some surprise in suddenly getting a letter from me, you might not even be able to remember who this man Weng is that's writing to you. But then I thought, since you're not an official and your circumstances are not necessarily much better off than mine, you might not have forgotten me after all, because it's only the nobility and people in comfortable circumstances who would. Two weeks ago, I went down from my mountain home to buy some clothes and furniture for my coming wedding. It had been a long time since I'd last been in town, and looking around I really felt like Ding Lingwei[①] returning home in the form of a crane and finding everything changed, or like someone reborn into a second life. As I was going past a bookshop I happened to catch sight of a few books about your life and when I went inside and asked, it turned out that you've written as many as eight or nine books. I bought all the books by and about you and took them back home to read. As I read I seemed to see you as you were when I last saw you more than ten years ago, laughing and talking. I couldn't help it, I went right through them once and then read them again, and

① A legendary Taoist immortal.

迟桂花

××兄：

突然间接着我这一封信，你或者会惊异起来，或者你简直会想不出这发信的翁某是什么人。但仔细一想，你也不在做官，而你的境遇，也未见得比我的好几多倍，所以将我忘了的这一回事，或者是还不至于的。因为这除非是要贵人或境遇很好的人才做得出来的事情。前两礼拜为了采办结婚的衣服家具之类，才下山去。有好久不上城里去了，偶尔去城里一看，真是像丁令威的化鹤归来，触眼新奇，宛如隔世重生的人。在一家书铺门口走过，一抬头就看见了几册关于你的传记评论之类的书。再踏进去一问，才知道你的著作竟积成了八九册之多了。将所有的你的和关于你的书全买将回来一读，仿佛是又接见了十余年不见的你那副音容笑语的样子。我忍不住了，一遍两遍的尽在翻读，愈

英汉对照
English-Chinese
中国文学宝库
Gems of Chinese Literature
现代文学系列
Modern Literature

the more I read the more I wanted to write to you and to see you. But because for years now I haven't read the papers, kept up with what's going on or put my hand to pen and paper, although I made up my mind to do so several times, I still couldn't bring myself to do it. But it's better now, most of the preparations for my wedding have been made, and my mother, who's getting on in years, has gone to bed so that she can get up early and go into town tomorrow morning. My poor widowed sister is also worn out from the day's work and seems to have slipped into dreamland, and so I may take up in peace and quiet the pen I've left idle for so long, and realize the wish that's been in my mind for the past fortnight.

But now I've got this far with my letter, I really don't know how I should begin. Since we parted, it's been many years since we were in touch, and after I read your works, my mind has been seized by such complex feelings and emotions; what I should like to tell you, what's whirling around in my brain, is as complicated and confused as the *Twenty-four Histories*,[①] it's really as violent as a volcano about to erupt....

To think that it's been more than ten years since we parted by the Boshiu coast. I still remember that clear winter morning when you saw me off on the train to Tokyo, standing alone in the cold wind. Was it me, the protagonist in your story *Moving South*? That year I was laid low by this dreadful chest illness, and left for home without having a chance to see you or write you again. Naturally I had to break off my studies and leave school; when there wasn't

① The 24 official histories of different dynasties in China.

读愈想和你通一次信，见一次面。但因这许多年数的不看报，不识世务，不亲笔砚的缘故，终于下了好几次决心，而仍不敢把这心愿来实现。现在好了，关于我的一切结婚的事情的准备，也已经料理到了十之七八，而我那年老的娘，又在打算着于明天一侵早就进城去，早就上床去躺下了。我那可怜的寡妹，也因为白天操劳过了度，这时候似乎也已经坠入了梦乡，所以我可以静静儿的来练这久未写作的笔，实现我这已经怀念了有半个多月的心愿了。

提笔写将下来，到了这里，我真不知将如何的从头写起。和你相别以后，不通闻问的年数，隔得这么的多，读了你的著作以后，心里头触起的感觉情绪，又这么的复杂；现在当这一刻的中间，汹涌盘旋在我脑里想和你谈谈的话，的确，不止像一部二十四史那么的繁而且乱，简直是同将要爆发的火山内层那么的热而且烈，急遽寻不出一个头来。

我们自从房州海岸别来，到现在总也约莫有十多年光景了罢！我还记得那一天晴冬的早晨，你一个人立在寒风里送我上车回东京去的情形。你那篇《南迁》的主人公，写的是不是我？我自从那一年后，竟为这胸腔的恶病所压倒，与你再见一次面和通一封信的机会也没有，就此回国了。学校当然是中途退了学，连生存的希

even much hope of survival, how could I give any thought to my future standing in this world? Or to any scholarly accomplishments beyond my personal self? The ideals and ambitions of my youth that had stayed with me till then were known to you. Of all my fellow students from the same year and from the same town, only you were on the closest terms with me. It was also you who stayed the longest in our hostel; and it was also you who were always urging me not to study too hard and take better care of my health in order to be of use to my country and to mankind in future. It was you and only you who in fine sunny weather took me for walks in Inogashira Park, or to Tamagawa and Musashino in the outskirts of town. I need only close my eyes and I can still see distinctly the happy life I led at college during those years. My memory was further refreshed by your early works. The more I read them the more I wanted to write you, in pursuit of these things from the past. This was a past that we both shared, but I can't write about them as well as you, and you remember them well enough without my writing, and so I won't continue. What I want to tell you about in detail is my life recuperating in the mountains since that winter's day more than ten years ago when I returned home.

That winter when I coughed blood and you and I went to Boshiu to escape the cold, quite unexpectedly I met the girl with TB — was it Masako? I can't even remember her name now — and for no reason we had a romance which did neither of us any good. After you saw me off to Tokyo I stayed for a little over a week and then I left for China. My home is in Weng Family Mountain twenty *li* away from town, you know that. I was not frightened of my disease

望都没有了的时候，哪里还顾得到将来的立身处世？哪里还顾得到身外的学艺修能？到这时候为止的我的少年豪气，我的绝大雄心，是你所晓得的。同级同乡的同学，只有你和我往来得最亲密。在同一公寓里同住得最长久的，也只有你一个人；时常劝我少用些功，多保养身体，预备将来为国家为人类致大用的，也就是你。每于风和日朗的晴天，拉我上多摩川上井之头公园及武藏野等近郊去散走闲游的，除你以外，更没有别的人了。那几年高等学校时代的愉快的生活，我现在只教一闭上眼，还历历透视得出来。看了你的许多初期的作品，这记忆更加新鲜了。我的所以愈读你的作品，愈想和你通一次信者，原因也就在这些过去的往事的追怀。这些都是你和我两人所共有的过去，我写也没有写得你那么好，就是不写你总也还记得的，所以我不想再说。我打算详详细细向你来作一个报告的，就是从那年冬天回故乡以后的十几年光景的山居养病的生活情形。

那一年冬天咯了血，和你一道上房州去避寒，在不意之中，又遇见了那个肺病少女——是真砂子罢？连她的名字我都忘了——无端惹起了那一场害人害己的恋爱事件。你送我回东京之后，住了一个多礼拜，我就回国来了。我们的老家在离城市有二十来里地的翁家山上，你是晓得的。回家住下，我自己对我的病，倒也没什

when I was back home, but my widowed mother was badly upset by the blood in my sputum, my pallid face and my emaciated body, because my short-lived father had died of the same illness. She went everywhere, praying to the gods and to Buddha, gathering herbs and consulting doctors. She became so distressed that she wouldn't eat the simplest fare, and her white hairs seemed to multiply daily. And I? A failure in love, my education disrupted, I had no ambition left in life and so I left everything to her: unable to look after her like a filial son, at least I could be obedient. The first year I was home I never ventured a foot out of doors, trying all kinds of peculiar-looking herbs and strange tasting concoctions. But oddly enough, though I had totally given up hope of recovering from this fatal illness, by the following spring it suddenly began to lose its hold, as if with divine assistance. No more fever at night, the sweating came to a stop, and soon no more blood in my sputum. Of course I don't have to say how happy my mother was, and as for my sister, who brewed my medicine and made my clothes, her brow became as clear as spring again, her frowns lifting to reveal her special smile, a smile that really made people feel happy. By early summer, I had stopped taking medicine, and, when I was in the mood, I even went around the mountain with them picking tea-leaves and gathering vegetables, sharing a little their manual labour. That autumn, the third year after my return, two things happened in my family, a joyful event which brought sorrow, and a tragedy which brought joy. The first was my sister's marriage, the second, the calling off of my engagement to a girl in town. That year my sister was nineteen, and the man was from a wealthy fami-

么惊奇骇异的地方，可是我痰里的血丝，脸上的苍白，和身体的瘦削，却把我那已经守了好几年寡的老母急坏了，因为我那短命的父亲，也是患这同样的病而死去的。于是她就四处的去求神拜佛，采药求医，急得连粗茶淡饭都无心食用，头上的白发，也似乎一天一天的加多起来了。我哩！恋爱已经失败了，学业也已辍了，对于此生，原已没有多大的野心，所以就落得去由她摆布，积极地虽尽不得孝，便消极地尽了我的顺。初回家的一年中间，我简直门外也不出一步，各色各样的奇形的草药，和各色各样的异味的单方，差不多都尝了一个遍。但是怪得很，连我自己都满以为没有希望的这致命的病症，一到了回国后所经过的第二个春天，竟似乎有神助似地忽然减轻了，夜热也不再发，盗汗也居然止住，痰里的血丝早就没有了。我的娘的喜欢，当然是不必说，就是在家里替我煮药缝衣，代我操作一切的我那位妹妹，也同春天的天气一样，时时展开了她的愁眉，露出了她那副特有的真真是讨人欢喜的笑容。到了初夏，我药已经不服，有兴致的时候，居然也能够和她们一道上山前山后去采采茶，摘摘菜，帮她们去服一点小小的劳役了。是在这一年的——回家后第三年的——秋天，在我们家里，同时候发生了两件似喜而又可悲，说悲却也可喜的悲喜剧。第一，就是我那妹妹的出嫁，第二，就是我定在城里的那家婚约的解除。妹妹那年十九岁了，男家是只隔

英汉对照
English-Chinese
中国文学宝库
Gems of Chinese Literature
现代文学系列
Modern Literature

ly that lived along the next mountain ridge. The reason they raised the question of marriage with us was that there had been generations of scholars in our family, and they wanted to arrange a match with a cultured family. The engagement had been made four or five years before, but my mother, feeling at first that my sister was still too young, was unwilling to let her go. Later, my illness had postponed it for another two or three years. But now, I had recovered finally from my illness and my sister had reached a marriageable age some time ago. When the young man's family brought it up again, my mother was obliged to give her consent and close this matter that had been weighing on her mind. My engagement had been settled by my father a year before he died to the daughter of a rather well-known old family in town. At that time although I was still very young, our family holdings were really quite considerable. Besides, since I was the eldest son, I was sure to be given a good education so it was not surprising that this old family accepted me. In hindsight, the engagement was of course an attempt on our part to make a connection with a family of a higher social position, because the custom in Hangzhou was that girls from gruel-eating families had to marry into rice-eating families. It was also common for country girls to marry into town, but a young lady from town would never marry into the country. So the engagement had never been quite right from the beginning. Then after my father died, the funeral expenses used up a big chunk of our money. In the years that followed, my mother, my sister and I lived off what was left. Our relatives could not restrain themselves from taking advantage of my widowed mother and her orphaned children. When my honest

一支山岭的一家乡下的富家。他们来说亲的时候,原是因为我们祖上是世代读书的,总算是来和诗礼人家攀婚的意思。定亲已经定过了四五年了,起初我娘却嫌妹妹年纪太小,不肯马上准他们来迎娶,后来就因为我的病,一搁就又搁起了两三年。到了这一回,我的病总算已经恢复,而妹妹却早到了该结婚的年龄了。男家来一说,我娘也就应允了他们,也算完了她自己的一件心事。至于我的这家亲事呢,却是我父亲在死的前一年为我定下的,女家是城里的一家相当有名的旧家。那时候我的年纪虽还很小,而我们家里的不动产却着实还有一点可观。并且我又是一个长子,将来家里要培植我读书处世是无疑的,所以那一家旧家居然也应允了我的婚事。以现在的眼光看来,这门亲事,当然是我们去竭力高攀的,因为杭州人家的习俗,是吃粥的人家的女儿,非要去嫁吃饭的人家不可的。还有乡下姑娘,嫁往城里,倒是常事,城里的千金小姐,却不大会下嫁到乡下来的,所以当时的这个婚约,起初在根本上就有点儿不对。后来经我父亲的一死,我们家里,丧葬费用,就用去了不少。嗣后年复一年,母子三人,只吃着家里的死饭。亲族戚属,少不得又要对我们孤儿寡妇,时时加以一点剥削。母亲又忠厚无用,在出

and inexperienced mother sold our fields and hill plots, she took whatever our clanspeople gave us as mediators without the slightest knowledge of the market prices. The result of all this was that when I got an official scholarship to study in Japan, my old-established scholarly family at Weng Family Mountain had nothing besides a house on the hillside and a few barren fields which barely kept us fed and clothed. My future in-laws were generous enough to give me a travelling allowance the first time I went abroad. When I came home on holidays they would urge the go-between to speed up the wedding. But then when I contracted this mortal illness and broke off my studies, there was naturally little association between the two families for two or three years. Late that autumn, not long after my sister's wedding, the girl's family asked the go-between to tell my mother that my illness, of course, made the question of marriage inappropriate, and also that their daughter had made a solemn resolution to stay single for the rest of her life, and that therefore it would be better to call off the engagement. So saying, the matchmaker opened her bundle, got out the gold and jade *ruyi*, my engagement gift to the girl, and the red and green card with my birth signs written on it, and returned them to my mother. My poor honest mother, though inexperienced, was terribly concerned about face. When she heard the matchmaker's speech she stood there stunned, the tears rolling down her cheeks. Luckily I was there to talk her round, and in the end, holding back her tears, she gave back the girl's gift and her card with her birth signs to the matchmaker. After the matchmaker left, she went to my father's grave behind the mountain and cried her heart out.

卖田地山场的时候,也不晓得市价的高低,大抵是任凭族人在从中勾搭。就因这种种关系的结果,到我考取了官费,上日本去留学的那一年,我们这一家世代读书的翁家山上的旧家,已经只剩得一点仅能维持衣食的住屋山场和几块荒田了。当我初次出国的时候,承蒙他们不弃,我那未来的亲家,还送了我些赆仪路费。后来于寒假暑假回国的期间,也曾央原媒来催过完姻。可是接着就是我那致命的病症的发生,与我的学业的中辍,于是两三年中,他们和我们的中间,便自然而然的断绝了交往。到了这一年的晚秋,当我那妹妹嫁后不久的时候,女家忽而又央了原媒来对母亲说:"你们的大少爷,有病在身,婚娶的事情,当然是不大相宜的,而他家的小姐,也已经下了绝大的决心,立志终身不嫁了,所以这一个婚约,还是解除了的好。"说着就打开包裹,将我们传红时候交去的金玉如意,红绿帖子等,拿了出来,退还了母亲。我那忠厚老实的娘,人虽则无用,但面子却是死要的,一听了媒人的这一番说话,目瞪口僵,立时就滚下了几颗眼泪来。幸亏我在旁边,做好做歹的对娘劝慰了好久,她才含着眼泪,将女家的回礼及八字全帖等检出,交还了原媒。媒人去后,她又上山后我父亲的坟边去大哭了一场。直到傍晚,

At dusk some relatives and neighbours went with me to bring her home, but she sobbed bitterly all the way back, her face streaming with tears. This peculiar drama of repudiated marriage left me with only a feeling of pleasure, and was actually not anything of great importance, but to her, with her head full of old ideas, it seemed an insult to the Weng family and all their ancestors. Since then, for almost ten years, my mother and I have passed our days together with few words and less laughter. Until the winter before last, when my sister returned after her husband died, our life was as dull and oppressive as in a jail.

My sister must have been paying retribution from a previous incarnation. Although big and strong, she kept the innocence and sparkle of a small child. On her first home visit after her wedding, she was still her old happy self; as if she was coming back from a trip to town, but on her second visit two months later just before the New Year, this young woman who had never known what sadness was cried on my mother's shoulder. Although her father-in-law was fairly kind, her mother-in-law was mean and nagging, her sisters-in-law were sarcastic and spiteful, and her husband was cruel and dissipated. She did not have a moment's peace or quiet in that family. The hard work she was accustomed to from home and didn't mind, but she found hard to bear the unbelievable miserliness of her mother-in-law who picked on her if she used one matchstick too many. There were also the two sisters, with their spiteful remarks; it seems that my sister was entirely to blame for their brother's having fallen into vicious habits and having an affair with some woman outside, because my mother had not allowed

我和同族邻人等一道去拉她回来,她在路上,还流着满脸的眼泪鼻涕,在很伤心地呜咽。这一出赖婚的怪剧,在我只有高兴,本来是并没有什么大不了的,可是由头脑很旧的她看来,却似乎是翁家世代的颜面家声都被他们剥尽了。自此以后,一直下来,将近十年,我和她母子二人,就日日的寡言少笑,相对茕茕,直到前年的冬天,我那妹夫死去,寡妹回来为止,两人所过的,都是些在炼狱里似的沉闷的日子。

说起我那寡妹,她真也是前世不修。人虽则很长大,身体虽则很强壮,但她的天性,却永远是一个天真活泼的小孩子。嫁过去那一年,来回郎的时候,她还是笑嘻嘻地如同上城里去了一趟回来了的样子,但双满月之后,到年下边回来的时候,从来不晓得悲泣的她,竟对我母亲掉起眼泪来了。她们夫家的公公虽则还好,但婆婆的繁言吝啬,小姑的刻薄尖酸和男人的放荡凶暴,使她一天到晚过不到一刻安闲自在的生活。工作操劳本系是她在家里的时候所惯习的,倒并不以为苦,所最难受的,却是多用一枝火柴,也要受婆婆责备的那一种俭约不可思议的生活状态。还有两位小姑,左一句尖话,右一句毒语,仿佛从前我娘的不准他们早来迎娶,致使她们的哥哥染上了游荡的恶习,在外面养起了女人这一件事情,完全是我妹妹的罪恶。结

them to marry earlier. After their marriage, her husband, instead of mending his ways, spent more time in town with his mistress than at home with his wife. This also of course was written up to my sister's account. Her mother-in-law scolded her for not knowing how to look after a husband and her sister-in-law said that she did not know how to use her wiles to get around him. Whenever the father-in-law put in a good word for her, seeing how she suffered, his wife would shriek, "You old fool, you disgusting goat!" Leading this immoral life, my brother-in-law died last summer from an acute disease, and so my sister was blamed for the additional crime of shortening her husband's life. Her father-in-law couldn't help showing pity for the young widow, but his wife then seized upon this as evidence of an incestuous passion, and there was some kind of scene or row every two or three days. This was not too bad, but sometimes the old couple would start shouting and cursing in the middle of the night. After one scene where my sister had been abused and oppressed even more than usual, she resolutely came back home to live. Since she has been back home not only has my mother gained a good helper, but the heavy atmosphere at home has been considerably alleviated.

This then is a summary of my life at home since we parted more than ten years ago. As a rule, not only did I never go into town, but in the wind and snow of winter, my mother and I never even set a foot outside our door for months. Since my sister's return our life has changed a little. Curing tea for the first time in many years, we made two hundred catties last year. My health also seemed a bit more assured after over ten year's convalescence.

婚之后，新郎的恶习，仍旧改不过来，反而是在城里他那旧情人家里过的日子多，在新房里过的日子少。这一笔账，当然又要写在我妹妹的身上。婆婆说她不会侍奉男人，小姑们说她不会劝，不会骗。有时候公公看得难受，替她申辩一声，婆婆就尖着喉咙，要骂上公公的脸去："你这老东西！脸要不要，脸要不要，你这扒灰老！"因我那妹夫，过的是这一种不自然的生活，所以前年夏天，就染了急病死掉了，于是我那妹妹又多了一个克夫的罪名。妹妹年轻守寡，公公少不得总要对她客气一点，婆婆在这里就算抓住了扒灰的证据，三日一场吵，五日一场闹，还是小事，有几次在半夜里，两老夫妇还会大哭大骂的喧闹起来。我妹妹于有一回被骂被逼得特别厉害的争吵之后，就很坚决地搬回到了家里来住了。自从她回来之后，我娘非但得到了一个很大的帮手，就是我们家里的沉闷的空气，也缓和了许多。

这就是和你别后，十几年来，我在家里所过的生活的大概。平时非但不上城里去走走，当风雪盈途的冬季，我和我娘简直有好几个月不出门外的时候。我妹妹回来之后，生活又约略变过了。多年不做的焙茶事业，去年也竟生产了一二百斤。我的身体，经了十几年的静养，似乎也有一点把握了。从今年起，我并且在山上

This year I joined in the founding of a primary school in the Lord Yan Temple on the mountain, so I am now a primary school teacher. But life is not static, and one slight move will bring a host of changes in its wake, like a stone rolling down a hill. Since I am now teaching, and we have industriously started a small business, I was approached again this summer on the subject of marriage. The bride-to-be is an old maid from a nearby village, twenty-seven-years old this year. Her family, though not rich, is fairly well off. She had some education as a girl, went to the school in town, and is passable as far as looks are concerned — I had a glimpse of her at a fair some years ago — and that's why she's been picking and choosing while her youth slips away. The honorary principal of the school where I'm teaching, who is also a member of our clan, turns out to be a relative of hers, and so proposed the match. At first I firmly refused, having become used to a bachelor's life and also afraid that my health was not necessarily completely strong and marriage might bring on my old ailment. But my aged mother was still ambitious, hoping that I would marry and have a few brilliant children to revive our declining family prestige. She forced this marriage on me as she had forced me to take the herbal medicine when I had been ill. While I, a middle-aged man who doesn't care much about anything and feels that nothing's very important in life after having stayed idle for ten years and more, was willing to oblige since there are not many days left to me. If it pleases my mother, I can sacrifice some of my ideas. So the marriage propsals were suitably completed in a very short time, and even the wedding day has now been selected, the twelfth of the ninth lunar month.

的晏公祠里参加入了一个训蒙的小学，居然也做了一位小学教师。但人生是动不得的，稍稍一动，就如滚石下山，变化便要接连不断的簇生出来。我因为在教教书，而家里头又勉强地干起了一点事业，今年夏季居然又有人来同我议婚了。新娘是近邻乡村里的一位老处女，今年二十七岁，家里虽称不得富有，可也是小康之家。这位新娘，因为从小就读了些书，曾在城里进过学堂，相貌也还过得去——好几年前，我曾经在一处市场上看见过她一眼的——故而高不凑，低不就，等闲便度过了她的锦样的青春。我在教书的学校里的那位名誉校长——也是我们的同族——本来和她是旧亲，所以这位校长就在中间做了个传红线的冰人。我独居已经惯了，并且身体也不见得分外强健，若一结婚，难保得旧病的不会复发，故而对这门亲事，当初是断然拒绝了的。可是我那年老的母亲，却仍是雄心未死，还在想我结一头亲，生下几个玉树芝兰来，好重振重振我们的这已经坠落了很久的家声，于是这亲事就又同当年生病的时候服草药一样，勉强地被压上我的身上来了。我哩，本来也已经入了中年了，百事原都看得很穿，又加以这十几年的疏散和无为，觉得在这世上任你什么也没甚大不了的事情，落得随随便便的过去，横竖是来日也无多了。只教我母亲喜欢的话，那就是我稍稍牺牲一点意见也使得。于是这婚议，就在很短的时间里，成熟得妥妥帖帖，现在连迎娶的日期也已经拣好了，是旧历九月十二。

It was for this wedding that I had gone to town to do some shopping and then discovered the existence of the old friend that I had not seen for many years, so I want to invite you to join us here on my wedding day, and we can talk about the past. Your life, I gather from your diary and other writings, is like a vagabond monk's. Try to make a little effort to come to this quiet, remote spot for a few days, it's something you might enjoy. Come, you must come, we can recall our youth, now passed and gone for ever.

There are some sounds coming from my mother's room, and it must be daybreak already. This letter has taken me a whole night's toil. It's my first experience of staying up all night since my return home more than ten years ago. Just seeing how sincere I am on this point should make you feel you can't decline.

Ah, the cock's crowing, and I don't want to write more. We can talk when we see each other again.

Weng Zesheng

The day after I returned to Shanghai after spending a month in Beiping, a bookstore I had dealings with gave me a thick registered letter. I took the letter, turning it around in my hand, thinking at first that it was from some writer I knew sending me a manuscript and asking me to sell it for him. But when I turned it over and looked at the back, it was from a certain Weng from Weng Family Mountain in Hangzhou. I immediately remembered my old classmate Weng, a studious and handsome young man I had not seen for many years. His formal name was Weng Ju, Zesheng was his

是因为这一次的结婚，我才进城里去买东西，才发见了多年不见的你这老友的存在，所以结婚之日，我想请你来我这里吃喜酒，大家来谈谈过去的事情。你的生活，从你的日记和著作中看来，本来也是同云游的僧道一样的。让出一点工夫来，上这一区僻静的乡间来住几日，或者也是你所喜欢的事情。你来，你一定来，我们又可以回顾回顾一去而不复返的少年时代。

我娘的房间里，有起响动来了，大约天总就快亮了罢。这一封信，整整地费了我一夜的时间和心血，通宵不睡，是我回国以后十几年来不曾有过的经验，你单只看取了我的这一点热忱，我想你也不好意思不来。

啊，鸡在叫了，我不想再写下去了，还是让我们见面之后再来谈罢！

一九三二年九月　　翁则生上

刚在北平住了个把月，重回到上海的翌日，和我进出的一家书铺里，就送了这一封挂号加邮托转交的厚信来。我接到了这信，捏在手里，起初还以为是一位我认识的作家，寄了稿子来托我代售的。但翻转信背一看，却是杭州翁家山的翁某某所发，我立时就想起了那位好学不倦，面容妩媚，多年不相闻问的旧同学老翁。他的名字叫翁矩，则生是他的小名。人生得矮小

pet name. Slight and graceful in stature, and with a pale complexion, he looked five or six years younger than his age. He was the youngest in our class and always stood at the end of the line in gymnastics class, but actually he was only two years my junior. That winter holiday when I went with him to Boshiu to escape the cold, the tip of his left lung was already badly damaged by TB. A few days after our arrival, a young Japanese girl recuperating from the same disease fell passionately in love with him. The excitement in the end aggravated her illness while he returned to China like a boat that had lost its rudder. Over the next ten years I graduated from university but never heard a word about him. Opening this long letter, I went to my study and sat down and read it carefully from beginning to end. Afterwards I stared into the distance, dazed and lost, a host of emotions and memories welling up in my mind. Far away I saw his gentle smiling face and heard his clear calm voice. I sat there immobile, lost in my thoughts, until it grew dark and I was called downstairs for supper by my family. While we were eating, I told my family about this former classmate of mine and gave them a summary of his long letter. They urged me to take a trip to Hangzhou, it being really a pity to fritter away such a fine autumn in the smoke and coal dust of Shanghai, and take this opportunity to celebrate his wedding.

The following day it was also very fine weather and at two o'clock in the afternoon I was at the Hangzhou station trying to hire a rickshaw to Weng Family Mountain. But this day seemed to be a day off for offices and foreign companies in Shanghai, and many more people than usual had come for a trip to Hangzhou from

娟秀,皮色也很白净,因而看起来总觉得比他的实际年龄要小五六岁。在我们的一班里,算他的年纪最小,操体操的时候,总是他立在最后的,但实际上他也只不过比我小了两岁。那一年寒假之后,和他同去房州避寒,他的左肺尖,已经被结核菌损蚀得很厉害了。住不上几天,一位也住在那近边养肺病的日本少女,很热烈地和他要好了起来,结果是那位肺病少女的因兴奋而病剧,他也就同失了舵的野船似地迁回到了中国。以后一直十多年,我虽则在大学里毕业,但关于他的消息,却一向还不曾听见有人说起过。拆开了这封长信,上书室去坐下,从头至尾细细读完之后,我呆视着远处,茫茫然如失了神的样子,脑子里也触起了许多感慨与回思。我远远的看出了他的那种柔和的笑容,听见了他的沉静而又清澈的声气。直到天将暗下去的时候,我一动也不动,还坐在那里呆想,而楼下的家人却来催吃晚饭了。在吃晚饭的中间,我就和家里的人谈起了这位老同学,将那封长信的内容约略说了一遍。家里的人,就劝我落得上杭州去旅行一趟,像这样的秋高气爽的时节,白白地消磨在煤烟灰土很深的上海,实在有点可惜,有此机会,落得去吃吃他的喜酒。

第二天仍旧是一天晴和爽朗的好天气,午后二点钟的时候,我已经到了杭州城站,在雇车上翁家山去了。但这一天,似乎是上海各洋行与机关的放假的日子,从上海来杭州旅行的人,

Shanghai. All the rickshaws waiting for passengers at the station were taken by tourists from the train and I had no alternative but to go to a wineshop in the vicinity and have lunch. While I was having some wine, I asked the waiter about the way to Weng Family Mountain, and he gave me very detailed directions.

"You only need take a rickshaw to the Exhibition Hall at Qixia, get a bus to Four Wells and go up the mountains on foot. You don't have any luggage, and it's such a fine day, too, it's not necessary to go all the way by rickshaw."

Reassured by these instructions I took my time in finishing off half a catty of wine and two big bowls of rice. Leaving the wineshop, I took a rickshaw to Qixia. Luckily it was around three, and a bus was just about to leave for Huliuduan with a full load of passengers. I got off at Four Wells, went along a cobblestone path between the paddy fields at the foot of the mountain, and by the time I arrived at Manjuelong, the sun was slanting 30 to 50 degrees to the horizon in the west, time for the cattle and sheep to come down and for travellers to return home. On the narrow road to Manjuelong I did in fact come across many groups of school students, girls and boys, returning from their outings. Outside Shuile Cave I sat down and had a bowl of tea. I grabbed hold of a peasant and asked him about Weng Zesheng. He then told me in great detail, "It's the house facing south in the second row on the mountain. They have the tallest building, you can't miss it. Zesheng is taking a bride soon and they've been busy making preparations over the last few days. At this time I reckon Zesheng would still be at the school in the Lord Yan Temple."

特别的多。城站前面停在那里候客的黄包车，都被火车上下来的旅客雇走了，不得已，我就只好上一家附近的酒店去吃午饭。在吃酒的当中，问了问堂倌以去翁家山的路径，他便很详细地指示我说：

"你只教坐黄包车到旗下的陈列所，搭公共汽车到四眼井下来走上去好了。你又没有行李，天气又这么好，坐黄包车直去是不上算的。"

得到了这一个指教，我就从容起来了，慢慢的喝完了半斤酒，吃了两大碗饭，从酒店出来，便坐车到了旗下。恰好是三点前后的光景，湖六段的汽车刚载满了客人，要开出去。我到了四眼井下车，从山下稻田中间的一条石板路走进满觉陇去的时候，太阳已经平西到了三五十度斜角度的样子，是牛羊下山，行人归舍的时刻了。在满觉陇的狭路中间，果然遇见了许多中学校的远足归来的男女学生的队伍。上水乐洞口去坐下喝了一碗清茶，又拉住了一位农夫，问了声翁则生的名字，他就晓得得很详细似地告诉我说：

"是山上第二排的朝南的一家，他们那间楼房顶高，你一上去就可以看得见的。则生要讨新娘子了，这几天他们正在忙着收拾。这时候则生怕还在晏公祠的学堂里哩。"

Thanking him for his kindness, I paid for the tea and climbed up the mountain along the stone steps leading to Yanxia Cave. As I gradually climbed higher, human sounds and figures disappeared, and all I could see around me in the twilight were trees. I stopped to catch my breath in a pavilion halfway up the mountain, and looking back to the southeast, I could see only verdant mountains and clouds of trees, and dotted amid the green woods were clusters of roofs and white walls.

"Ah, no wonder he recovered from his illness, Weng Family Mountain is really a splendid place."

I had visited Yanxia Cave when a child. But to admire the scenery alone in a pavilion, in fine autumn weather like this, as the sun in the west was making way for the rising moon in the east, was a new experience. Looking at the arc of the waning moon in the eastern sky, I was envying Weng Zesheng for having his home in this secluded place when behind me a light breeze sprang up, wafting over the indescribably enticing scent of osmanthus.

"Ah...."

I also felt surprised.

"Cassia still in bloom here at this time? At Manjuelong, which is known for its cassia, I didn't see any, and yet here in this remote spot in the mountain I can smell its heavy perfume. This is really rather strange."

I don't know how long I stayed there alone in the empty pavilion, lost in wonder and admiration of the scent I was inhaling. Suddenly an evening bell rang softly somewhere among the trees further down. *Dong*, *dong*. The sound came slowly, sadly. Hear-

谢过了他的好意，付过了茶钱，我就顺着上烟霞洞去的石级，一步一步的走上了山去。渐走渐高，人声人影是没有了，在将暮的晴天之下，我只看见了许多树影。在半山亭里立住歇了一歇，回头向东南一望，看得见的，只是些青葱的山和如云的树，在这些绿树丛中又是些这儿几点，那儿一簇的屋瓦与白墙。

"啊啊，怪不得他的病会得好起来了，原来翁家山是在这样的一个好地方。"

烟霞洞我儿时也曾来过的，但当这样晴爽的秋天，于这一个西下夕阳东上月的时刻，独立在山中的空亭里，来仔细赏玩景色的机会，却还不曾有过。我看见了东天的已经满过半弓的月亮，心里正在羡慕翁则生他们老家的处地的幽深，而从背后又吹来了一阵微风，里面竟含满着一种说不出的撩人的桂花香气。

"啊……"

我又惊异了起来：

"原来这儿到这时候还有桂花？我在以桂花著名的满觉陇里，倒不曾看到，反而在这一块冷僻的山里面来闻吸浓香，这可真也是奇事了。"

这样的一个人独自在心中惊异着，闻吸着，赏玩着，我不知在那空亭里立了多少时候。突然从脚下树丛深处，却幽幽的有晚钟声传过来了，东嗡，东嗡地这钟声实在真来得缓慢而凄

ing it made me impatient to be on my way, and soon I reached the top of the mountain, close to Weng's home west of the Yanxia Cave as the peasant at the foothill had told me. Less than half an arrow's distance from his home, out of breath, I shouted towards the gate:

"Hi, Old Weng! Old Weng! Zesheng! Weng Zesheng!"

Hearing my call, the person who came out from the double gates was not the Weng Zesheng I'd been calling, but a woman I'd never seen before. Several inches taller than Weng Zesheng, strong and pink-cheeked, she looked about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age.

She opened the gate, but as soon as she saw me, she stopped short in surprise and confusion. I saw a deep blush spread over her face as she blinked and swallowed hard, and then, apparently having collected herself already, she gave me a shy smile. In her gentle smiling face I saw Weng Zesheng's manner and expression. Of course, she was without doubt his sister, and moving one step forward I addressed her with a smile:

"Isn't Zesheng home? You must be his sister."

Her cheeks flushing again at my question, she gave a gentle smile and half lowered her head before answering softly:

"That's right, my brother isn't back yet. You must be the visitor from Shanghai. He talked about you at lunchtime!"

Her calm clear voice had exactly the same tone as her brother's.

"Yes. I'm from Shanghai."

Then I continued, "I wanted to give your brother a surprise, so I didn't even send a telegram. I set off as soon as I received his letter. But his wedding day was too near, I really didn't have time to

清。我听得耐不住了,拔起脚跟,一口气就走上了山顶,走到了那个山下农夫曾经教过我的烟霞洞西面翁则生家的近旁。约莫离他家还有半箭路远时候,我一面喘着气,一面就放大了喉咙向门里面叫了起来:

"喂,老翁!老翁!则生!翁则生!"

听见了我的呼声,从两扇关在那里的腰门里开出来答应的却不是被我所唤的翁则生自己,而是我从来也没有见过面的,比翁则生略高三五分的样子,身体强健,两颊微红,看起来约莫有二十四五的一位女性。

她开出了门,一眼看见了我,就立住脚惊疑似地略呆了一呆。同时我看见她脸上却涨起了一层红晕,一双大眼睛眨了几眨,深深地吞了一口气。她似乎已经镇静下去了,便很腼腆地对我一笑。在这一脸柔和的笑容里,我立时就看到了翁则生的面相与神气,当然她是则生的妹妹无疑了,走上了一步,我就也笑着问她说:

"则生不在家么?你是他的妹妹不是?"

听了我这一句问话,她脸上又红了一红,柔和地笑着,半俯了头,她方才轻轻地回答我说:

"是的,大哥还没有回来,你大约是上海来的客人罢?吃中饭的时候,大哥还在说哩!"

这沉静清澈的声气,也和翁则生的一色而没有两样。

"是的,我是从上海来的。"

我接着说:

"我因为想使则生惊骇一下,所以电报也不打一个来通知,接到他的信后,马上就动身来了。不过你们大哥的好日也太逼近了,实在可

write and let you know."

"Please come in and have some tea. I'll go and get him right away. He'll be awfully pleased when he knows you're here."

As I walked up the steps a thin white-haired woman around sixty came into the sitting room from a side door. Her smile was exactly the same as her son's and daughter's smile.

"You must be Mr Yu. Why didn't you send an express letter to let us know of your arrival? Only this morning, Zesheng was saying that he'd go into town to meet you at the station if you were coming. Please sit down. The Lord Yan Temple is only a few steps away. Let me go and call him, I know he'll be tremendously pleased."

So saying, she turned towards her daughter and told her to go to the kitchen and put on some tea. She herself, walking very firmly, went out of the door and down the steps to fetch Zesheng.

"Your mother is still very fit."

"Yes, she's in fairly good condition. Please take a seat while I make the tea."

Left alone in the living room while she went to the kitchen to make tea, I took the opportunity to look around carefully. It was a two-storied house with a large living room and some side rooms and a windowed veranda in the rear. Down the steps in the front was an area big enough to accommodate several more rooms. Past that area, which was about a dozen metres square, and past two more steps, was the village road. Below the road was a row of houses a few feet lower still. But since these were only single-story buildings, they did not obstruct the view from the Wengs' home. Seen

也没有写一封信来通知的时间余裕。”

“你请进来罢，坐坐吃碗茶，我马上去叫了他来。怕他听到了你来，真要惊喜得像疯子一样哩。”

走上台阶，我还没有进门，从客堂后面的侧门里，却走出了一位头发雪白，面貌清癯，大约有六十内外的老太太来。她的柔和的笑容，也是和她的女儿儿子的笑容一色一样的。似乎已经听见了我们在门口所交换过的谈话了，她一开口就对我说：

“是郁先生么？为什么不写一封信来通知？则生中上还在说，说你若要来，他打算进城上车站去接你去的。请坐，请坐，晏公祠只有十几步路，让我去叫他来罢，怕他要高兴得像什么似的哩。”说完了，她就朝向了女儿，吩咐她上厨下去烧碗茶来。她自己却踏着很平稳的脚步，走出大门，下台阶去通知则生去了。

“你们老太太倒还轻健得很。”

“是的，她老人家倒还好。你请坐罢，我马上起了茶来。”

她上厨下去起茶的中间，我一个人，在客堂里倒得了一个细细观察周围的机会。则生他们的住屋，是一间三开间而有后轩后厢房的楼房。前面阶沿外走落台阶，是一块可以造厅造厢楼的大空地。走过这块数丈见方的空地，再下两级台阶，便是村道了。越村道而下，再低数尺，又是一排人家的房子。但这一排房子，因为都是平屋，所以挡不杀翁则生他们家里的眺望。

from their courtyard the mountains all around looked as they had since time immemorial. The slopes in front and behind the house were covered with various kinds of unfamiliar trees among which grew a few osmanthus trees in twos and threes, their short, narrow leaves and slender branches sprinkled with yellow dots like saw-dust. So this was the source of the scent I had smelled earlier at the empty pavilion halfway up the mountain. The sun had gone down behind the hills, and in the transparent light the golden arrows from the sun's orb had disappeared, while the treetops at the foot of the mountain were wreathed in an evening mist. The air at the top of the mountain was mercifully still, and I could hear very clearly the children's cries in the village far below. After standing there idly a while, my hands behind me, I stepped back into the Weng's living room and looked at the calligraphy and paintings on the walls, which reminded me of the things that Weng Zesheng had told me in his letter. It was a splendid sight, for each of the hanging scrolls was an exquisite object, and bore no resemblance to the commonplace parlours that one finds among country people. What struck me most was a piece of calligraphy entitled "On Returning Home" executed by Chen Hao.[1] The fresh colour and graceful lines was a little similar to Dong Xiangguang's,[2] but was even more delicate. One glance around the living room was enough to know that a fondness for learning had been in the Weng family for

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① Chen Hao (1839-1919), a well-known calligrapher and painter of the Qing Dynasty. The subject was a poem on rural life by Tao Yuanming (d. AD 427).

② Dong Xiangguang (1555-1630), a Ming-dynasty calligrapher.

立在翁则生家的空地里，前山后山的山景，是依旧历历可见的。屋前屋后，一段一段的山坡上，都长着些不大知名的杂树，三株两株夹在这些杂树中间，树叶短狭，叶与细枝之间，满撒着锯末似的黄点的，却是木犀花树。前一刻在半山空亭里闻到的香气，源头原来就系出在这一块地方的。太阳似乎已下了山，澄明的光里，已经看不见日轮的金箭，而山脚下的树梢头，也早有一带晚烟笼上了。山上的空气，真静得可怜，老远老远的山脚下的村里，小儿在呼唤的声音，也清晰地听得出来。我在空地里立了一会，背着手又踱回到了翁家的客厅，向四壁挂在那里的书画一看，却使我想起了翁则生信里所说的事实。琳琅满目，挂在那里的东西，果然是件件精致，不像是乡下人家的俗恶的客厅。尤其使我看得有趣的，是陈豪写的一堂《归去来辞》的屏条，墨色的鲜艳，字迹的秀腴，有点像董香光而更觉得柔媚。翁家的世代书香，只须上这客厅里来的一看就可以知道了。我立在那里看字画

several generations. Before I had looked at all the scrolls, suddenly a shout burst in from beyond the door behind me: "Yu, my old friend, you got here so fast!"

Weng had run all the way back from the primary school; normally a placid man, he now seemed to be a little excited. As soon as he entered the room he grasped my hands; still panting for breath, he couldn't speak for several seconds. As his mother came in behind, the three of us broke into laughter. His sister had made the tea, and now brought out three cups on a red lacquered tray.

"Look, Zesheng is still just a child, as soon as I told him you'd arrived he skipped back like a monkey," Weng's mother told me.

"You said you were sick, Weng, but to me you hardly look any older than you were. Between the two of us, I'm the one that's aged."

Laughing and talking, I turned to his sister for her opinion. She smiled without saying anything watching our happy faces. With a nod towards his mother, Zesheng told me, "With my mother here I don't dare grow old. And it's no good getting old before I get a wife either, I don't want to be an old bachelor."

With this remark all four of us burst out laughing again, and the tears almost came to old Mrs Weng's eyes. As the laughter died down Zesheng seemed to remember he should introduce his sister.

"This is my sister, you know about her of course. I gave you the details in my letter."

"There's no need to introduce us. She's the first person I saw when I got here."

"So, you're fated to be together. Guess who's the oldest, Lian,

还没有看得周全，忽而背后门外老远的就飞来了几声叫声：

“老郁！老郁！你来得真快！”

翁则生从小学校里跑回来了，平时总很沉静的他，这时候似乎也感到了一点兴奋。一走进客堂，他握住了我的两手，尽在喘气，有好几秒钟说不出话来。等落在后面的他娘走到的时候，三人才各放声大笑起来。这时候他妹妹也已经将茶烧好，在一个朱漆盘里放着三碗搬出来摆上桌子来了。

“你看，则生这小孩，他一听见我说你到了，就同猴子似的跳回来了。”他娘笑着对我说。

“老翁！说你生病生病，我看你倒仍旧不见得衰老得怎么样，两人比较起来，怕还是我老得多哩？”

我笑说着，将脸朝向了他的妹妹，去征她的同意。她笑着不说话，只在守视着我们的欢喜笑乐的样子。则生把头一扭，向他娘指了一指，就接着对我说：

“因为我们的娘在这里，所以我不敢老下去吓。并且媳妇儿也还不曾娶到，一老就得做老光棍了，那还了得！”

经他这么一说，四个人重又大笑了起来了，他娘的老眼里几乎笑出了眼泪。则生笑了一会，就重新想起了似的替他妹妹介绍：

“这是我的妹妹，她的事情，你大约是晓得的罢？我在那信里是写得很详细的。”

“我们可不必你来介绍了，我上这儿来，头一个见到的就是她。”

“噢，你们倒是有缘啊！莲，你猜这位郁先

this Mr Yu or me?"

At these words her face coloured again and as she stood there in confusion her mother asked me, suppressing a laugh:

"Are you more or less the same age as Zesheng, Mr Yu?"

"You're being too polite, I'm much older."

"Who do you think looks older, mother, him or me?" Zesheng now turned the question to his mother.

After giving me a careful scrutiny his mother said teasingly, "Mr Yu looks more mature and prudent, no one else could look as childish as you!"

So saying she moved over to the table and offered me a cup of tea. As I accepted and took a small sip, I smelled again in the tea the intoxicating scent of cassia flowers. I took off the lid and bent over the cup, and there in the clear green tea were tiny golden petals. Assuming that I was looking at the tea leaves Zesheng picked up a cup and took a sip. "This is home-cured tea," he informed me. "How do you like it?"

"I wasn't looking at the tea leaves, I was struck by the scent. It's lovely."

"The osmanthus? These are early blooms of the first flowering. The late-flowering cassia, the ones in flower now, are even better. Since they flower late, they stay in bloom longer."

"Yes, you're right. On my way here there was no smell of cassia, even at Manjuelong, which is known for it. All I could see on the trees along the roadside were the light green pods. But when I got here, it was like a dream, the air was full of their heavy scent. You might be used to the smell, Weng, you don't think anything of

生的年纪,比我大呢,还是比我小?”

他妹妹听了这一句话,面色又涨红了,正在嗫嚅困惑的中间,她娘却止住了笑,问我说:

“郁先生,大约是和则生上下年纪罢?”

“那里的话,我要比他大得多哩。”

“娘,你看还是我老呢,还是他老?”

则生又把这问题转向了他的母亲。他娘仔细看了我一眼,就对他笑骂般的说:

“自然是郁先生来得老成稳重,谁更像你那样的不脱小孩子脾气呢!”

说着,她就走近了桌边,举起茶碗来请我喝茶。我接过来喝了一口,在茶里又闻到了一种实在是令人欲醉的桂花香气。掀开了茶碗盖,我俯首向碗里一看,果然在绿莹莹的茶水里散点着有一粒一粒的金黄的花瓣,则生以为我在看茶叶,自己拿起了一碗喝了一口,他就对我说:

“这茶叶是我们自己制的,你说怎么样?”

“我并不在看茶叶,我只觉这触鼻的桂花香气,实在可爱得很。”

“桂花吗?这茶叶里的还是第一次开的早桂,现在在开的迟桂花,才有味哩!因为开得迟,所以日子也经得久。”

“是的是的,我一路上走来,在以桂花著名的满觉陇里,倒闻不着桂花的香气。看着两旁的树上,都只剩下一簇一簇的淡绿的桂花托子了,可是到了这里,却同做梦似地,所闻吸的尽是这种浓艳的气味。老翁,你大约是已经闻惯

it, but I... I...."

At this point I couldn't help laughing myself. Zesheng continued to press me:

"What do you think? What do you think?"

In the end I was obliged to confess, "When I... smell them, I seem to get sexually aroused."

Zesheng burst out laughing. Although his mother and sister didn't catch what I said they knew we were joking and went into the kitchen to prepare supper with a smile on their lips.

The two of us stayed in the living room, talking and laughing. We had forgotten to light the lamp, and silvery moonlight streamed in through the doorway. Seeing the moon Zesheng rose to get a kerosene lamp, but I stopped him.

"Isn't it nice to talk in the moonlight? Do you still remember the night in Inogashira Park that year?"

It was the autumn that Weng contracted TB. He had suffered a nervous breakdown from having studied too hard. One day, he didn't attend classes but stayed alone the whole day in the hostel, possessed by a fit of madness. That evening he left the hostel without eating supper. Alerted by the landlord I came back after class and kept watch from a distance. When I saw him leave the hostel I followed him, staying with him until we reached Inogashira Park some distance away. The tram from Tokyo to Inogashira Park had two carriages so he didn't see me on the tram. When we got off and were leaving the stop I accosted him as if we had met by chance. Blushing, he asked me what I was doing out in the countryside at this time. I told him I'd come to admire the moon, and I remember

了,不觉得什么罢? 我……我……”

说到了这里,我自家也忍不住笑了起来。则生尽管在追问我,“你怎么样? 你怎么样?”到了最后,我也只好说了:

“我,我闻了,似乎要起性欲冲动的样子。”

则生听了,马上就大笑了起来,他的娘和妹妹虽则并没有明确地了解我们的说话的内容,但也晓得我们是在说笑话,母女俩便含着微笑,上厨下去预备晚饭去了。

我们两人在客厅上谈谈笑笑,竟忘记了点灯,一道银样的月光,从门里洒进来了。则生看见了月亮,就站起来想去拿煤油灯,我却止住了他,说:

“在月光底下清谈,岂不是很好么? 你还记不记得起,那一年在井之头公园里的一夜游行?”

所谓那一年者,就是翁则生患肺病的那一年秋天。他因为用功过度,变成了神经衰弱症。有一天,他课也不去了上,竟独自一个在公寓里发了一天的疯。到了傍晚,他饭也不吃,从公寓里跑出去了。我接到了公寓主人的注意,下学回来,就远远的在守视着他,看他出了公寓,就也追踪着他,远远地跟他一道到了井之头公园。从东京到井之头公园去的高架电车,本来是有前后的两乘,所以在电车上,我和他并不遇着。直到了下车出车站之后,我假装无意中和他冲见了似的同他招呼了。他红着双颊,问我这时候上这野外来干什么,我说是来看月亮的,记得

it was a moonlit night like this. We smiled to each other and strolled in the woods in the park until midnight before returning home. Later he confided in me that he had meant to take his own life that night in Inogashira Park, but the encounter with me and our long talk had driven away half his depression, and so he turned back with me. In self-mockery he recited the lines, "The troubles of a heavy heart vanish in an evening's discourse." Afterwards a cold led to pneumonia, and after recovering from pneumonia he fell victim to TB.

After having talked at length about the past, we changed to another topic. I brought up his forthcoming wedding.

"My wedding? I told you about that in my letter too."

His voice dropped as the topic of our conversation turned from idle recollections to reality, and he became his old calm self again.

"It doesn't matter to me one way or another. It's my old mother who's so enthusiastic about it. It's she who's been busy with all the preparations for me. She's been into town nearly every day for the past fortnight. But it's all been done now, everything's ready. People will come to decorate the house with lanterns tomorrow morning, and in the afternoon, the girl's family will bring the dowry over. The day after is the day itself. But there's one thing that worries me, Yu, it's Lian — that's my sister's name — she seems to be in low spirits recently. She doesn't say anything, but she is so naive. I can see it in her expression and attitude. Since this is the first time you've seen her, you won't notice anything, but she is usually quite lively, just like fashionable modern women, only with her it's her true nature while the modern girls have learned

那一晚正是和这天一样地有月亮的晚上。两人笑了一笑,就一道的在井之头公园的树林里走到了夜半方才回来。后来听他自白,他是在那一天晚上想到井之头公园去自杀的,但因为遇见了我,谈了半夜,胸中的烦闷,有一半消散了,所以就同我一道又转了回来。"无限胸中烦闷事,一宵清话又成空!"他自白的时候,还念出了这两句诗来,借作解嘲。以后他就因伤风而发生了肺炎,肺炎愈后,就一直的为结核菌所压倒了。

谈了许多怀旧谈后,话头一转,我就提到了他的这一回的喜事。

"这一回的喜事么?我在那信里也曾和你说过。"

谈话的内容,一从空想追怀转向了现实,他的声气就低了下去,又回复了他旧日的沉静的态度。

"在我是无可无不可的,对这事情最起劲的,倒是我的那位年老的娘。这一回的一切准备麻烦,都是她老人家在替我忙的。这半个月中间,她差不多日日跑城里。现在是已经弄得完完全全,什么都预备好了,明朝一日,就要来搭灯彩,下午是女家送嫁妆来,后天就是正日,可是老郁,有一件事情,我觉得很难受,就是莲儿——这是我妹妹的小名——近来,似乎是很不高兴的样子,她话虽则不说,但因为她是很天真的缘故,所以在态度上表情上处处我都看得出来。你是初同她见面,所以并不觉得什么,平时她着实要活泼哩,简直活泼得同现代的那些时髦女郎一样,不过她的活泼是天性的纯真,而

it.... Ordinarily, it's only natural for her to feel rotten. Although she's pure at heart, people aren't made of stone, they do have feelings, and seeing all the bustle about my wedding, she can't help thinking of her own sad fate. But there's a much more important motive; it seems that she feels that she won't have anywhere to live afterwards. Although it's her mother's house, she's now a married daughter, so does she have any right to go on living in her mother's house once her brother has taken a wife? So when the matter of marriage was first brought up, I told her several times that no matter what she was still my sister. If she were to marry again, it would be a different matter, but otherwise she had the right to live with us for the rest of her life and inherit my parents' property; and I begged her not to worry about it. She knows that I mean it, and she knows how I feel, too, but I don't know why, she still seems to look a little uneasy lately. You came just at the right time, it should be possible for you to cheer her up. Tomorrow there's going to be things like the arrival of the dowry and the decorations, and I'm afraid seeing this will remind her of her own fate, so I was thinking of asking her to take you out for a walk tomorrow morning to save her from sitting at home alone and feeling miserable."

"Fine, I'll take her out for the whole day tomorrow."

"No, that's not the way, if you take her out it will look too obvious and might make her feel even more wretched. We mustn't make it seem as if you want to take her out. It should seem that you want to go out, but I'm too busy to go with you, and so you are obliged to ask her to go with you. That way, she'll feel better."

那些现代女郎,却是学来的时髦。……按说哩,这心绪的恶劣,也是应该的,她虽则是一个纯真小孩子,但人非木石,究竟总有一点感情,看到了我们这里的婚事热闹,无论如何,总免不得要想起她自己的身世凄凉的。并且还有一个最重要的动机,仿佛是她在觉得自己今后的寄身无处。这儿虽是娘家,但她却是已经出过嫁的女儿了,哥哥讨了嫂嫂,她还有什么权利再寄食在娘家呢?所以我当这婚事在谈起的当初,就一次两次的对她说过了,不管它怎样,她总是我的妹妹,除非她要再嫁,则没有话说,要是不然的话,那她是一辈子有和我同居,和我对分财产的权利的,请她千万不要自己感到难过。这一层意思,她原也明白,我的性情,她是晓得的,可是不晓得怎么,近来似乎总有点不大安闲的样子。你来得正好,顺便也可以劝劝她。并且明天发嫁妆结灯彩之类的事情,怕她看了又想到自己的身世,我想明朝一早就叫她陪你出去玩去,省得她在家里一个人在暗中受苦。"

"那好极了,我明天就陪她出去玩一天回来。"

"那可不对,假使是你陪她出去玩的话,那是形迹更露,愈加要使她难堪了。非要装作是你要她去作陪不行。仿佛是你想出去玩,但我却没有工夫陪你,所以只好勉强请她和你一道出去。要这样,她才安逸。"

"Good, then that's settled, I'll make her take me to Five Clouds Mountain tomorrow."

At this point his mother came in from the side door at the back of the living room. Seeing us sitting and talking in the dimly lit room, she laughed and said:

"Do you have to make up for more than ten years in one sitting? What was so interesting that you forgot to light the lamp? You're quite mad, Zesheng. Get up now and put on the safety lamp right away."

She bustled back into the kitchen and came back with a box of matches. Zesheng climbed on to a table and as he lit the lamp hanging in the centre of the room, she asked me whether I'd like some wine before supper. Zesheng called down over his shoulder:

"Do you think he's a consumptive too, Mother? Mr Yu is a famous drinker."

"Then come down right away and open a jar of wine. I've no idea how good the two jars we got today are. We'll ask Mr Yu to sample them," said his mother, her head raised, watching him light the lamp.

"Luckily it's the wine he's going to sample. He can't do that with the bride," Zesheng joked as he jumped down from the table. With her eyes on me, his mother scolded him, "Such a lad, he's always saying something wicked."

"He's happy because he's going to be a bridegroom," I rejoined with a smile. I turned to walk outside by myself to enjoy the autumn moon of Weng Family Mountain, letting mother and son get the wine for me.

“好，好，就这么办，明天我要她陪我去逛五云山去。”

正谈了这里，他的那位老母从客室后面的那扇侧门里走出来了，看到了我们坐在微明灰暗的客室里谈天，她又笑了起来说：

“十几年不见的一段总账，你们难道想在这几刻工夫里算它清来么？有什么话谈得那么起劲，连灯都忘了点一点？则生，你这孩子真像是疯了，快立起来，把那盏保险灯点上。”

说着她又跑回到了厨下，去拿了一盒火柴出来。则生爬上桌子，在点那盏悬在客室正中的保险灯的时候，她就问我吃晚饭之先，要不要喝酒。则生一边在点灯，一边就从肩背上叫他娘说：

“娘，你以为他也是肺痨病鬼么？郁先生是以喝酒出名的。”

“那么你快下来去开坛去罢，今天挑来的那两坛酒，不晓得好不好，请郁先生尝尝看。”

他娘听了他的话后，就也昂起了头，一面在看他点灯，一面在催他下来去开酒去。

“幸而是酒，请郁先生先尝一尝新，倒还不要紧，要是新娘子，那可使不得。”

他笑说着从桌子上跳了下来，他娘眼睛望着了我，嘴唇却朝着了他啐了一声说：

“你看这孩子，说话老是这样不正经的！”

“因为他要做新郎官了，所以在高兴。”

我也笑着对他娘说了一声，旋转身就一个人踱出了门外，想看一看这翁家山的秋夜的月明，屋内且让他们母子俩去开酒去。

In the moonlight Weng Family Mountain took on a different appearance. The myriad silvery rays filtering down between the branches looked like a scene from a film shot in broad daylight. The chirping of hidden insects sounded in chorus like pelting rain. The heat of the day, after sunset, had suddenly abated, and for a while, translucent mist hung over the wooded mountaintops. There was no electricity in these parts and the kerosene lamps shining in the near and distant houses were like fishing lights in the open sea. A feeling of silence in an autumn night on a deserted mountain makes people feel as if under a heavy pressure, arousing a sense of fear and respect. Standing alone in the courtyard under the moonlight for only a few minutes, I felt a chilly apprehension creep up on me. I went back to the sitting room where the table was laid, the wine and food steaming hot and awaiting the guest.

As the four of us ate our meal, Zesheng continued to talk and joke. Remembering the secret concern he had told me about earlier, I stole a few glances at his sister as I raised my cup to drink, and seemed indeed to see revealed in her gentle smiling face an indescribable sadness. We spent a long time over supper. The long walk of the day and the excitement of our talk had made me very hungry, and I ate and drank much more than usual. Finally when the meal was nearly over, I turned to Zesheng with my request.

"I've never been to Five Clouds Mountain, Weng, can you take me there tomorrow?"

In the same joking tone he had used before, Zesheng answered, "How can a bridegroom go out the day before his wedding? Let's go another day. After the arrival of the bride, the bride and groom

月光下的翁家山，又不相同了。从树枝里筛下来的千条万条的银线，像是电影里的白天的外景。不知躲在什么地方的许多秋虫的鸣唱，骤听之下，满以为在下急雨，白天的热度，日落之后，忽然收敛了，于是草木很多的这深山顶上，就也起了一层白茫茫的透明雾障。山上电灯线似乎还没有接上，远近一家一家看得见的几点煤油灯光，仿佛是大海湾里的渔灯野火。一种空山秋夜的沉默的感觉，处处在高压着人，使人肃然会起一种畏敬之思。我独立在庭前的月光亮里看不上几分钟，心里就有点寒竦竦的怕了起来，回身再走回客室，酒茶杯筷，都已热气蒸腾的摆好在那里候客了。

四个人当吃晚饭的中间，则生又说了许多笑话。因为在前回听取了一番他所告诉我的衷情之后，我于举酒杯的瞬间，偷眼向他妹妹望望，觉得在她的柔和的笑脸上，的确似乎是有一种说不出的悲寂的表情流露在那里的样子。这一餐晚饭，吃尽了许多时间，我因为白天走路走得不少，而谈话之后又感到了一点兴奋，肚子有点饿了，所以酒和菜，竟吃得比平时要多一倍。到了最后将快吃完的当儿，我就向则生提出说：

“老翁，五云山我倒还没有去玩过，明天你可不可以陪我一道去玩一趟？”

则生仍复以他的那种滑稽的口吻回答说：

“到了结婚的前一日，新郎官哪里走得开呢，还是改天再去罢。等新娘子来了之后，让新

will carry you there together in a sedan-chair to worship, there'll be time for that."

Nevertheless I insisted on going there the following day.

"Then I'll get you a sedan-chair," he said. "You can go in one of the sedan-chairs bringing the dowry tomorrow."

"No, no, I prefer to walk when I'm out in the mountains."

"Do you know the way?"

"How do you think I should know my way around the country tracks you have here?"

"What should we do?..."

Zesheng scratched his head, a bothered look on his face. After a couple of minutes he raised his eyes towards his sister.

"Lian! What about you? You're a real amazon. You're a good walker and you know the place. How about taking Mr Yu out for me?"

His sister laughed and looked towards her mother who said, "It's a good idea, Lian. You take Mr Yu out. Your brother can't get away tomorrow."

From her expression, I gathered that she was inclined to agree, so I pressed her by saying, "Five Clouds Mountain is not really very close, though. Can you make it on foot? I won't be able to carry you on our way back."

This made her laugh, a laugh that really came from the heart. "Five Clouds Mountain is nothing, we can even go to Laodongyue and back twice in a day."

Her ruddy cheeks, straight back and firm shoulders were proof that she was not boasting. After supper, we talked a while and

郎新娘抬了你去烧香,也还不迟。"

我却仍复主张着说,明天非去不行。则生就说:

"那么替你去叫一顶轿子来,你坐了轿子去,横竖是明天轿夫会来的。"

"不行不行,游山玩水,我是喜欢走的。"

"你认得路么?"

"你们这一种乡下的僻路,我哪里会认得呢?"

"那就怎么办呢? ……"

则生抓着头皮,脸上露出了一脸为难的神气。停了一二分钟,他就举目向他妹妹说:

"莲!你怎么样!你是一位女豪杰,走路又能走,地理又熟悉,你替我陪了郁先生去怎么样?"

他妹妹也笑了起来,举起眼睛来向她娘看了一眼。接着她娘就说:

"好的,莲,还是你陪了郁先生去罢,明天你大哥是走不开的。"

我一看脸上的表情,似乎已经有了答应的意思了,所以又追问了她一声说:

"五云山可着实不近哩,你走得动的么? 回头走到半路,要我来背,那可办不到。"

她听了这话,就真同从心坎里笑出来的一样笑着说:

"别说是五云山,就是老东岳,我们也一天要往返两次哩。"

从她红红的双颊,挺突的胸脯,和肥圆的肩臂看来,这句话也决不是她夸的大口。吃完晚

then retired to our rooms, since each had a busy schedule the next day.

A mountain dawn is also a special sight. Having drunk a little too much wine the night before, I slept soundly until broad daylight like a stone dropped into a deep sea. The birds chirping outside my window were so noisy that I thought it was still in the middle of the night and the birds had been woken up by the moonlight, but when I opened my eyes and lifted a corner of my mosquito net, the world was already bathed in the clear glow of dawn, and a ray of red morning sunlight pierced the upper corner of the window. I slipped out of bed, put on my clothes and ran downstairs. My hosts were already washed and dressed, and said they had already done an hour's work. They usually rose about five every morning, and I was filled with respect for these mountain people with their habit of rising and retiring with the sun. When we had all had breakfast, Zesheng's sister and I packed our bags and got ready to leave. As we were about to depart, his mother asked me to wait a little and quickly went upstairs to get me a black lacquered walking stick, saying it was the one Zesheng had used when he was ill, and that I would save a lot of energy using it on the mountain paths. I thanked her and letting Zesheng's sister lead the way, we went out of the front gate.

The morning air was deliciously fresh. The sun had climbed quite high, but its territory was still limited to prominent places like eaves, treetops and mountain peaks. Dew still clung on the grass lining the mountain paths, and the fresh aroma of grass mixed with the scent of osmanthus was so refreshing that it drove away all

饭,又谈了一阵闲天,我们因为明天各有忙碌的操作在前,所以一早就分头到房里去睡了。

山中的清晓,又是一种特别的情景。我因为昨天夜里多喝了一点酒,上床去一睡,就同大石头掉下海里似的,一直就酣睡到了天明。窗外面吱吱唧唧的鸟声喧噪得厉害,我满以为还是夜半,月明将野鸟惊醒了,但睁开眼掀开帐子来一望,窗内窗外已饱浸着晴天爽朗的清晨光线,窗子上面的一角,却已经有一缕朝阳的红箭射到了。急忙滚出了被窝,穿起衣服,跑下楼去一看,他们母子三人,也已梳洗得妥妥服服,说是已经在做了个把钟头的事情之后。平常他们总是于五点钟前后起床的。这一种日出而作,日入而息的山中住民的生活秩序,又使我对他们感到了无穷的敬意。四人一道吃过了早餐,我和则生的妹妹,就整了一整行装,预备出发。临行之际,他娘又叫我等一下子,她很迅速地跑上楼上去取了一枝黑漆手杖下来,说,这是则生生病的时候用过的,走山路的时候,用它来撑扶撑扶,气力要省得多。我谢过了她的好意,就让则生的妹妹上前带路,走出了他们的大门。

早晨的空气,实在澄鲜得可爱。太阳已经升高了,但它的领域,还只限于屋檐,树梢,山顶等突出的地方。山路两旁的细草上,露水还没有干,而一味清凉触鼻的绿色草气,和入在桂花香味之中,闻了好像是宿梦也能摇醒的样子。

my remaining dreams. At first, while we were still in the village, Zesheng's sister was stopped every few steps by her female acquaintances in the village wanting to greet or talk to her. But when we passed the last house and walked down a cobblestone road leading into the valley, we met no one at all, and the scene before us also became quite different. A stretch of undulating mountains and villages lay ahead of us, but if we stopped and turned our heads to the east we caught a breathtaking glimpse of the mirror-like lake. And far ahead, looking through a valley between two mountains, we could also see some houses in town, half-hidden in the lake mist which had not completely lifted.

We headed first towards the northwest and then turned southwest down a slope and up a ridge. With the whole day before us we could afford to waste time, so we walked particularly slowly after having left the village. We looked at everything, peering this way and that. Whenever I saw something that aroused my interest, be it a mountain or a stream, a bush or a tree, a bird or an insect, I would stop her and question her in minute detail. Oddly enough, in spite of having only four years of primary schooling — this is what she told me herself — she had a reply to all my questions. More or less everyone who grew up near West Lake would have a general knowledge of the scenery, ancient sites, temples and pavilions around the lake, so it was only reasonable that she knew them in such detail. But what I found most surprising was her knowledge of the plants and animals within the lake area. However small a bird, an insect, a blade of grass or a tree, she not only knew their names, but also when they hatched, when they migrated, when

起初还在翁家山村内走着,则生的妹妹,对村中的同性,三步一招呼,五步一立谈的应接得忙不暇给。走尽了这村子的最后一家,沿了入谷的一条石板路走上下山面的时候,遇见的人也没有了,前面的眺望,也转换了一个样子。朝我们去的方向看去,原又是冈峦的起伏和别墅的纵横,但稍一住脚,掉头向东西一望,一片同呵了一口气的镜子似的湖光,却躺在眼下了。远远从两山这间的谷顶望去,并且还看得出一角城里的人家,隐约藏躲在尚未消尽的湖雾当中。

我们的路先朝西北,后又向西南,先下了山坡,后又上了山背,因为今天有一天的时间,可以供我们消磨,所以一离了村境,我就走得特别的慢。每这里看看,那里看看的看个不住。若看见了一件稍可注意的东西,那不管它是风景里的一点一堆,一山一水,或植物界的一草一木与动物界的一鸟一虫,我总要拉住了她,寻根究底的问得它仔仔细细。说也奇怪,小时候只在村里的小学校里念过四年书的她——这是她自己对我说的——对于我所问的东西,却没有一样不晓得的。关于湖上的山水古迹,庙宇楼台哩,那还不要去管它,大约是生长在西湖附近的人,个个都能够说出一个大概来的,所以她的知道得那么详细,倒还在情理之中,但我觉得最奇怪的,却是她的关于这西湖附近的区域之内的种种动植物的知识。无论是如何小的一只鸟,一个虫,一株草,一棵树,她非但各能把它们的名字叫出来,并且连几时孵化,几时他迁,几时

they chirped, when they cast off their shells, when they flowered, when they bore fruit, the colour of their flowers and the taste of their fruit. She spoke in such an interesting and detailed way it made me feel as if I were reading G. White's *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*. But White's book, compared with her, was not nearly so natural and stimulating because to listen to her clear and unhurried voice, and to watch her red lips, which seemed by nature to be rouged with kiss-proof lipstick, plus her own special way of smiling, added an element of feeling to the information, and combined a human grace with book knowledge. Slowly we strolled and chatted and in less than an hour I was completely swept off my feet by her, just as if I had become a young man again.

Her body was so well developed that although she wore a country-made, poorly fitting dress made of cheap silk, nevertheless as she walked ahead of me, it was not just the curves of her plump buttocks, narrow waist and round calves that aroused a fantasy in me, but her round soft shoulders also excited wild desires in me if my eyes dwelt on them for very long. And when I stood in front of her to talk, her large, moist eyes, retrousse nose, oval, tender face, rosy and fair, and her jutting breasts heaving particularly quickly after our energetic walk, were enough to send me out of my mind. Then there was her long black hair which had never been cut, although it was only combed into a casual bun, it looked unusually attractive around her round, white forehead and short, plump neck. In short, her health and natural beauty, which I hadn't noticed the night before, were all displayed before me on this outing. And from our conversation I found proof of the liveli-

鸣叫，几时脱壳，或几时开花，几时结实，花的颜色如何，果的味道如何等，都说得非常有趣而详尽，使我觉得仿佛是在读一部活的桦候脱的《赛儿鹏自然史》(G. White's《Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne》)。而桦候脱的书，却决没有叙述得她那么朴质自然而富于刺激，因为听听她那种舒徐清澈的语气，看看她那一双天生成像饱使过耐吻胭脂棒般的红唇，更加上以她所特有的那一脸微笑，在知识分子之外还不得不添一种情的成分上去，于书的趣味之上更要兼一层人的风韵在里头。我们慢慢的谈着天，走着路，不上一个钟头的光景，我竟恍恍惚惚，像又回复了青春时代似的完全为她迷倒了。

她的身体，也真发育得太完全，穿的虽是一件乡下裁缝做的不大合式的大绸夹袍，但在我的前面一步一步的走去，非但她的肥突的后部，紧密的腰部，和斜圆的胫部的曲线，看得要簇生异想，就是她的两只圆而且软的肩膊，多看一歇，也要使我贪鄙起来。立在她的前面和她讲话哩，则那一双水汪汪的大眼，那一个隆正的尖鼻，那一张红白相间的椭圆嫩脸，和因走路走得气急，一呼一吸涨落得特别快的那个高突的胸脯，又要使我恼杀。还有她那一头不曾剪去的黑发哩，梳的虽然是一个自在的懒髻，但一映到了她那个圆而且白的额上，和短而且腴的颈际，看起来，又格外的动人。总之，我在昨天晚上，不曾在她身上发见的康健和自然的美点，今天因这一回的游山，完全被我观察到了。此外我又在她的谈话之中，证实了翁则生也和我曾经

ness and innocence Zesheng had mentioned in his letter. For instance, when I asked how old she was she told me she was twenty-eight. On my comment that she did not look more than twenty-three or twenty-four she said that women who hadn't given birth didn't look old. When I asked what she thought of Zesheng's marriage, she told me that it was just that she felt it might be a little awkward for her brother and his wife if she continued to stay on in her mother's home. I heard many more such honest confessions. Her simplicity was just as Zesheng had said, it was the eternal innocence of a child.

As we climbed on to a flat hilltop beneath the Lion Peak at Longjing I listened as she told me how to grow, pick and cure tea, and how busy and interesting life was in the mountains at those times. Then we sat down on a big rock by the road. Although the city of Hangzhou lay in the distance before us in the sunshine under the blue sky, with the nearby lake and distant mountains around us, my eyes were fixed on a corner of the sky, and for a while we did not talk. I was thinking of a novel called *Die Braune Erika*, by a German writer named Jensen. After this novel, an English writer by the name of W. H. Hudson wrote another in imitation of it, called *Green Mansions*. Both novels were about lovely innocent girls who grew up in the wilderness, and both heroines came to an unhappy end. I was lost in my thoughts for a long time, but very naturally she put her plump hand on my shoulder from behind me.

"What are you thinking about, sitting there without a word?"

I reached up and gripped her plump hand, and since she was

讲到过的她的生性的活泼与天真。譬如我问她今年几岁了？她说，二十八岁。我说这真看不出，我起初还以为你只有二十三四岁，她说，女人不生产是不大会老的。我又问她，对于则生这一回的结婚，你有点什么感触？她说，另外也没有什么，不过以后长住在娘家，似乎有点对不起大哥和大嫂。像这一类的纯粹真率的谈话，我另外还听取了许多许多，她的朴素的天性，真真如翁则生之所说，是一个永久的小孩子的天性。

爬上了龙井狮子峰下的一处平坦的山顶，我于听了一段她所讲的如何栽培茶叶，如何摘取焙烘，与那时候的山家生活的如何紧张而有趣的故事之后，便在路旁的一块大岩石上坐下了。遥对着在晴天下太阳光里躺着的杭州城市，和近水遥山，我的双眼只凝视着苍空的一角，有半晌不曾说话。一边在我的脑里，却只在回想着德国的一位名延生(Jenson)的作家所著的一部小说《野紫薇爱立喀》(《Die Braune Erika》)。这小说后来又有一位英国的作家哈特生(Hodson)摹仿了，写了一部《绿阴》(《Green Mansions》)。两部小说里所描写的，都是一个极可爱的生长在原野里的天真的女性，而女主人公的结果，后来都不大好的。我沉默着痴想了好久，她却从我背后用了她那只肥软的右手很自然地搭上了我的肩膀。

"你一声也不响的在那里想什么？"

我就伸上手去把她的那只肥手捏住了，一边就扭转了头微笑着看入了她的那双大眼，因为她是坐在我的背后的。我捏住了她的手又默

sitting behind me I turned to gaze smilingly into her big eyes. Her hand in mine, I gazed silently at her a full minute, but her smile was as natural and at ease as before, with no trace of shyness or excitement. Looking at my odd expression, she paused for a while, then asked again very naturally:

"What were you thinking about?"

Embarrassed by her question I immediately felt the blood rise to my cheeks. Letting go of her hand, I cleared my throat and then plucked my courage to force out a reply, "I . . . I'm thinking about you."

"Whether I should go on living with them?"

Her counter-response was very frank and natural, assuming that I was concerned about her. I nodded mutely, my eyes smarting and feeling a little hot.

"Oh, I'm not being so sad about myself, why are you . . . you crying for my sake?"

She stood up in surprise. I stood up, taking the opportunity afforded by this movement to brush away my tears. My heart was clear and open again, cleansed of desire. As we slowly climbed up the ridge going south again, I told her of the emotions that had just now possessed me. I related the stories in the novels to her and spoke of my own ugly desire, strongly denouncing the emotions I had been swept by just now. Finally I spoke to her in the following way:

"To defile an innocent child who's as pure as a sheet of white paper is an unforgivable crime. My evil desire almost made me commit this great crime. Fortunately, your pure heart, like snow

默对她注视了一分钟，但她的眼里脸上却丝毫也没有羞惧兴奋的痕迹出现，她的微笑，还依旧同平时一点儿也没有什么的笑容一样。看了我这一种奇怪的形状，她过了一歇，反又很自然的问我说：

"你究竟在那里想什么？"

倒是我被她问得难为情起来了，立时觉得两颊就潮热了起来。先放开了那只被我捏住在那儿的她的手，然后干咳了两声，最后我就鼓动了勇气，发了一声同被绞出来似的答语：

"我……我在这儿想你！"

"是在想我的将来如何的和他们同住么？"

她的这句反问，又是非常的率真而自然，满以为我是在为她设想的样子。我只好沉默着把头点了几点，而眼睛里却酸溜溜的觉得有点热起来了。

"啊，我自己倒并没有想得什么伤心，为什么，你，你却反而为我流起眼泪来了呢？"

她像吃了一惊似的立了起来问我，同时我也立起来了，且在将身体起立的行动当中，乘机拭去了我的眼泪。我的心地开朗了，欲情也净化了，重复向南慢慢走上岭去的时候，我就把刚才我所想的心事，尽情告诉了她。我将那两部小说的内容讲给了她听，我将自己的邪心说了出来，我对于我刚才所触动的那一种自己的心情，更下了一个严正的批判，末后，便这样的对她说：

"对于一个洁白得同白纸似的天真小孩，而加以玷污，是不可赦免的罪恶。我刚才的一念邪心，几乎要使我犯下这个大罪了。幸亏是你

on a mountain peak, saved me from peril. Although I did not sin in deed, I sinned in my heart. So if you want to punish me I won't murmur, even if you condemn me to death. If you think I am so despicable and there's no hope that I may reform, you may inform your mother and brother of my conduct when we go back this evening. But if you believe it was a stupid impulse which will never happen again, please believe in my word of honour and look upon me in the future as a brother. Should you ever be in difficulties or in need of help, I would willingly risk death for your sake."

At first we continued to walk slowly on as I was telling her of my repentance, and then we sat down again by the side of the road. When I reached my final sentences, it was now her turn to tremble like a child. Taking my hands, she threw herself into my arms, and broke down. After letting her cry for a short time, I took out a handkerchief, wiped away her tears and softly placed my lips on her head. We held each other in silence for a long time. Then I lowered my head to ask her if she had understood what I had just said. She nodded, her eyes on the ground. I pressed further.

"Then will you look upon me as a brother from now on?"

She nodded again, still looking down. I released her hands, and reached out to lift her face to look directly at me. After gazing at me intently for a while, her eyes, still swimming in tears, began to smile. I chose this moment to lift her to her feet, taking her hands in mine.

"Good, now we've decided to be the dearest and purest brother and sister to each other for ever and ever. It's getting late. Let's get on our way and we'll have lunch at Five Clouds Mountain."

的那颗纯洁的心,那颗同高山上的深雪似的心,却救我出了这一个险。不过我虽则犯罪的形迹没有,但我的心,却是已经犯过罪的。所以你要罚我的话,就是处我以死刑,我也毫无悔恨。你若以为我是那样卑鄙,而将来永没有改善的希望的话,那今天晚上回去之后,向你大哥母亲,将我的这一种行为宣布了也可以。不过你若以为这是我的一时糊涂,将来是永也不会再犯的话,那请你相信我的誓言,以后请你当我作你大哥一样那么的看待,你若有急有难,有不了的事情,我总情愿以死来代替着你。"

当我在对她作这些忏悔的时候,两人起初是慢慢在走的,后来又在路旁坐下了。说到了最后的一节,倒是她反同小孩子似的发着抖,捏住了我的两手,倒入了我的怀里,呜呜咽咽的哭了起来。我等她哭了一阵之后,就拿出了一块手帕来替她揩干了眼泪,将我的嘴唇轻轻地搁到了她的头上。两人偎抱着沉默了好久,我又把头俯了下去,问她,我所说的这段话的意思,究竟明白了没有。她眼看着了地上,把头点了几点。我又追问了她一声:、

"那么你承认我以后做你的哥哥了不是?"

她又俯视着把头点了几点,我撒开了双手,又伸出去把她的头捧了起来,使她的脸正对着了我。对我凝视了一会,她的那双泪珠还没有收尽的水汪汪的眼睛,却笑起来了。我乘势把她一拉,就同她搀着手并立了起来。

"好,我们是已经决定了,我们将永久地结作最亲爱最纯洁的兄妹。时候已经不早了,让我们快一点走,赶上五云山去吃午饭去。"

So saying, I led her forward. She also recovered her morning's cheerfulness and walked on abreast with me.

After walking in silence several dozen paces I threw her a glance. Miraculously, there was not a trace of worry on her face, which was now shining with a pure radiance, betokening trust and hope for the future. This was the first time I had seen such a radiance on her face. My feeling of love and respect for her increased, and unconsciously my eyes turned again and again to her as we walked along. She had been gazing ahead at the white walls bathed in sunshine on Five Clouds Mountain, a happy smile on her face, but soon she noticed that I had not been concentrating on keeping up with her. As she turned her head, her eyes were caught in my gaze. She laughed and slowed down. Throwing me another glance, she inquired shyly:

"What shall I call you from now on?"

"Whatever you call Zesheng."

"Then... Brother!"

The word tumbled out very quickly. At my loud "ah" in response to this, she blushed, let go of my hand and ran laughingly ahead. As she ran she kept turning back to call "Brother," "Brother" over and over again. Shouting to her to stop I gave chase; our path had turned into a narrow ridge, and the peak of Five Clouds Mountain seemed to be quite close. As we resumed a normal pace, one behind the other along the narrow ridge, I really felt like a brother to her, and instructed her with benevolent solemnity:

"Watch your step. This is a dangerous path!"

我这样说着，搀着她向前一走，她也恢复了早晨刚出发的时候的元气，和我并排着走向了前面。

两人沉默着向前走了几十步之后，我侧眼向她一看，同奇迹似地忽而在她的脸上看出了一层一点儿忧虑也没有的满含着未来的希望和信任的圣洁的光耀来。这一种光耀，却是我在这一刻以前的她的脸上从没有看见过的。我愈看愈觉得对她生起敬爱的心思来了，所以不知不觉，在走路的当中竟接着连着看了她好几眼。本来只是笑嘻嘻地在注视着前面的太阳光里的五云山的白墙头的她，因为我的脚步的迟乱，似乎也感觉到了我的注意力的分散了，将头一侧，她的双眼，却和我的视线接成了两条轨道。她又笑起来了，同时也放慢了脚步。再向我看了一眼，她才腼腆地开始问我说：

"那我以后叫你什么呢？"

"你叫则生叫什么，就叫我也叫什么好了。"

"那么——大哥！"

大哥的两字，是很急速的紧连着叫出来的，听到了我的一声高声的"啊！"的应声之后，她就涨红了脸，撒开了手，大笑着跑上前面去了。一面跑，一面她又回转头来，"大哥！""大哥！"的接连叫了我好几声。等我一面叫她别跑，一面我自己也跑着追上了她背后的时候，我们的去路已经变成了一条很窄的石岭，而五云山的山顶，看过去也似乎是很近了。仍复了平时的脚步，两人分着前后，在那条窄岭上缓步的当中，我才觉得真真是成了她的哥哥的样子，满含着了慈爱，很正经地吩咐她说：

英汉对照
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It was noon when we reached the Temple of the God of Wealth on Five Clouds Mountain, and the people there were already having lunch. After walking in the sun the whole morning, our throats were as dry as trees in a drought, so as soon as we sat down in the reception room we asked them to bring some tea first before serving our meal. When we had washed our hands and faces, drunk two or three cups of tea, and sat quietly for a quarter of an hour, we recovered from our fatigue and felt back to normal. Hunger then began to make itself felt, and we urged them to hurry up with our food. The lunch I had with her on top of Five Clouds Mountain was better to me than Alexander's feast as imagined by Dryden and in terms of spiritual contentment, harmony and appetite, I'm afraid Alexander's feast was far inferior to mine.

After lunch, the monk in charge of the temple showed us round. Five Clouds Mountain was really quite high, and when we stood in a pavilion in the centre of the temple and looked northeast out of the window, the mountains round the lake looked like green mounds. The scenic beauties around West Lake were truer and larger than backdrop scenery but smaller and better laid-out, like miniature landscapes cultivated in pots, than other famous scenes. But Five Clouds Mountain was different again. Its height and remoteness made it inaccessible to tourists who were not good walkers, and this alone placed it among the famous mountains, to say nothing of the historically famous Qiantang River that lay before us in the distance, meandering through verdant mountains and green fields. So if you compare the scenery of West Lake to a white bear locked in a cage, then Five Clouds Mountain and Qiantang River

"走得小心,这一条岭多么险啊!"

走到了五云山的财神殿里,太阳刚当正午,庙里的人已经在那里吃中饭了。我们因为在太阳底下的半天行路,口已经干渴得像旱天的树木一样,所以一进客堂去坐下,就教他们先起茶来,然后再开饭给我们吃。洗了一个手脸,喝了两三碗清茶,静坐了十几分钟,两人的疲劳兴奋,都已平复了过去,这时候饥饿却抬起头来了,于是就又催他们快点开饭。这一餐只我和她两人对食的五云山上的中餐,对于我正敌得过英国诗人所幻想着的亚力山大王的高宴。若讲到心境的满足,和谐,与食欲的高潮亢进,那恐怕亚力山大王还远不及当时的我。

吃过午饭,管庙的和尚又领我们上前后左右去走了一圈。这五云山,实在是高,立在庙中阁上,开窗向东北一望,湖上的群山,都像是青色的土堆了。本来西湖的山水的妙处,就在于它的比舞台上的布景又真实伟大一点,而比各处的名山大川又同盆景似地整齐渺小一点这地方。而五云山的气概,却又完全不同了。以其山之高与境的僻,一般脚力不健的游人是不会到的,就在这一点上,五云山已略备着名山的资格了,更何况前面远处,蜿蜒盘曲在青山绿野之间的,是一条历史上也着实有名的钱塘江水呢?所以若把西湖的山水,比作一只锁在铁笼子里

were like a wild deer deep in the mountains. A caged bear satisfied the ambitions of the timid and feeble, while a deer in the mountains, though not as fierce as a lion or tiger on the plains, was freer and unrestrained.

We watched the sailing boats and mountains along Qiantang south of Five Clouds Mountain for a while and then thought of setting back, but when we looked up, the sun was still high above, slanting only a few degrees to the west. If we went straight back now, we would arrive back at Weng Family Mountain in less than two hours. If we returned that early after having planned to spend the whole day outside, surely it would be a waste of this splendid opportunity. Therefore when we reached a narrow path on the southwest corner of Five Clouds Mountain, I stopped and taking her hand affectionately asked:

"Can you walk much further, Lian?"

"I can walk another thirty *li* at least."

She spoke with an air of confidence and resolution, without the slightest note of boasting or coyness. She was so entirely natural that I couldn't help stretching out my hand to chuck her under the chin. Ticklish, she shrank back and giggled. I also burst out laughing:

"Let's go to Yunqi then. This road takes us straight there and it's not far. I can carry you if you get tired."

Talking and laughing it seemed as if we were halfway down the path in no time. Glossy green bamboos covered the lower slopes, and as the slanting rays of the sun shone into this hollow, pale, green light, as clear and tranquil as water, filled the air in the

的白熊，是只能满足满足胆怯无力者的冒险雄心的；至于深山的野鹿，虽没有高原的狮虎那么雄壮，但一般自由奔放之情，却可以从它那里摄取得来。

我们在五云山的南面又看了一会钱塘江上的帆影与青山，就想动身上我们的归路了，可是举起头来一望，太阳还在中天，只西偏了没有几分。从此地回去，路上若没有耽搁，是不消两个钟头就能到翁家山上的；本来是打算出来把一天光阴消磨过去的我们，回去得这样的早，岂不是辜负了这大好的时间了么？所以走到了五云山南角的一条狭路边上的时候，我就又立了下来，拉着了她的手亲亲热热地问了她一声：

"莲，你还走得动走不动？"

"起码三十里路总还可以走的。"

她说这句话神气，是富有着自信和决断，一点也不带些夸张卖弄的风情，真真是自然到了极点，所以使我看了不得不伸上手去，向她的下巴底下拔了一拔。她怕痒；缩着头颈笑起来了，我也笑开了大口，对她说：

"让我们索性上云栖去罢！这一条是去云栖的便道，大约走下去，总也没有多少路的，你若是走不动的话，我可以背你。"

两个笑说着，似乎只转瞬之间，已经把那条狭窄的下山便道走尽了大半了。山下面尽是些绿玻璃似的翠竹，西斜的太阳晒到了这条坞里，一种又清新又寂静的淡绿色的光同清水一样，满浸在这附近的空气里在流动。我们到了云栖

vicinity. When we reached Yunqi, we sat down for a while, and as we were finishing our tea, we suddenly heard voices raised in altercation in front of the main hall, and in came two elderly monks clad in very loose-fitting black robes. Pointing them out, the monk on desk duty boasted:

"These two senior monks are fellow-students of our abbot, and are nearly eighty. They have just returned from a visit to a mansion in town."

The wealthy man they visited was a pious Buddhist, I had heard of him before. But it was inappropriate to talk of such vulgar matters with a monk, so I changed the topic, asking what the row was about in the main hall. The monk gave a disdainful laugh.

"It was the sedan carriers asking for a tip. They've already been paid by the mansion. These paupers are too greedy."

Disgusted at this mean and worldly monk, I therefore made a request.

"Would you show us round the temple?"

We saw the "imperial tablets" and many stone carvings. When we came out of the main hall, the sedan carriers were still grumbling, and had not moved away. Partly feeling that we had already been walking overmuch, and also partly to show the monk something, I approached the sedan carriers. "For two yuan each, will you take us back to Weng Family Mountain?"

They were extremely pleased, like opium addicts after a morphine needle. Their attitude changed immediately, and they broke into talk and laughter.

The monk took us to a bamboo grove outside the temple, where I

寺里坐下,刚喝完了一碗茶,忽而前面的大殿上,有嘈杂的人声起来了,接着就走进了两位穿着分外宽大的黑布和尚衣的老僧来。知客僧便指着他们夸耀似地对我们说:

"这两位高僧,是我们方丈的师兄,年纪都快八十岁了,是从城里某公馆里回来的。"

城里的某巨公,的确是一位佞佛的先锋,他的名字,我本系也听见过的,但我以为同和尚来谈这些俗天,也不大相称,所以就把话头扯了开去,问和尚大殿上的嘈杂的人声,是为什么而起的。知客僧轻鄙似地笑了一笑说:

"还不是城里的轿夫在敲酒钱,轿钱是公馆里付了来的,这些穷人心实在太凶。"

这一个伶俐世俗的知客僧的说话,我实在听得有点厌起来了,所以就要求他说:

"你领我们上寺前寺后去走走罢?"

我们看过了"御碑"及许多石刻之后,穿出大殿,那几个轿夫还在咕噜着没有起身。我一半也觉得走路走得太多了,一半也想给那个知客僧以一点颜色看看,所以就走上了去对轿夫说:

"我给你们两块钱一个人,你们抬我们两人回翁家山去好不好?"

轿夫们喜欢极了,同打过吗啡针后的鸦片嗜好者一样,立时将态度一变,变得有说有笑了。

知客僧又陪我们到了寺外的修竹丛中,我

was surprised to see names and lines of poems carved or written on the bamboo. I asked the monk what it meant. All smiles like the sedan carriers, he launched into a long speech. Intrigued by his explanation I gave him a five yuan note and told him:

"We'll buy two bamboos to have our names written on them."

I glanced at Lian, who was standing beside me. She was just like a child with a new toy, hardly daring to touch it. Smiling, she moved closer to me and asked softly:

"What names are you going to put on the bamboo?"

"Your name on one, and mine on the other, of course."

She shook her head with a smile. "No, it wouldn't be right putting our names on them, not even writing them separately."

"What should I write then?"

"Write down what happened today."

I stood there thinking while the monk fetched brush and ink from the temple. When he returned I chose two big bamboos growing side by side and wrote on each, "Bamboo offerings from Brother Yu and Sister Weng." Then I added the date and put down the brush. When I asked what she thought of it, she gave a rapturous smile, and nodded without speaking. Standing there so innocently under the green bamboo she moved me to the depths of my being.

Riding in the sedan-chairs we covered six or seven *li* first to the west then to the south under the shade of the bamboos, passing through Fan Village and the western end of Zhakou. We then entered the valley of the Nine Streams and Eighteen Gullies and went up Yangmei Peak. When we arrived at Weng Family Mountain beneath Nangaofeng, the sun was hanging between the two peaks of

看了竹上的或刻或写在那里的名字诗句之类，心里倒有点奇怪起来，就问他这是什么意思。于是他也同轿夫他们一样，笑迷迷地对我说了一大串话。我听了他的解释，倒觉得非常有趣，所以也就拿出了五圆纸币，递给了他，说：

“我们也来买两枝竹放放生罢！”

说着我就向立在我旁边的她看一眼，她却正同小孩子得到了新玩意儿还不敢去抚摸的一样，微笑着靠近了我的身边轻轻地问我：

“两枝竹上，写什么名字好？”

“当然是一枝上写你的，一枝上写我的。”

她笑着摇摇头说：

“不好，不好，写名字也不好，两个人分开了写也不好。”

“那么写什么呢？”

“只教把今天的事情写上去就对。”

我静立着想了一会，恰好那知客僧向寺里去拿的油墨和笔也已经拿到了。我拣取了两株并排着的大竹，提起笔来，就各写上了“郁翁兄妹放生之竹”的八个字。将年月日写完之后，我搁下了笔，回头来问她这八个字怎么样，她真像是心花怒放似的笑着，不说话而尽在点头。在绿竹之下的这一种她的无邪的憨态，又使我深深地，深深地受到了一个感动。

坐上轿子，向西向南的在竹荫之下走了六七里坂道，出梵村，到闸口西首，从九溪口折入九溪十八涧的山坳，登杨梅岭，到南高峰下的翁家山的时候，太阳已经悬在北高峰与天竺山的

Beigaofeng and Tianzhu Mountains. The Wengs' house was decorated with lanterns and silk and the candles in the front pair of lanterns had already burned halfway down. The dowry had been placed in the bridal chamber and the people who had come to watch the fun had departed. Zesheng and his mother came out to welcome us. As soon as I paid the sedan carriers and stepped into the room, Zesheng's mother asked me:

"Where's the cane you took with you this morning?"

Only then did I remember it. Shaking my head and smiling, I said slowly:

"That cane? It became our sacrificial gift."

"What? What sacrificial gift?" Zesheng was startled.

"At Lion Peak, Lian and I swore to be brother and sister and kowtowed to heaven and earth. I must have left the cane beside the big rock."

At this point, Lian, who had gone up to change, joined us with a happy smile. Zesheng addressed her with a laugh. "What a pair you are, Lian! We haven't had our wedding ceremony yet, but you and Yu have already kowtowed to heaven and earth at Lion Peak leaving my cane behind as your sacrificial gift. How shall we punish them, mother?"

Everybody laughed, and I promised to stand treat as my punishment. The bride's family was supposed to send food over to her on the day after wedding, so we fixed the following day for me to be host.

That night, Weng invited the matchmaker and four or five relatives for a banquet, and I helped the bridegroom entertain the

两峰之间了。他们的屋里,早已挂上了满堂的灯彩,上面的一对红灯,也已经点尽了一半的样子。嫁妆似乎已经在新房里摆好,客厅上看热闹的人,也早已散了。我们轿子一到,则生和他的娘,就笑着迎了出来,我付过轿钱,一踱进门槛,他娘就问我说:

“早晨拿出去的那枝手杖呢?”

我被她一问,方才想起,便只笑着摇摇头对她慢声的说:

“那一枝手杖么——做了我的祭礼了。”

“做了你的祭礼? 什么祭礼?”则生惊疑似地问我。

“我们在狮子峰下,拜过天地,我已经和你妹妹结成了兄妹了。那一枝手杖,大约是忘记在那块大岩石的旁边的。”

正在这个时候,先下轿而上楼去换了衣服下来的他的妹妹,也嬉笑着,走到了我们的旁边。则生听了我的话后,就也笑着对他的妹妹说:

“莲,你们真好! 我们倒还没有拜堂,而你和老郁,却已经在狮子峰拜过天地了,并且还把我的一枝手杖忘掉,作了你们的祭礼。娘! 你说这事情应怎么罚罚他们?”

经他这一说,说得大家都笑了起来,我也情愿自己认罚,就认定后日馔房,算作是我一个人的东道。

这一晚翁家请了媒人,及四五个近族的人来吃酒,我和新郎官,在下面奉陪。做媒人的那

guests. The matchmaker, a middle-aged country gentleman, though not particularly fat, looked very prosperous. I drank nearly twenty cups of wine with him. Slightly intoxicated and feeling that I had walked a lot that day, I slept even more soundly than the night before.

On the twelfth of the ninth month, the wedding day, everybody was on their feet the whole day. The ceremony was a mixture of the old and the new, but fairly simple, since neither family liked display. The bride arrived in a bridal sedan at five in the afternoon. After she and the bridegroom had exchanged bows, the matchmaker insisted that I make a short speech on behalf of the guests. Unable to refuse, I first told how Zesheng and I became friends in Japan. Recalling what Zesheng told me about the late-flowering cassia, I finished off by offering my congratulations with his own words:

"Two days ago, Zesheng told me that the later the cassia blooms the longer it lasts. Although the new couple have married later than most people, nevertheless the later the marriage the longer it will last. Next year when the late-flowering cassia are in bloom, I'll come again to Weng Family Mountain. I venture to make a prediction that next year there'll be an early-flowering cassia between the two late ones. At this time next year, let us all come and drink to that happy occasion, the early-flowering cassia."

Then we sat down to the banquet. We played finger games and teased the new couple until midnight. During the course of that day, I stole many a glance at Weng's sister but did not detect a single trace of the sadness that Weng had told me about and that I

位中老乡绅，身体虽则并不十分肥胖，但相貌态度，却也是很富裕的样子。我和他两人干杯，竟干满了十八九杯。因酒有点微醉，而日里的路，也走得很多，所以这一晚睡得比前一晚还要沉熟。

九月十二的那一天结婚正日，大家整整忙了一天。婚礼虽系新旧合参的仪式，但因两家都不喜欢铺张，所以百事也还比较简单。午后五时，新娘轿到，行过礼后，那位好好先生的媒人硬要拖我出来，代表来宾，说几句话。我推辞不得，就先把我和则生在日本念书时候的交情说了一说，末了我就想起了则生同我的说的迟桂花的好处，因而就抄了他的一段话来恭祝他们：

"则生前天对我说，桂花开得愈迟愈好，因为开得迟，所以经得日子久。现在两位的结婚，比较起平常的结婚的年龄来，似乎是觉得大一点了，但结婚结得迟，日子也一定经得久。明年迟桂花开的时候，我一定还要上翁家山来。我预先在这儿计算，大约明年来的时候，在这两株迟桂花的中间，总已经有一株早桂花发出来了。我们大家且等着，等到明年这个时候，再一同来吃他们的早桂的喜酒。"

说完之后，大家就坐拢来吃喜酒。猜猜拳，闹闹房，一直闹到了半夜，各人方才散去。当这一日的中间，我时时刻刻在注意偷看则生的妹妹的脸色，可是则生所说而我也曾看到过的那一种悲寂的表情，在这一日当中却终日没有在她的脸上流露过一丝痕迹。这一日，她笑的时

had also detected. Her laughter that day was completely joyful and natural. Of course I need hardly say that as a result of her mood that day, Zesheng and his mother were supremely happy.

Many of the ceremonial rites were omitted, since both families preferred to have things simple. Instead of the bride paying her family a visit on the third day after the wedding she did it the following day, and that evening I played host. Zesheng hoped that I would stay on for a few days and continue our playful conversations. But I still wanted to go to an even quieter place to finish the story I was writing, and also I had realized my wish to attend his wedding. The following morning, therefore, I left Weng Family Mountain to catch the early express to Shanghai.

Weng Zesheng and his sister saw me to the station. When the signal sounded and white steam rose from the locomotive, I stretched both hands out of the window and, taking Zesheng's hand in one and his sister's hand in the other, pressed them tightly. The whistle sounded and the train moved forward. They followed alongside the train for some way, and I also put my head out of the window to call to them:

"Goodbye, Zesheng! Goodbye, Lian! I hope we're all late-flowering cassia."

The train moved away, and the people seeing their friends and relatives off left the station, but I could still see the two of them at the eastern end of the platform, waving in the sunlight.

Written in October 1932 in Hangzhou

Translated by Yu Fanqin

候,真是乐得难耐似的完全是很自然的样子。因了她的这一种心情的反射的结果,我当然可以不必说,就是则生和他的母亲,在这一日里,也似乎是愉快到了极点。

因为两家都喜欢简单成事的缘故,所以三朝回郎等繁缛的礼节,都在十三那一天白天行完了,晚上馔房,总算是我的东道。则生虽则很希望我在他家里多住几日,可以和他及他的妹妹谈谈笑笑,但我一则因为还有一篇稿子没有做成,想另外上一个更僻静点的地方去做文章,二则我觉得我这一次吃喜酒的目的也已经达到了,所以在馔房的翌日,就离开翁家山去乘早上的特别快车赶回上海。

送我到车站的,是翁则生和他的妹妹两个人。等开车的信号钟将打,而火车的机头上在吐白烟的时候,我又从车窗里伸出了两手,一只捏着了则生,一只捏着了他的妹妹,很重很重的捏了一回。汽笛鸣后,火车微动了,他们兄妹俩又随车前走了许多步,我也俯出了头,叫他们说:

"则生,莲!再见,再见!但愿得我们都是迟桂花!"

火车开出了老远老远,月台上送客的人都回去了,我还看见他们兄妹俩直立在东面的月台篷外的太阳光里,在向我挥手。

一九三二年十月在杭州写

读者注意!这小说中的人物事迹,当然都是虚拟的,请大家不要误会。

——作者附注

英汉对照
English-Chinese
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The Fatalist

Mr Li Dejun, a teacher at the No. 17 Primary School in X city, felt very unhappy today as he made his way gloomily from home to the school. It was all because when he had his congee this morning the water had been too hot and raised a blister on his tongue. Besides, the old saying "Blessings never arrive in pairs and misfortunes never come singly" was the kind of fatalist philosophy he most admired.

He came out of the lane, made a turn and was approaching the riverbank when a crow on a big tree by the bank cawed at him a couple of times before it flew away.[1] He walked on staring angrily at the retreating crow, but the rays of the sun rising behind the roofs shone straight into his eyes. His eyes dazed and his feet unsteady, he stumbled, and the uneven paving stones pulled at his old leather shoes which already gaped at the toes.

"What bad luck! It's true, troubles never come singly!"

He spat on the ground twice, his mind in a whirl. He thought of going back home right away to have a row with his wife, who had also been a primary schoolteacher, and had just turned twenty-six but looked like an old woman of sixty-two after having given birth to six children, and ask her why she had made the congee so hot.

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① It was an old superstition that a crow's caw was an ill omen.

唯命论者

在××市立第十七小学教书的李德君先生,今天又满怀了不快,从家里闷闷地走上了学校;原因是当他在吃泡饭的时候,汤水太热,舌头上烫起了一个泡。而"福无双至,祸不单行"的两句老话,却是他最佩服的定命哲学。

出胡同,转了一个弯,正走到河沿边上的时候,河边大树上刚要飞走的一只老鸦,又呱呱呱的向他叫了两三声。一边走着,一边张了怒目,正在瞋视着这只老鸦的去向,初出屋顶的太阳光线,又无端射进了他的眼睛。双眼一感到眩惑,脚步乱了,拍搭一钩,铺路的乱石,又攀住了他那双头上早已开了大口的旧皮鞋脚。

"晦气晦气!真真是祸不单行!"

嘴里呸呸地向地上唾出了两口唾沫,心里这样转着,他想马上跑回家去,寻出他那位也是小学教员出身,虽则是去年年底刚满二十六岁,但已经生下了六个小孩,衰老得像六十二岁的老太太似的夫人来,大闹一场,问她为什么泡饭要烧得那么的热。可是时间来不及了,八点半

But it was too late, classes would begin at half past eight, and the first warning bell was already sounding; its peal reverberated in the clear sky, so light and cheerful, as if mocking Mr Li's misfortunes.

He hurried to the staff room and removed the faded black woolen hat clamped on his head, the steam rising from his bald head like a steamed bun; but when he scurried into the classroom, the steam had congealed into beads of sweat over the glistening bun.

"Girls and boys, I say, look here, girls and boys.... Today... today we're going to read the story of a little bird...." Just as he had got to the topic, the naughtiest child, who sat at the end of the second row, raised his hand.

"Mr Li, want to have a pee!"

Annoyed, Mr Li put down the textbook and glowered at the child, scolding him in a loud voice:

"The class has barely started and you want to have a pee? Permission not granted!"

The child began to get upset too and said again:

"Mr Li, I'm going to pee right now!"

Mr Li lowered his head and thought. In the end there was nothing he could do but let the child leave the classroom.

After the three morning classes, Mr Li felt his jaws ache and it seemed that his glistening bald head had lost a layer of lustre. When he went home for lunch carrying a big pile of exercise-books for correction under his arm, his back hunched and head hanging low, his wife was changing their fifth son who had pooed in his pants; this of course delayed his wife in preparing the meal.

就要上课的，头次预备钟已经在打起来了；铛铛铛铛的钟声，只在晴空里缭绕，又轻松又快活，好像在嘲笑李德君先生的不幸。

急忙赶到了休息室里，把头上压在那里的那顶黄色旧黑呢帽一除，他的秃顶的头上放出了一层蒸笼馒头似的热气；三脚两步抢上课堂，亮光光的馒头上，热气已经结成了珠汗了。

“诸位小朋友，唉喝，唉喝，诸位小朋友……今天，……今天读的，是一只小鸟的故事……”正讲到这一个题目，坐在第二排末尾的那个最顽皮的小孩，却举起了手来。

“李先生！我要撒鸟！”

李先生气起来了，放下了书本，就张大了眼，大声对这小孩喝着说：

“刚上着课，就要撒鸟？不准去！”

小孩也急起来了，又叫说：

“李先生，我要撒出来了！”

李先生低头想了一想，结果没有法子，终究还只好让他出课堂去。

午前三个钟头的课上完之后，李先生的嘴颚骨感到了酸痛，亮晶晶的光头上似乎也消去了一层亮光。手里夹着了一大堆要改的日记簿，曲着背，低着头，走回家来吃中饭的时候，他的第五位公子正因为撒出了大便在换衣服；夫人烧饭，自然也为此而挨迟了钟点。

Mr Li had no alternative but to tighten his belt and start correcting the students' papers. One, two, three, four books. . . . As he worked his way through his temper grew, and picking up a sheet of blank paper beside him he began to write without stopping to think:

"I, Li Dejun, am a native of Longxi① and a descendant of imperial censors for many generations. At an early age I entered school and soon won praise for my unrivalled talent. Now I am old but depend on others, is not my future sorely bound? My weekly salary barely supports my wife and children, and my misfortunes today are past forebearance. Feng Tang grew old too soon and Li Guang was never ennobled;② the cause is said to be human acts, yet who can say it was not fate? See how frivolous profligates possess enormous wealth and useless mediocrities ride in a carriage and four, while a model Confucian gentleman can only weep and write 'The Biography of Mr Fivefold Knowledge.'③ Moreover, deductions are forever made against my salary and payment comes in arrears,

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① In present Gansu Province.

② Feng Tang, a scholar during the Western Han Dynasty (206 BC-AD 23), was already very old when he was a junior court official during the reign of Emperor Wen Di. When he was recommended to Emperor Wu Di as an able and virtuous official, he was in his nineties, too old to accept office. Li Guang was a Western Han general, famous for his skill and courage. Although he won victory in over seventy engagements, he failed to gain a title and enfeoffment.

③ "The Biography of Mr Fivefold Knowledge" was an essay by the Song-dynasty (690-1279) scholar Li Yi, who served as a local official for a long time but failed to win promotion. He used the name to indicate his knowledge of the times, hardship, destiny, retirement and contentment.

不得已,李德君先生只好饿着肚皮,先去改学生的卷子。一卷,两卷,三卷,四卷,改到后来,他也气起来了,拿起了边上的一张白纸,就顺笔写了下去:

“我李德君,系出陇西,家传柱下;少年进学,早称才气无双,老去依人,岂竟前程有限?每周所入,养一妻数子尚堪虞,此日所遭,竟五角六张之更甚。冯唐易老,李广难封,虽曰人事,讵非天命?视彼轻佻劣子,坐拥多金,樗栎庸材,高驰驷马,则名教模楷,自只能呜咽作五知先生传矣。况复三成四折,一欠再延,枵腹从

while I do my duty on an empty stomach and pass my life with lowered eyes. If wages are delayed for another week or more, I shall be stranded like a fish on the road. Alas and alack, what sorrow is mine! All is decreed by fate!"

After he finished this fatalistic essay and read through it again, he thought of how his last two months' salary had not been paid and yet he had to pay four dollars fifty for the rent tomorrow. Naturally he began to feel as if his heart was being bound tight, and he could not go on correcting the students' papers.

"Well, let's have something to eat, anyway...." As the thought occurred to him he yelled out, "Hey, is the food ready? You... you've been like a fly without its head lately, you can't do anything right! For example, the congee this morning was too hot, and now you're so late with lunch."

Every time his attitude towards his wife was always the same: He felt that he wanted to grab her and give her a beating, but subconsciously thought: "She really deserves to be pitied, married to an old scholar like me twice her age and living this sub-human life. A family of eight, but we're too poor to afford a housekeeper. Try and be patient!..." He would restrain his anger in the end and just permit himself a few grumbling remarks. But sometimes, his wife would answer one remark with two or three of her own and he would be the first to give in and hold his tongue. This is what he meant by having a row with his wife. His position among his colleagues at school was the same as his position at home. His shallow young colleagues and the corrupt authorities didn't even treat him as a human being. Though he felt incensed and bitter at

公，低眉渡世，若再稽迟十日之薪，势将索我于枯鱼之肆，呜呼痛哉！亦唯命耳。”

写完了这一篇唯命论后，读了一遍，想想前两月的薪水，还没有发下，而明天四块半钱的房租，却不得不付了，心里自然同麻绳初卷似地绞榨了起来，于是卷子也改不下去了。

“吃饭，还是吃饭罢！……”心里想着就叫出了口来，“喂！饭有没有烧好？……你，你，你近来，老是像没头苍蝇似的，什么都弄不好。譬如今天早晨的泡饭罢，就烧得太烫，而这中饭哩，又烧得这么的迟。”

他对夫人的态度，每次总是这样的；在心里，他简直要一把拖起来打她一顿，可是潜意识里的“她也真可怜，嫁了我这一个年龄比她大一倍的老秀才，过的真不是人的生活。一家八口，穷得连雇一个使用人的钱都没有。还是忍耐些罢！”等想头，终于使他压住了气，只虎头蛇尾地说几句埋怨的话了事。但有时候，他说一句，她倒要回复他到两句三句之多，结果还是他先住了嘴，这就是他的所谓和夫人的大闹。在学校的同事之间，他的地位，也只和在家庭里的一样。轻薄的少年同事，卑污的当局人等，都不把他当作人看。他心里虽则如火如荼地在气在

heart, his only outward response was a few dry coughs to relieve his anger. He had laboured for twenty years in this school, seeing with his own eyes how the craftier of the teachers and students wormed themselves into society and won wealth and fame, while his own meagre salary was reduced each year. Fortunately, the teachers' training diploma he got more than twenty years ago had been very helpful to him, so that every time the principal was changed, he retained his post at thirty-eight yuan sixty fen. Otherwise, he might have had to beg at an alms-house even for congee that burnt his tongue.

Hungry and worried that he would be late for afternoon classes, he began to recall the major events in his life over the past ten or twenty years. When he entered school at the age of sixteen it was an occasion for joy, and when he married his present wife ten or twelve years ago it was another occasion for joy. But apart from these he could hardly think of anything in which he could find contentment. Now he was old, and though he hadn't grown a beard, the lines between his eyebrows, the crow's-feet around his eyes and the folds on both sides of his nose were clear evidence of a life that still "remained obscure at the age of forty or fifty" as Confucius once said. He was originally of medium height and weight, but lately he had become more stooped and emaciated, so that the coarse woollen suit made about seven or eight years ago looked like an empty sail draped over him. His dark, sallow face, when he looked at his reflection in the mirror, was like an old woman's. Since some of his back teeth on both sides had come out, his cheekbones had become more prominent and the hollows below

恼,但结果只唉喝唉喝的空咳几声,就算出了气。他在这小学里勤劳了二十年了,眼见得同事的及学生之中的狡猾者,一个一个都钻入了社会,攫取了富贵,而他自己的一点点薄俸,反而一年一年的减少了下去。幸亏二十几年前的那一张师范讲习所的证书在帮他的忙,所以每次校长更换的时候,他还保留了那个三十八元六角的位置,否则恐怕早连烫舌尖的泡饭,都要向施粥厂去乞取了。

因为肚子的饿和下午怕赶不着去上课的心里的急,使他想起了几十年来的生涯大事。十六岁的那一年进学,总算是一件喜事,十余年前的和现在这一位夫人的初次结婚,总算也是一件喜事。此外则想来想去,终于没有一件称心的事情。现在老了,脸上虽则还没有养起须子,但眉毛中间的直纹和眼角鼻下的斜皱,分明证实了孔子说他的"四十五十而无闻焉"的一生。本来是不高不胖的身体,近来更曲了背瘦了肉,那一套七八年前做的粗呢中山装,挂在身上,像是一面不吃风的风帆。黄而且黑的那一张脸,自己在镜子里看起来,也像是一个老婆婆。左右的几个盘牙掉了以后,颧骨愈显得高,颧下的

them darker. If any vestige of his youth remained on his face, it was only in his droopy eyes beneath their long eyebrows. But lately even these eyes had become savage and horrible like those of a cornered dog and had long lost their vigour and brilliance.

"Well now, well now! What about the food?"

But strangely enough, today his wife did not have an angry reply to his repeated nagging. Not only did she not get angry, she wore a mysterious smile on her face as she served him his meal with one hand, carrying the one-year-old baby with the other. After stroking his bald head a few times, he began to eat, at the same time trying to guess what the occasion for joy today was. "Perhaps her mother is coming from the country?" But she always came unexpectedly, never notifying her daughter and son-in-law in advance. "Or is she pregnant again?" No, no, that was no occasion for joy! He finished eating in silence, continuously making wild guesses, but it seemed all were unlikely. Finally he could not help asking:

"Hey, what are you smiling about?"

"I'll tell you when you come back after class at three."

Mr Li seemed slightly flustered during the afternoon classes. But when the end-of-class bell rang at three o'clock and he returned home with a stack of notebooks under his arm, his face was also wreathed in smiles. This time it was his wife's turn to guess, but she was clever enough to guess right away what made him so happy. "They've paid the last two months' salary!" As he took out the banknotes from a pocket of his shabby jacket and handed them over to his wife, the latter told him the secret which she had concealed for over a month. The last time her mother had come into town to

两个黑深窝愈陷得黑了。少年的痕迹,若还有一点残留在他的脸上的话,那只可以举出他的长眉下的一双棱形的眼睛来;就是这一双眼睛,近来也已变成了撞墙的急狗似的阴狠而可怕,那一种飒爽的英气,早就消失了。

“唉喝,唉喝!饭究竟怎么样了?”

可是奇怪得很,今天他这样的接二连三地催了几声,他的夫人却并无恼怒的回话。不但她并不恼怒,一只手抱了一个周岁的小孩,一只手拿菜和饭给他。她的脸上,并且还满含了一脸神秘的微笑。他摸了几下秃头,一边吃饭,一边在那里猜,猜她今天有了什么喜事。“大约是她的娘要从乡下来吧?”但她的来,每次总是突如其来的,从来也没有预先使她女婿女儿知道过一次。“或者是又有了孕了么?”不对不对,这并不是喜事。默默地吃完了饭,猜了许多次的哑谜,觉得都不很像,结果他也忍不住了,就开了口:“喂!你在那里笑什么?”

“你三点钟回来的时候,我再同你说。”

李先生的下午的授课,显见得露出了慌张。等三点的下课钟打后,他又夹了一大堆草簿回到屋里的时候,他的脸上也满含了一脸微笑。这一回是轮到他的夫人来猜谜了,但她可聪明得很,一猜就猜中了他的喜事,“前两月的薪水发下来了。”从破中山装的袋里,将几张旧钞票拿出来交给他夫人的瞬间,他夫人也将她的隐藏了一个多月的秘密告诉了他。前回她娘上城

do some shopping, the old woman gave one yuan to the baby in her arms in a shop. She then made a bold decision to buy an Aviation Lottery Ticket with the money, and today was the day for drawing the lottery.

Now our fatalist Mr Li began to waver in his faith, since the philosophy he had upheld had been turned upside down, seeming to have become "misfortunes never arrive in pairs while blessings never come singly." Since the salaries were paid today, no doubt the lottery ticket would win a prize. When he had finished an early dinner in perfect contentment, muttering repeatedly the number of the ticket, "140320," he hurried into town to one of the shops that sold lottery tickets. Reaching a brilliantly illuminated shop hung with signs in red paper with gold letters, he walked up and down several times. Never having bought a lottery ticket before, he really felt a little afraid, fearing he might run into some kind of trouble at the shop. Plucking up his courage, he blinked and coughed a few times, then went up to the counter and asked timidly, "Have the prizewinning numbers been issued yet?" A young sales assistant in the shop looked him up and down, but apparently finding him slightly ridiculous just shook his head with a smile. Mr Li felt a little disappointed but, not daring of course to ask any further, he was obliged to leave the shop. Nevertheless he still thought he might try his luck in some other shop.

Head low, he turned a few blocks and came out on the busiest street in the city. Suddenly, in the doorway of a small single-fronted shop he saw a number written in white chalk solution on a red board: 140320. A cry escaped him and opening his eyes wider he

里来买东西,曾在店头给了她手里抱着的小儿子一块钱。她下了绝大的决心,将这一块钱去买了一张航空券,今天就是这航空券开奖的日子。

唯命论者的李先生,到此也有点动摇起来了,因而他所确信的哲学,也因果颠倒了一下,仿佛是变成了"祸无双至,福不单行"的样子;今天既发了薪水,这奖券当然是也可以中得的。很满足地吃过了早夜饭,他嘴里念着一四零三二零,一四零三二零的号码,就匆匆走到了大街的一家卖奖券的店头。在灯烛辉煌,红纸金字的招牌挂得满满的这一家店门口,他走来走去先走了好几遍。因为从来也没有买过什么奖券,他心里实在有点害怕,怕上这店里去碰一个钉子。最后,鼓起了绝大的勇气,把眼睛眨了几眨,唉喝唉喝的空咳了几声,他才上柜前幽幽地问了一声:"今天开奖的号码,有没有晓得?"店里的一位年轻的伙计,估量了他一眼,似乎看了他的神气有点觉得好笑的样子,只微笑着摇了一摇头。他微微感到了一点失望,底下当然是不敢问下去了,不得已就离开了店,但心里却在打算再上另一家去试问一下。

低着头,转了几个弯,正走入市里顶热闹的那条大街的时候,他在左手的一家单间门面的店门口,忽而看见了一块红牌上用白水粉写着的 号码,"一四零三二零。"他啊的一声叫了起

checked the number again under the electric light. The shop was obviously one that sold lottery tickets; the paint on the board was still wet, which meant that the number must be the prize-winning number sent by telephone from Shanghai. 140320, 140320, there was absolutely no mistake! He began trembling all over and his face turned pale. "Fifty thousand yuan! Ah! Fifty thousand yuan!" He stood stock-still in the street for several minutes, looking blank, when suddenly a few other people gathered around him. One of them said, "140320. I wonder who got the first prize this time."

"I wonder if I got one of the minor prizes," another said.

Mr Li trembled even more violently at these words. It seemed he simply could neither stand still nor move on, so he had to call a rickshaw to take him home. This was the first time in several years that he allowed himself this luxury, but it didn't matter anyway since he had won the first prize. Sitting in the rickshaw, he still couldn't help trembling and several times he shook so hard that he was in danger of falling out. When his spirits returned somewhat to normal, he suddenly felt that his head was hot and swollen and that the world outside the rickshaw and the lights in the street were leaping and dancing. It seemed that everyone's eyes were fixed on him and on their lips were the words, "Li Dejun's won first prize! Li Dejun's won first prize!" When the rickshaw arrived at his door and he jumped down from the footboard, his legs went weak and he collapsed on the ground in front of the gate.

"Hey, come out quick!" Calling out his wife in a shaky voice, he tried several times to pick himself up but failed. Only when his

来，更张了大眼，向电灯光下，重新看了一遍。这家店明明是一家卖奖券的店；红牌上的水粉还没有干，这号码一定是今天开奖的上海电话里来的号码。一四零三二零，一四零三二零，决没有错。他浑身发起抖来了，脸上立时变成了苍白。“这五万块钱！啊啊，这五万块钱！”他呆立在街上，不知立了几分钟，忽而又有三五个人走拢来看了。有一个说：

“一四零三二零，这次的头奖不知落在什么地方？”另一个说：“底下的几个小奖，我不知有没有买着？”

听了这几句话，他抖得更是厉害，简直是站也站不稳，走也走不动的样子。不得已，只能叫一乘黄包车坐回家来，这虽是他二三年来仅有的一次奢侈的破例，但不要紧，头奖已经中了。坐在车上，发抖还是不止，有几次抖得凶，险些儿身体都抖出到了车外。血气回复了一点常态，他头脑里又忽而感到了一阵烘烘然的胀热，车的周围的世界，两旁的灯火，都像在跳跃舞蹈，四面的人的眼睛，似乎全在盯视住他，而他们的嘴里，又仿佛各在嗡嗡地叫说：“李德君中了头奖了！李德君中了头奖了！”车到了门口，跳下踏脚板后，双脚一软，他先朝大门覆跌了下去。

“喂！喂！快点出来，快点出来！”

这样的颤声叫着他的夫人，他自己却爬起又跌倒爬起又跌倒地爬不起身来。等夫人抱着

wife came out with the baby in her arms and paid for the rickshaw could he slowly pick himself up and walk into the house, but his yellowish black woollen hat was abandoned in the dark street, turned upside down facing the sky.

"We've won! We've won! 140320!"

Still trembling, he only managed to utter a few broken words. His trembling and weakness seemed to affect his wife as well and the baby slipped from her arms and burst out crying.

Husband and wife stood there, trembling and staring blankly at each other for a long time. Finally Mr Li began to come to again and asked:

"Say, where is the lottery ticket? Let me see if the number really is 140320."

His wife also came to at this, and carrying the baby she went to get the narrow slip of coloured paper from the bedside. Struggling for possession of the slip, they took it over to the kerosene lamp and looked at it under the light. There was no mistake, there were the Arabic numerals 140320 in red. His wife broke the silence:

"It will get better now. You've wanted a new suit made for a long time now."

"Fifty thousand yuan! Why stop at a new suit," Mr Li added. "You can also hire a housekeeper and buy a fur coat."

"And clothes for the kids!"

"We could set up a primary school for the poor."

"Of course, we should give half of the money to our mothers."

"Half is too much! Why give them twenty-five thousand yuan?"

"Wasn't it Mother who gave us the one yuan?"

小孩，把车钱付了，他才慢慢从地上爬起，走到了室内，而那顶黄色的旧黑呢帽，却翻朝了天，被忘记在马路的黑暗的中间。

"中了！中了！一四零三二零！"

抖着说着，说了半天，他才说出了这几句不完全的话。他的发抖软脚这病，立时就传染给了他的夫人，手里抱着的小孩，哗哗的从地上哭起来了。

两人对抖着，呆视着，歇了半天，还是李先生先苏醒了转来。他说：

"喂！你那张奖券呢？让我看，号码究竟是不是一四零三二零。"

经他这么一说，夫人也醒了；抱着小孩，她就上床头去取出了那张狭狭的五颜六色的纸来。两人争夺了一下，拿近上煤油灯下去一照，仍旧是不错，是几个红的一四零三二零的阿喇伯字。于是夫人先开口说：

"这一回可好了，你久想重做过的那一套中山装好去做了。"

李先生接着也说：

"五万元！岂止一套中山装，你也可以去雇一个佣人来，买一件外面有皮的大衣。"

"还有小孩子们的衣服！"

"我们还要办一个平民小学哩！"

"娘娘她们，当然也要给她们一半。"

"一半太多，要给她们二万五千元干什么。"

"那一块钱，岂不是娘娘的么？"

"But it was you who bought the lottery ticket."

"I've also got other poor relatives. Let's say one thousand yuan for each family, and there are at least twenty families."

"Then there will be only five thousand yuan left."

"Isn't five thousand yuan enough?"

"Oh dear! Oh dear!"

Mr Li's dry coughs were probably a sign of his discontent or helpless state of mind. They fell into silence, each unwilling to give way. After a long while, it was Mrs Li who could not hold out and began to speak again:

"Where do we go to get the money?"

"Shanghai. I'll resign from school tomorrow and go to Shanghai to get it."

"I want to go to Shanghai too."

"What for?"

"If you can go, why can't I?"

In disagreement again, they fell back into silence. The kerosene lamp made a sickly noise and the light became very dim; the kerosene had run out. Before long the lamp went out altogether, but the dawn light outside the window came seeping in through the cracks in the wall.

Three days later all the shops selling lottery tickets had received the checklist of numbers. It turned out that the prize-winning number hadn't been sold and that the number of the special prize was 146326, the Arabic numerals "6" and "0" looking very similar.

That night, shortly after the train from Shanghai arrived, a small man drowned himself in the river in front of the No. 17 Primary

“但是买总是你买的。”

“还有我的另外的穷亲戚也不少，就算一家给一千元罢，起码也有二十几家。”

“那么剩下来岂不只五千元了么？”

“五千元还不够么？”

“唉喝！唉喝！”

李先生的干咳，大抵是不满或不得已的心状的表示。两人沉默了下去，各怀着了不服。终于夫人硬不过李先生，等了许久之后，又开始说了。

“这钱上哪里去拿呢？”

“上上海去拿，我明天就辞了职上上海去拿。”

“上海我也要去的。”

“你去干什么？”

“你可以去难道我不可以去？”

两人又反了目，又沉默了下去。煤油灯疵的响了一声，灯光暗下去了，灯里的煤油点到了九分之九。等了不久，灯完全黑了，而窗外面的亮光，也从破壁缝里透漏了进来。

三天之后，各奖券店里，都来了对号单，这一次开彩的结果，头奖没有售出，特奖是一四六三二六号，阿喇伯字的六字与零字原也很像。

市立第十七小学门前的河里，在这一天的晚上，于上海车到后不久，有一个矮矮的人投入

School. The next morning when the janitor of the school began sweeping the grounds, he found the corpse of the bald-headed Mr Li, the No. 140320 lottery ticket still grasped in his hand.

For one or two months after that, the riverbank was empty of pedestrians at night. It was said that people who passed by there would always see a bald-headed old scholar, in a shabby suit, coughing slightly and trying to sell lottery tickets. Perhaps it was like people drawing lots, somebody was taking advantage of Mr Li's death to make a fortune.

February 1935

Translated by Hu Shiguang

了河。第二天早晨,校役起来扫地的时候,发见了秃头的李先生的尸体,他的手里捏着的还是一四零三二零的那一条奖券。

其后一两个月中间,这一条河沿上夜里就断绝了行人,说是晚上过路的人,老见有一位矮矮的穿旧中山装的秃头老先生,会唉喝唉喝地出来兜售奖券。这或许是同打花会的人一样,在利用了李先生的死,而谋生财的大道。

一九三五年二月

Private Classes and a Modern School

— Part 3 of my autobiography

When we studied English, China had not yet produced textbooks of her own, and what we used was a reader similar to the Nesfield's English Grammar written by an Englishman for Indian students. There was a story in the reader about how Chinese people studied. The illustration showed a stooped elderly scholar, who wore a queue and spectacles and held a long pipe in his hand, sitting there listening to his student reciting his lesson. The student standing in front of him reciting was a young lad who also wore a pigtail. I don't know why, but the story in that lesson left an extremely deep impression on me and I can still more or less repeat that text from memory....

I don't remember how old I was when I began to attend private classes, but it was probably at about the age of seven or eight. I only remember that it was late one winter night when the family was burning paper coins to send off the year. I was feeling a little drowsy and kept rubbing my eyes and yawning when suddenly an old scholar holding a lantern came in, saying that he had come to give me my first lessons. I burned joss sticks with him and performed nine kowtows in front of the tablet of Confucius. I then stood up and on the table in front of the altar wrote a page full of the characters for "up," "big" and "man" from the copy book, and read aloud the first four lines

书塾与学堂

——自传之三

从前我们学英文的时候，中国自己还没有教科书，用的是一册英国人编的预备给印度人读的同纳氏文法是一路的读本。这读本里，有一篇说中国人读书的故事。插画中画着一位年老背曲拿烟管带眼镜拖辫子的老先生坐在那里听学生背书，立在这先生前面背书的，也是一位拖着长辫的小后生。不晓为什么原因，这一课的故事，对我印象特别的深，到现在我还约略谙诵得出来。里面曾说到中国人读书的奇习，说："他们无论读书背书时，总要把身体东摇西扫，摇动得像一个自鸣钟的摆。"这一种读书背书时摇摆身体的作用与快乐，大约是没有在从前的中国书塾里读过书的人所永不能了解的。

我的初上书塾去念书的年龄，却说不清楚了，大约总在七八岁的样子；只记得有一年冬天的深夜，在烧年纸的时候，我已经有点朦胧想睡了，尽在擦眼睛，打呵欠，忽而门外来了一位提着灯笼的老先生，说是来替我开笔的。我跟着他上了香，对孔子的神位行了三跪九叩之礼；立起来就在香案前面的一张桌上写了一张上大人的红字，念了四句"人之初，性本善"的《三字

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from the *Three-Character Classic* [1] starting from "Man in the beginning is by nature good." So, that following spring, with a green cloth schoolbag under my arm, my pigtail tied with a red silk ribbon and rocking back and forth, I became a pupil like the one in the English textbook.

More than thirty years have elapsed since then and the sorrows and pains of that time have been smoothed away layer by layer. When I think back to it now, life at private classes was actually very happy. Because one had to remain seated from morning until evening, the only activity that could help one's digestion and keep one healthy was to rock back and forth for all one was worth and to shout at the top of one's voice. Calls of nature were for the students a temporary emancipation from jail and the lavatory actually became a paradise. The naughtiest boy among us was Chen Fang, son of the schoolmaster in the local academy; our school was within the grounds of the academy. Chen Fang would go to relieve himself at least a dozen times every morning. Eventually, the teacher became so exasperated that he had a tally made and whoever wanted to use the school lavatory had to get the tally first. This put an end to the practice of two boys going to the lavatory together and getting up to mischief. But then competition for the tally became the only source of amusement for most of the pupils.

Chen Fang was four years senior to me and the boss of the boys at school; pranks such as we'd seen in the opera *Chunxiang, the Mischievous Student* were always originated by him and carried out by a

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① A rhymed primer in lines of three characters each, universally used in late imperial China.

经》。第二年的春天，我就夹着绿布书包，拖着红丝小辫，摇摆着身体，成了那册英文读本里的小学生的样子了。

经过三十余年的岁月，把当时的苦痛，一层层地摩擦干净，现在回想起来，这书塾里的生活，实在是快活得很。因为要早晨坐起一直坐到晚的缘故，可以助消化，健身体的运动，自然只有身体的死劲摇摆与放大喉咙的高叫了。大小便，是学生们监禁中暂时的解放，故而厕所就变作了乐园。我们同学中间的一位最淘气的，是学官陈老师的儿子，名叫陈方；书塾就系附设在学宫里面的。陈方每天早晨，总要大小便十二三次，后来弄得先生没法，就设下了一枝令签，凡须出塾上厕所的人，一定要持签而出；于是两个同去，在厕所里捣鬼的弊端革去了，但这令签的争夺，又成了一般学生们的唯一的娱乐。

陈方比我大四岁，是书塾里的头脑；像春香闹学似的把戏，总是由他发起，由许多虾兵蟹将

host of his followers. The teacher's cane, therefore, fell most often upon him. But there were a few crafty boys among us and it was true that many times he was wrongly punished when they put the blame on him. He knew very well that he could not argue his way out of it, and each time after he had suffered on somebody else's account he just glared, shed a few heavy tears and rubbed the sore spot on his head, letting it go at that. Afterwards I entered the academy, which had been converted into a modern school, but Chen Fang moved elsewhere because his father had been dismissed, and I never had the opportunity to see him again. And now this opportunity will never come, because on the day that the Kuomintang split with the Communist Party[①] I heard someone speak of him in Hong Kong, describing the manner of his tragic death, every bit as much a tragedy as that of Turgenev's Rudin.

From private classes to a modern school! To me this change was bigger and stranger than descending to earth from the heavens. And the strangest thing about it was that I was the smallest student, both in age and height, in the whole school.

At that time the modern school was for ordinary people an object of worship and awe. When the rows of old examination sheds in the former academy were pulled down and a Chinese-style modern building which looked like a birdcage was built, countryfolk from as much as

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① On April 12, 1927, the Chiang Kaishek clique betrayed the revolution and instituted a massacre of Communist Party members. The first period of cooperation between the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communst Party thus came to an end.

来演出的，因而先生的挞伐，也以落在他一个人的头上者居多。不过同学中间的有几位狡猾的人，委过于他，使他冤枉被打的事情也着实不少；他明知道辩不清的，每次替人受过之后，总只张大了两眼，滴落几滴大泪点，摸摸头上的痛处就了事。我后来进了当时由书院改建的新式的学堂，而陈方也因他父亲的去职而他迁，一直到现在，还不曾和他有第二次见面的机会；这机会大约是永也不会再来了，因为国共分家的当日，在香港仿佛曾听见人说起过他，说他的那一种惨死的样子，简直和杜格纳夫所描写的卢亭，完全是一样。

由书塾而到学堂！这一个转变，在当时的我的心里，比从天上飞到地上，还要来得大而且奇。其中的最奇之处，是我一个人，在全校的学生当中，身体年龄，都属最小的一点。

当时的学堂，是一般人的崇拜和惊异的目标。将书院的旧考棚撤去了几排，一间像鸟笼似的中国式洋房造成功的时候，甚至离城有五

twenty miles away swarmed into the city in throngs to see the novelty, bringing along with them their lunchbags and umbrellas. In the six months after conversion of the school buildings had been completed, the words "foreign school" became the centre of conversation in the teahouses and taverns, in town and country; and the students in their exotic black twill uniforms looked like all-mighty priests, secretly revelling in the sidelong glances they attracted.

The principal of this modern upper primary school, the only one within the county that was run by the county, was a very important person, who was carried in a blue velvet-upholstered sedan on his way to and from the school; he was always an honoured guest at the magistrate's banquets. When we had our composition class on the afternoon of the fourth Saturday each month, if the magistrate came to supervise our class the students would be given two minced meat buns as a special treat. When the country students who lived ten or more *li* from town went home after class, they would wrap these minced meat buns carefully in their bundles and bring them home to present to some venerable elders in their neighbourhood. This does not mean that they wanted to imitate the filial behaviour of Ying Kaoshu,[①] but that these buns were from the modern school and had come from the magistrate's bounty, so that their consumption might exorcise evil spirits and inspire intelligence.

In fact, among the students in my class there were a few who had passed the imperial examination at the county level and who were

① An official in the Spring and Autumn Period (770-467 BC), known for his filial behaviour to his mother.

六十里路远的乡下人,都成群结队,带了饭包雨伞,走进城来挤看新鲜。在校舍改造成功的半年之中,“洋学堂”的三个字,成了茶店酒馆,乡村城市里的谈话的中心;而穿着奇形怪状的黑斜纹布制服的学堂生,似乎都是万能的张天师,人家也在侧目而视,自家也在暗鸣得意。

一县里唯一的这县立高等小学堂长,更是了不得的一位大人物,进进出出,用的是蓝呢小轿;知县请客,总少不了他。每月第四个礼拜六下午作文课的时候,县官若来监课,学生们特别有两个肉馒头好吃;有些住在离城十余里的乡下的学生,于文课作完后回家的包裹里,往往将这两个肉馒头包得好好,带回乡下去送给邻里尊长,并非想学颍考叔的纯孝,却因为这肉馒头是学堂里的东西,而又出于知县官之所赐,吃了是可以驱邪启智的。

实际上我的那一班学堂里的同学,确有几位是进过学的秀才,年龄都在三十左右;他们穿

about thirty years old; when they wore their uniforms they looked rather unsightly because their backs were slightly stooped, but when they changed into the old gowns and jackets and went swaggering back to the countryside, they possessed an imposing and dignified manner.

At the end of my first year in the county upper primary school, because my average mark was over 80, I was suddenly singled out for promotion by the principal and the magistrate, and along with four other students was ordered to skip one year and enter the third year of upper primary. This was nothing extraordinary, yet it caused a sensation throughout the county and at the same time provoked a storm in my own family.

It was when the spring term started in my second year. After my widowed mother had with great effort raised a few silver dollars to pay for my tuition and books, I made an unreasonable request of her, insisting she buy me a pair of leather shoes. In my innocent eyes at that time, I thought it would be the most glorious thing in the world to stride along the flagged street wearing a pair of leather shoes with my uniform, and my chest stuck out. Having skipped one year and entered a new class, I could only impress my classmates who were more than a year older than I by dressing up in this fashion. My mother, who had done her utmost to raise the money for the tuition and other expenses, naturally did not have two extra dollars for leather shoes for me, and was obliged to her great shame to take me into town to an emporium selling foreign goods to get me a pair of shoes on credit. At that time leather shoes were shipped to our town from Shanghai and sold in these emporiums on a commission basis.

One shop, two shops, three shops... I followed my mother from

起制服来，因为背形微驼，样子有点不大雅观，但穿了袍子马褂，摇摇摆摆走回乡下去的态度，却另有着一种堂皇严肃的威仪。

初进县立高等小学堂的那一年年底，因为我的平均成绩，超出了八十分以上，突然受了堂长和知县的提拔，令我和四位其他的同学跳过了一班，升入了高两年的级里；这一件极平常的事情，在县城里居然也耸动了视听，而在我们的家庭里，却引起了一场很不小的风波。

是第二年春天开学的时候了，我们的那位寡母，辛辛苦苦，调集了几块大洋的学费书籍费缴进学堂去后，我向她又提出了一个无理的要求，硬要她去为我买一双皮鞋来穿。在当时的我的无邪的眼里，觉得在制服下穿上一双皮鞋，挺胸伸脚，得得得得地在石板路上走去，就是世界上最光荣的事情；跳过了一班，升进了一级的我，非要如此打扮，才能够压服许多比我大一半年龄的同学的心。为凑集学费之类，已经罗掘得精光的我那位母亲，自然是再也没有两块大洋的余钱替我去买皮鞋了，不得已就只好老了面皮，带着了我，上大街上的洋广货店里去赊去；当时的皮鞋，是由上海运来，在洋广货店里寄售的。

一家，两家，三家，我跟了母亲，从下街走

one end of the street to the Longxing Emporium at the other. The salesmen in the shops received us very politely at first, stroking my head and helping me to try the shoes one pair after another, but when they heard that we wanted to buy on credit, they adopted the same disdainful manner, saying with a forced smile that they would have to consult the accountants. And the accountants all drew the same long face and declared loudly that no credit was allowed. The moment we were flatly refused at Longxing Emporium, our last chance, my mother not only flushed but I saw that even her eyes turned a little red. She had no alternative but to turn around silently and walk out of the shop; without a word either, I accompanied her back home. At home she blew her nose and then went upstairs. She came down after a long while, carrying a large bundle of clothes, and I realized that she was going to slip out the back door and go to the pawnshop to pawn the clothes for cash. Sick at heart, I ran after her, sobbing and wailing. Catching her at the back door I pleaded desperately:

"Mother, don't go! I don't want them.... I don't want leather shoes. Those shopkeepers! Those horrible shopkeepers!"

Clutching her arm I knelt down before her and she too broke into tears. Startled by our crying, the neighbours came over to pacify my mother, thinking I had offended her. The more they said, the unhappier I became and the more bitterly my mother cried. In the end I apologized again and was led away by an old uncle from next door to his house.

After this disturbance, I never thought of leather shoes again and was even reluctant to have any new clothes or other things. It was starting from this time that I threw myself into my studies, and into

起，一直走到了上街尽处的那一家隆兴字号。店里的人，看我们进去，先都非常客气，摸摸我的头，一双一双的皮鞋拿出来替我试脚；但一听到了要赊欠的时候，却同样地都白了眼，作一脸苦笑，说要去问账房先生的。而各个账房先生，又都一样地板起了脸，放大了喉咙，说是赊欠不来。到了最后那一家隆兴里，惨遭拒绝赊欠的一瞬间，母亲非但涨红了脸，我看见她的眼睛，也有点红起来了。不得已只好默默地旋转了身，走出了店；我也并无言语，跟在她的后面走回家来。到了家里，她先掀着鼻涕，上楼去了半天；后来终于带了一大包衣服，走下楼来了，我晓得她是将从后门走出，上当铺去以衣服抵押现钱的；这时候，我心酸极了，哭着喊着，赶上了后门边把她拖住，就绝命的叫说：

"娘，娘！您别去罢！我不要了，我不要皮鞋穿了！那些店家！那些可恶的店家！"

我拖住了她跪向了地下，她也呜呜地放声哭了起来。两人的对泣，惊动了四邻，大家都以为是我得罪了母亲，走拢来相劝。我愈听愈觉得悲哀，母亲愈哭愈是厉害，结果还是我重赔了不是，由间壁的大伯伯带走，走上了他们的家里。

自从这一次的风波以后，我非但皮鞋不着，就是衣服用具，都不想用新的了。拼命的读书，

making friends with the students from poor families, regarding rich men and merchants as my enemies. Though I was only about twelve years old at that time, after this incident I began to look like an adult. Even now I feel that this peculiarity of mine is unalterable.

In the winter of my thirteenth year, in the thirty-fourth year of the Guangxu reign, the emperor died. The imperial mourning edict reached even a small town like our Fuyang, provoking much talk of state affairs. Such things as Xiong Chengji's Anhui Uprising,[①] the young and inexperienced Puyi's accession to the throne, the debauchery of the imperial court and racial discrimination came to our ears from the teachers who read the newspapers. What left the deepest impression on me was the picture of a young officer in a newspaper a teacher of Chinese showed us. He said that this revolutionary soldier was arrested in Harbin and was murdered in cold blood by some high Manchu officials and Han traitors in Jilin, and that we should take revenge and apply ourselves diligently. Only then did such concepts as race, revolution and nation begin to take root in my mind.

1934

Translated by Hu Shiguang

① Xiong Chengji (1887-1910), a martyr of the modern democratic revolution in China. In 1908 he organized the Anqing Uprising in Anhui, and fled to Japan after its failure. He was arrested and killed in 1910 after plotting to assassinate a Manchu court official in Harbin.

拼命的和同学中的贫苦者相往来，对有钱的人，经商的人仇视等，也是从这时候而起的。当时虽还只有十一二岁的我，经了这一番波折，居然有起老成人的样子来了，直到现在，觉得这一种怪癖的性格，还是改不转来。

到了我十三的那一年冬天，是光绪三十四年，皇帝死了；小小的这富阳县里，也来了哀诏，发生了许多议论。熊成基的安徽起义，无知幼弱的溥仪的入嗣，帝室的荒淫，种族的歧异等等，都从几位看报的教员的口里，传入了我们的耳朵。而对于我印象最深的，是一位国文教员拿给我们看的报纸上的一张青年军官的半身肖像。他说，这一位革命义士，在哈尔滨被捕，在吉林被满清的大员及汉族的卖国奴等生生地杀掉了；我们要复仇，我们要努力用功。所谓种族，所谓革命，所谓国家等等的概念，到这时候，才隐约地在我脑里生了一点儿根。



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